Saturday Review

November 14, 1964 25¢

THE IDEA OF A WORLD COLLEGE

By Harold Taylor

A LOSS FOR WORDS

By Mario Pei

MID-MONTH RECORDINGS

"Nostalgia of the Infinite,"

by Giorgio de Chirico

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Well. . .

There's this—that is, I mean. You see, I suppose that a column where you have 250 words to get it said is no place to be coy or stuttering. But the problem is that the following is not the Sort of Book this column usually recommends. Anyhow, let's get on with it.

The Day We Were Mostly Butterflies by Louise W. King is the best novel I ever read about an interior decorator living more or less happily in sin with the cast-off girl friend of a lady truck driver. Oh, not exactly *happy*, I suppose, or not quite in sin. But certainly in cheerfully sulky chaos, with a lot of wildly funny goings on. More like living in gin.

The Sunday Times of London said "It fizzes; it is immensely happy." They suggest that Miss King has "the gift of transmuting what could be mere tiresome suggestiveness into something both crisply innocent and extremely funny . . . a total joy." *The Times Literary Supplement* says that she has avoided "the twin temptations of revelatory pornography and sociological exposition."

Her editor says that the novel is "sort of camped up Jane Austen." To which *Punch* said, almost as if in reply: "Jane Austen wouldn't like it at all."

If I have to translate either camped up or Jane Austen, the book is probably not for you. But if I don't, ask for it at your local tolerant bookseller or library. If it's not in either, write LPA, at the address below.

L. L. Day

EDITOR-AT-LARGE

The Day We Were Mostly Butterflies ($3.95) by Louise W. King is published by Doubleday & Company, Inc., 277 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017. Copies are available at your local bookseller, including any of the 32 Doubleday Book Shops, one of which is located at 724 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022.

Saturday Review

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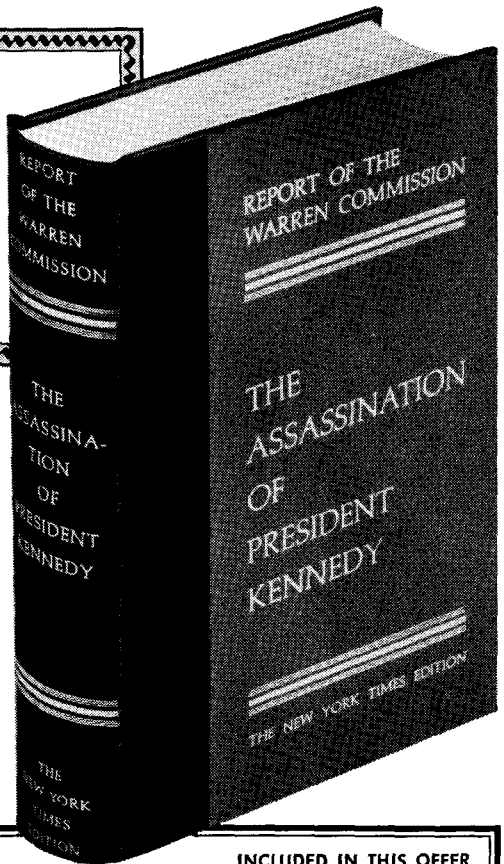

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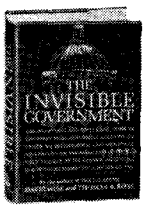

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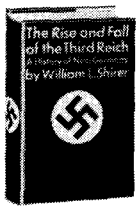

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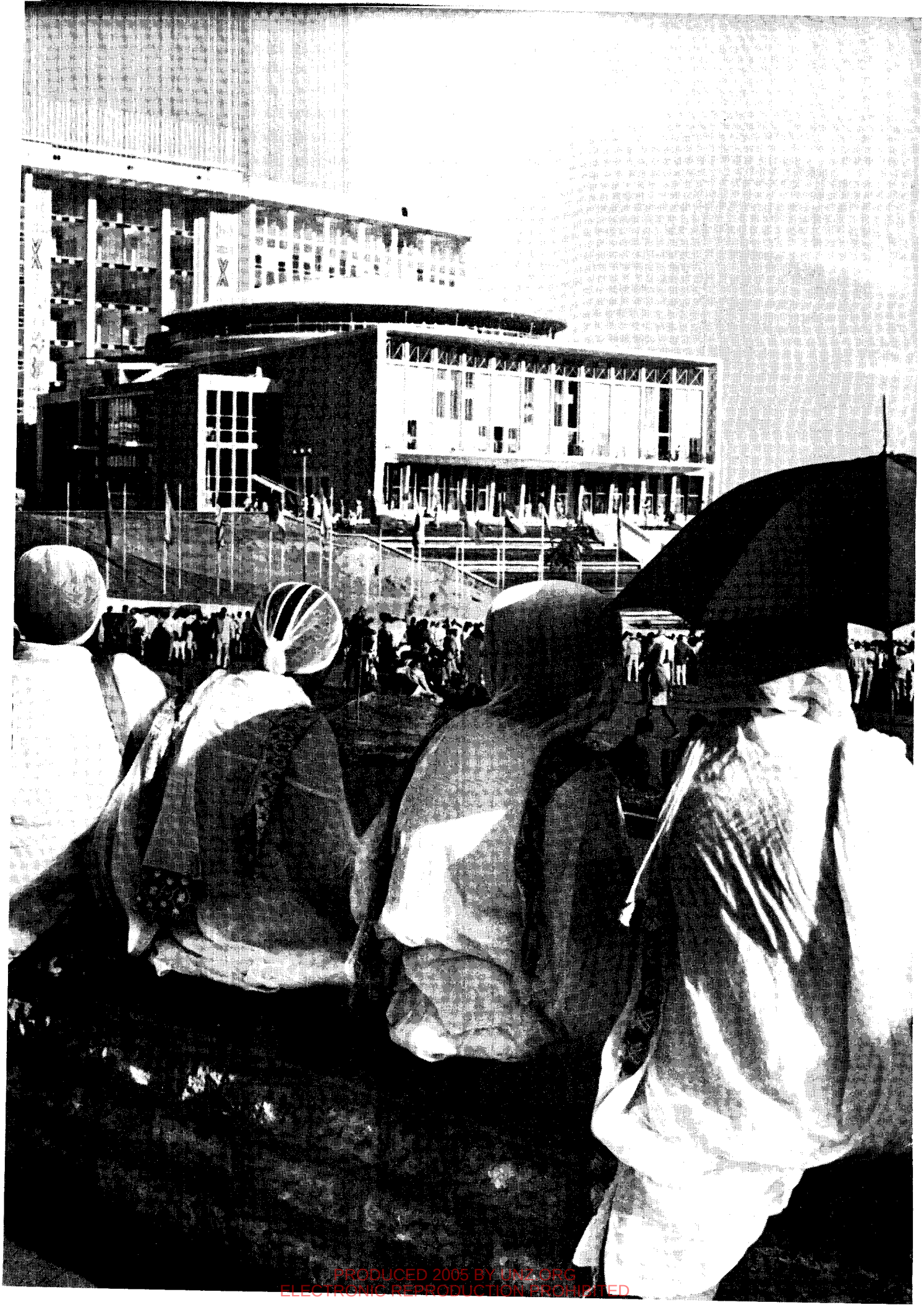

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Edited by Martin Levin

The Rhinoceros

THE rhinoceros is dying out. It's best to come right out with these things no matter how much it hurts. Some goody-goodies would probably stall around for a while and try to break it to you by starting gently with something like, "Say, the Rhino is certainly a charmer." But we're all adults around here, right? Pow! Right between the eyes! The rhinoceros is dying out.

There are two fine blow-softeners that can be offered. First, the rhinoceros, aside from looking the way he does, has less value than an orgone box. (If you are unfamiliar with the orgone box, it may be said that, though highly recommended by its inventor, a slightly erratic but well-meaning medico, it has no value whatsoever.) Second, the rhino himself has no interest in the survival of the species. Hold that thought.

Rhino means nose, of course, and oceros means horn. Or comes from a word that means horn, if you're that kind of pest. It's not much of a name, is it? At least elephant means elephant, not "big fat," although there are authorities who think the word also means ivory. But authorities are people who build two-lane highways that are obsolete four years before they're opened to traffic.

The rhinoceros has twelve toes. Altogether. Three per foot. "Twelve toes" would have been just as good a name as "nose horn," particularly when one considers that it isn't really a horn but a tight-knit tuft of hair. Probably when a rhino charges at one the nose is more noticeable than the toes and the name may have come about that way.

These frumpy hulks live on leaves and grass and have terrible eyesight, though their hearing is fine. Few concerts are given for them.

Now for that thought you've been holding. It seems that the male spends years by himself and ignores ladies completely. When it finally occurs to him that there might be something in female companionship, he has to travel around a bit before he encounters a possible mate. When at last he finds a cute trick and resolves never to let her go, she often demonstrates a lack of interest that is astonishing. She beats him up. Possibly for taking so long to notice her. Whatever the reason, it puts one thud of a damper on romance and, as has been mentioned, the race is dwindling.

The Lost Hurrah

There is another factor. In many parts of Africa and the East the so-called horn is ground into a powder that is considered to have magical properties. Well, it is said to be a specific for virility. Something the rhino himself, perhaps, should look into.

Natives have to kill about a ton of rhino to get eight ounces of horn. The rest tastes something like roast beef. And, of course, something like rhinoceros.

—HENRY MORGAN.

The Arts, These Days

Painting spreads and music spires,
But poetry we spurn.
To see, to hear, no skill requires;
To read, a man must learn.

—PAUL SCOTT MOWRER.

Estes Park, Wyo.

WE were on the outskirts of Boulder when the idea first hit me. And I was so excited about the prospects that I almost ran the car off the road.

"Isn't this country magnificent?" I said to my wife, Carmen, who was sitting in the back seat crocheting a litter bag.

"It certainly is," she answered.

"Then it's all settled," I said, glancing out at the towering peaks to our left.

"What's settled?"

"I'm going to run for the U.S. Senate from here. Wouldn't you like to be the wife of the next Senator from Montana?"

"Of course. But we happen to be in Colorado."

"Oh, so we are. I wondered what the big white "C" painted on the side of that mountain stood for."

As soon as we got into town, I looked up the newspaper editor and broke the news to him. He somewhat dampened my enthusiasm by explaining that they didn't have an election this year.

"I think they may be having one in Wyoming," he said.

"But that's thousands of miles away," I protested.

"It's our neighboring state. You can drive there in a few hours."

We checked into a motel in Laramie and I went directly to a recommended public relations firm to discuss my campaign. They were very friendly and seemed to catch the spirit of my mission right away.

"You've certainly come to the right place, Senator," said a well-dressed young man with Western manners, shak-

(*Continued on page* 12)

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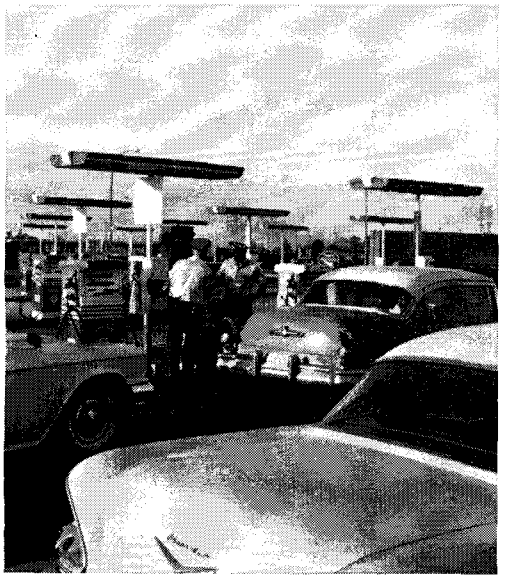

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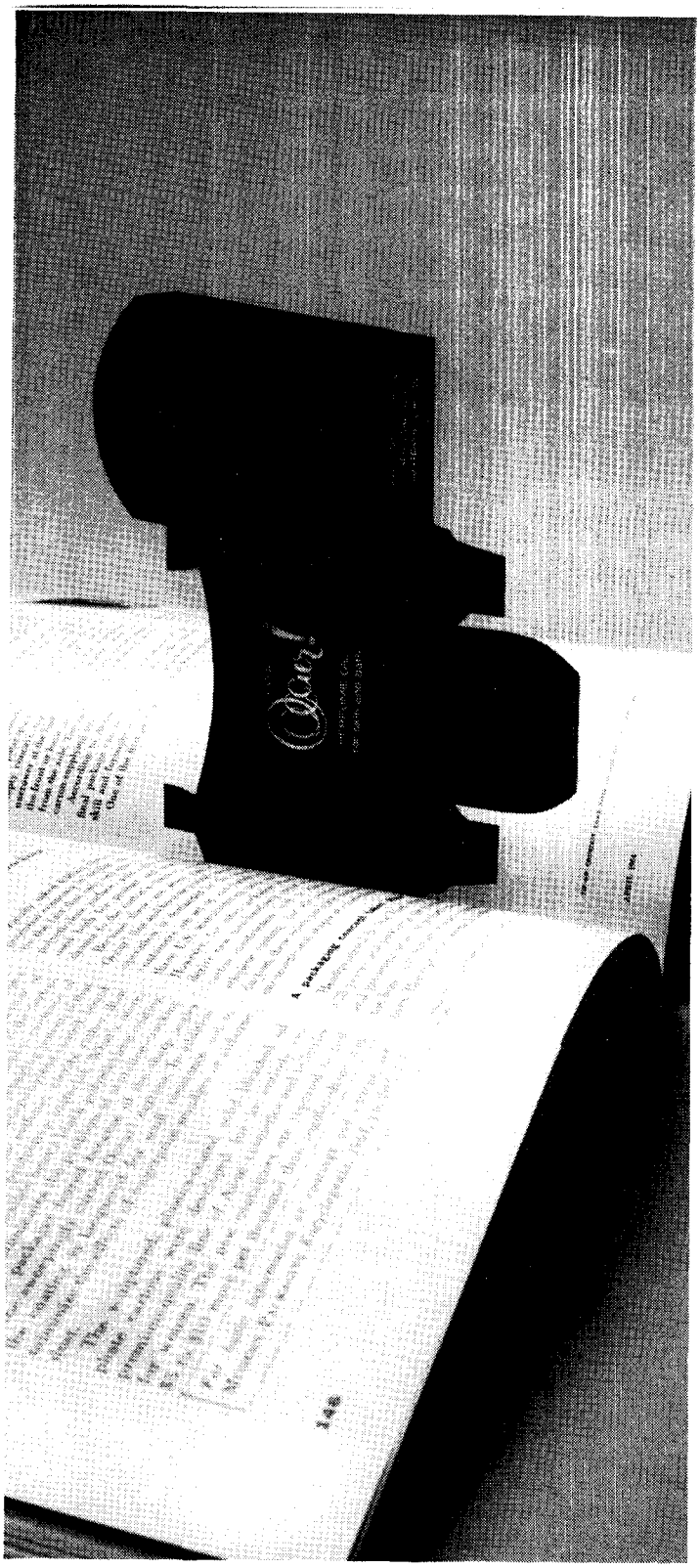

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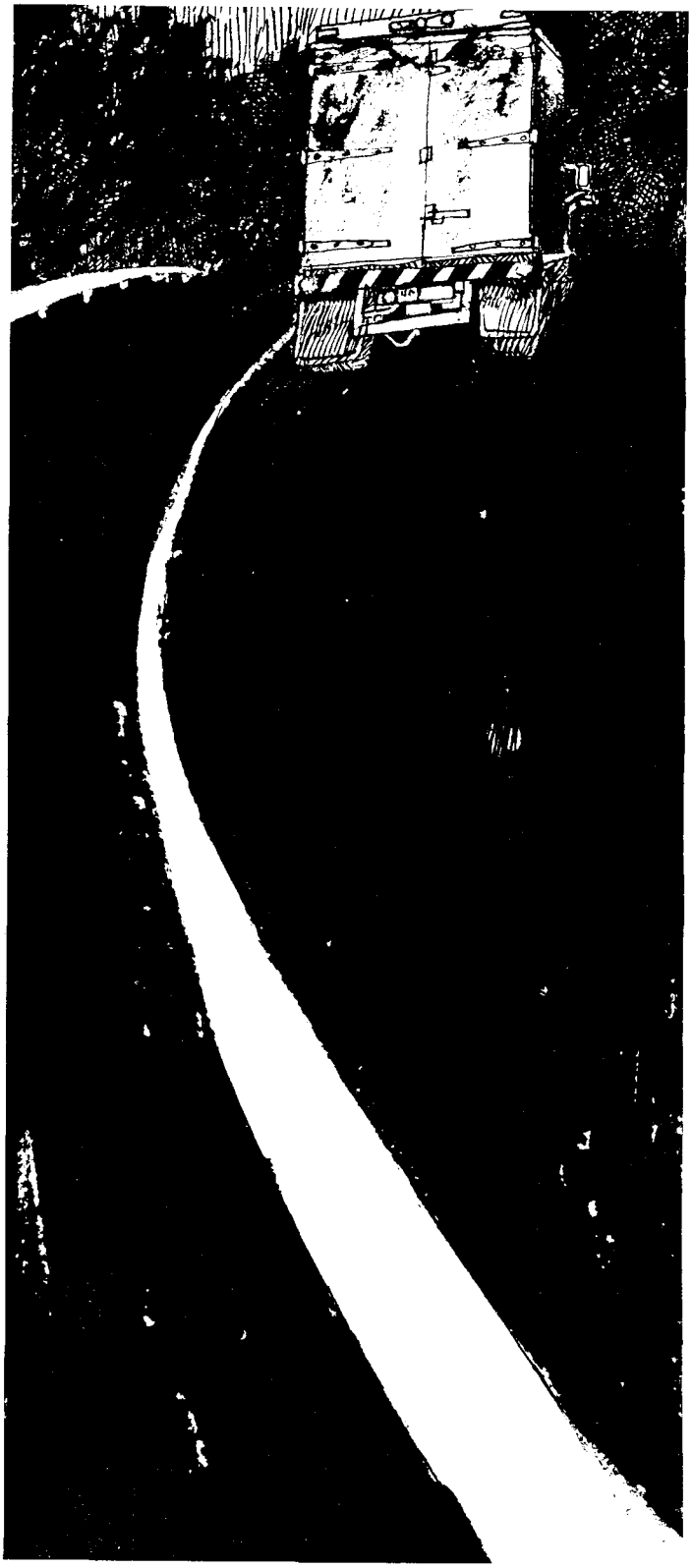

FUGITIVE The explosive drama of illegal trucking—carrying unauthorized cargo—may read like a television script, but it's a dangerous problem. A regulated trucking system is vital to both our everyday economy and national defense. McGraw-Hill's FLEET OWNER magazine recently probed this problem. Its perceptive analysis won an award for outstanding business paper journalism and is now used to instruct law enforcement officers

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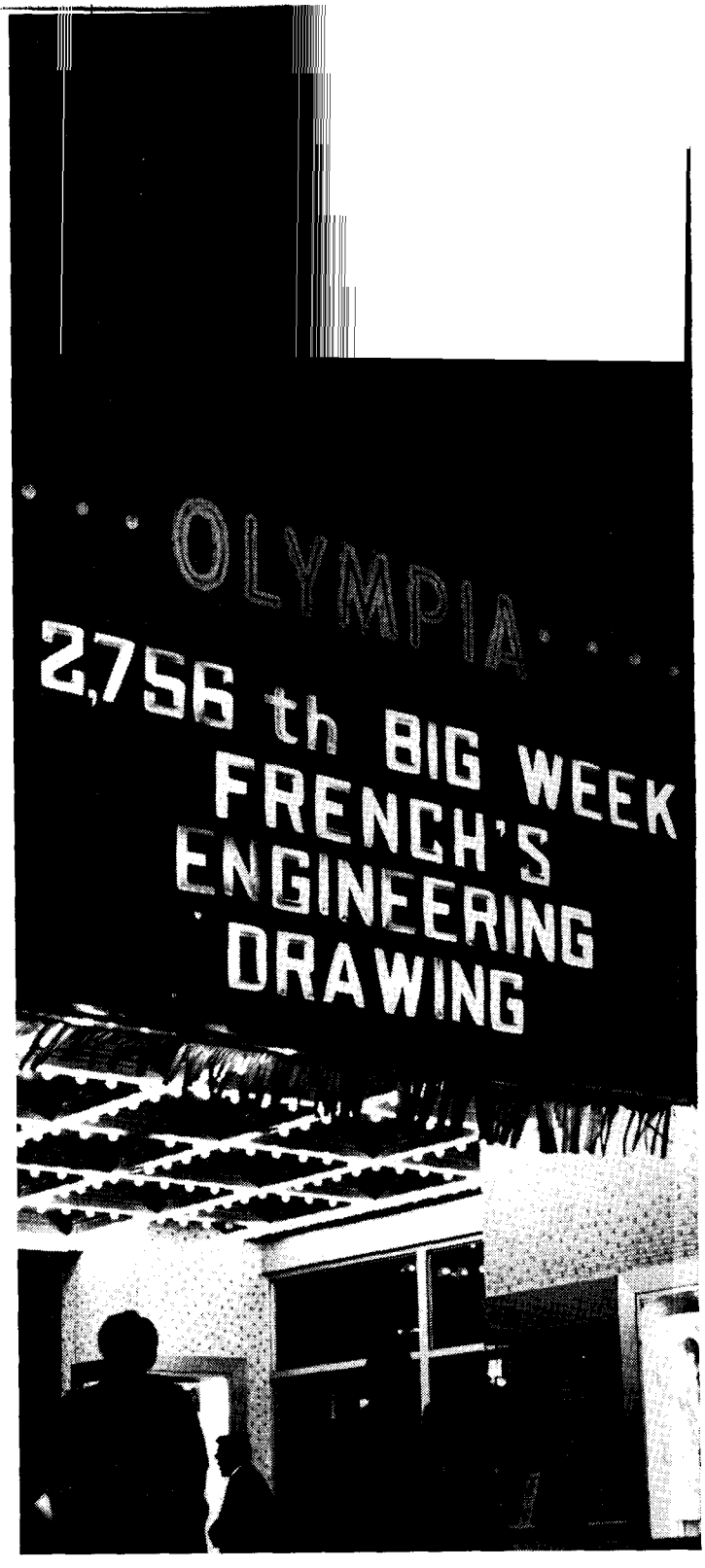
ILLUSTRATIVE If you are a gasoline marketer, want to provide on-the-job training for employees of your service station dealers, how do you go about it? Humble Oil found a unique answer—teaching machines that use a 14-unit training course in a program developed by McGraw-Hill's Information and Training Services Division. This is just one of many ITS solutions to corporate communications problems.



SUPERLATIVE You may think of a "best seller" as a novel with big sales that ends up as a hit movie. McGraw-Hill's Book Company has had its share of these, but it also has another type of best seller. French's ENGINEERING DRAWING is an example. Nobody has asked for the movie rights, yet it has been in print 53 years, sold over 1,750,000 copies-two yardsticks that measure best sellers in the field of education.

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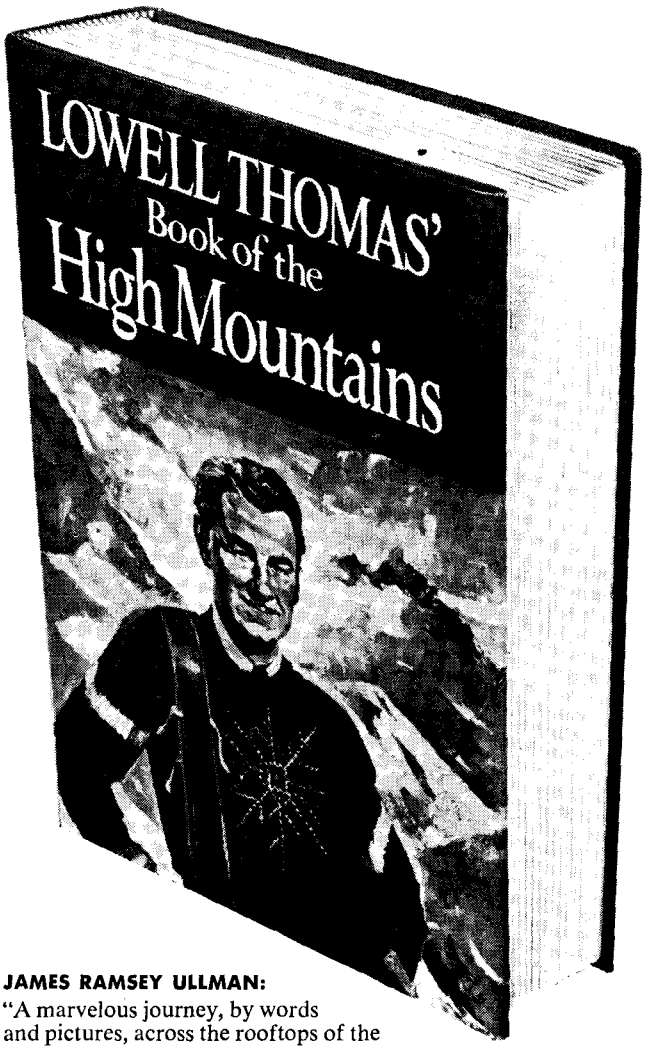

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The Phoenix Nest

Continued from page 8

ing my hand vigorously. "Now how long have you been in Wyoming?"

I looked at my watch.

"Oh, I'd say about three hours and forty minutes, give or take a little" I said.

"I see. And have you ever lived in Wyoming?" he asked, taking notes.

"Yes, I worked one summer at Estes Park while I was going to college. I was sort of a guide on that aerial tramway."

"I believe that's in Colorado."

"Really? I would have sworn it was in Wyoming. Of course, that was eight or ten years ago." I said.

"Is your wife photogenic?"

"Oh, my yes. Just like a Hollywood starlet."

"Fine. Do you have any children?"

"Yes, three girls and one boy. Their grandmother is staying with them at our home in Pennsylvania."

"I see. Are they lively, lovable, precocious, and pretty?"

"Yes, I guess you could say that."

"Wonderful. Do they and your wife swim, skate, ski, scuba-dive, and shoot?"

"No, but I guess they could learn. By the way, who are my opponents?"

"Well, there's an actor now shooting a film on location at Jackson Hole, a young man sent out here by an employment agency in New York, and a man who recently shook President Johnson's hand while on a sightseeing tour in Washington. But you'll be a shoo-in, Senator," the young man informed me.

Unfortunately, my public relations consultant was a little premature. The actor beat me by about 8,000 votes. I'll admit that I made some boo-boos during the campaign. Like when I talked about our capital city of Sioux Falls. But you should have seen the actor. He shook hands in eastern Utah for three solid weeks before anyone told him he was in the wrong state. —FRANCIS MURRAY.

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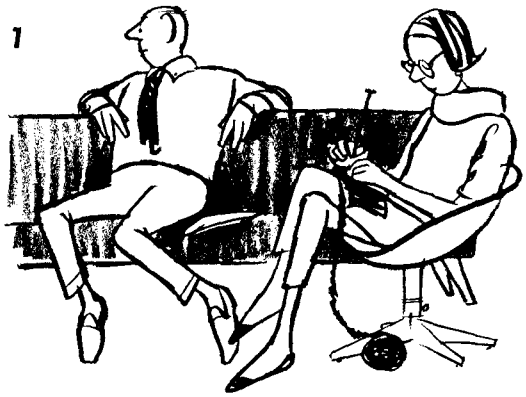
1



Fred's in the kitchen making a snack.

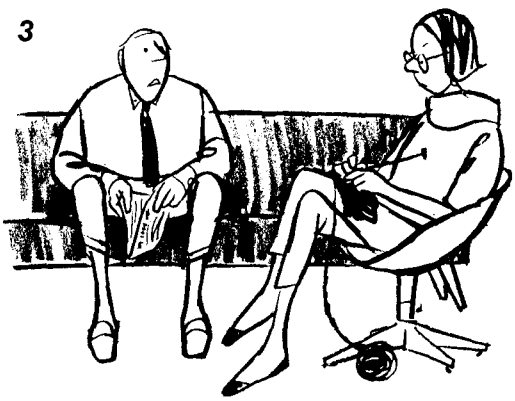
What's he having this time?

2

Sure you want to hear?

As his mother I feel obliged to.

3



Pickle and anchovy on whole wheat raisin bread.

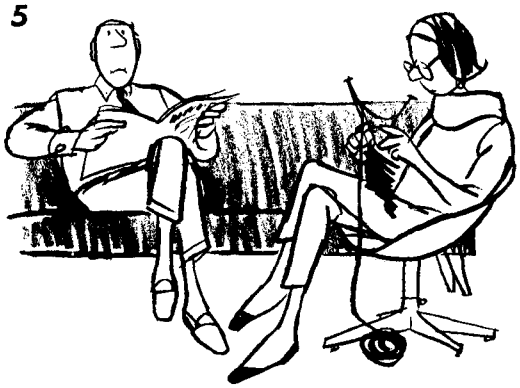
How could he!

4

He said it was democratic—he and Brother voted for it over tuna fish on chocolate graham cracker.

They think of nothing but eating.

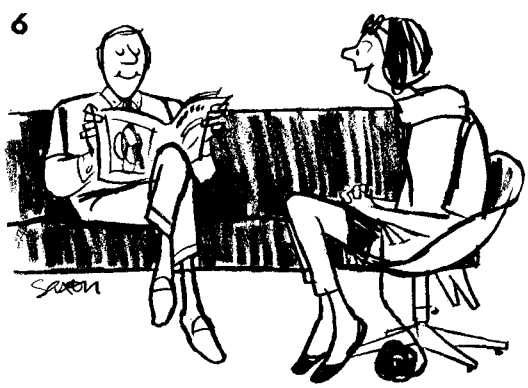
5



I like to see children enjoying their food.

Sometimes I wonder what I'd be able to feed them if we couldn't count on your income.

6



The way I've arranged it, you'd have all the groceries you'd need as long as you need them, if I weren't here. My Equitable Living Insurance policy would take care of that—and all the other expenses in raising a brace of big eaters.

Say, how about peanut butter and roast beef on pumpernickel?

Look ahead with Living Insurance

The EQUITABLE Life Assurance Society of the United States

Home Office: 1285 Avenue of the Americas, New York, N.Y. 10019 © 1964

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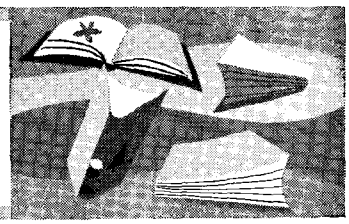
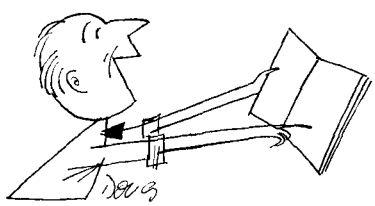
Trade Winds



This seems as good a time as any to make another sweep around the country to see what gaffes the press has recently perpetrated. Boners in print, as any editor can tell you, are terrorizing things. They are final, irrevocable. Readers de-



light in finding them, snipping them out with Machiavellian glee, and sending them back to the publication with appropriate hoots and sneers.

We can't think of a better place to begin than right here at home. Only a few weeks ago *SR* carried a handsome advertisement for a hi-fi company, bearing the headline "Ever Try to Describe What an Oyster Tastes Like?" The only trouble is that it was accompanied by a picture of a cherrystone clam.

Further, several readers have written to advise us that *SR* skipped a couple of pages in a recent issue, and that some issues have been minus page 13. "This leads me to several conclusions," writes Stephen Wildstrom. "1) I'm crazy; 2) someone at *SR* ought to learn pagination; 3) *SR* is superstitious about page 13." This mystery, however, has a simpler solution: When a postcard is bound into the magazine, Post Office regulations require that it be counted as two pages.

Strange things in print are not limited to this country. The *Sunday Times* of London prints this letter of protest:

"Sir: As a British student in the United States I feel that some of your recent comments on Senator Barry Goldwater have been, to say the least, unfair. For instance, no attempt has been made to point out that, had a man of Senator Goldwater's political leanings been alive in the Revolutionary War, he would have been on our side. [Signed] Charles Carlton, University of California."

No publication holds a monopoly on the printed goof, whether typographical or otherwise. Joseph Narat sends us a clipping with a San Mateo, California, dateline under the heading "Babies Flooding County Hospital." Mr. Narat says he wonders if the diaper shortage is really that severe.

And Lewis Gluick sends us a classified ad from the Miami *Herald* under the heading "Cemetery Lots": "Beach Day Camp. Boarding. All ages." Mr. Gluick comments, "This must be a long-term lease."

And from Steamboat Rock, Iowa, Sophia Rowan sends us an advertisement suggesting that teachers have a rather easy time of it. It reads: "FOR RENT—Sleeping room, close to school. Working lady or teacher."

From Arizona, Mrs. Richard S. Hall sends us a banner headline from the Phoenix *Gazette*: "Wedding Vows Exchanged by Pairs." Mrs. Hall asks, logically enough: "What else ever gets married?"

And the Colorado Springs *Free Press* prints this notice from Earl Wilson's column: "Connie Francis and Dick Kanellis were married last weekend. . . . Her bridegroom and her manager, George Scheck, will become partners in a management-public relations setup,

following a Miami Beach honeymoon." Mrs. Lloyd Knutson, who sent us the clipping, wonders if things weren't just a bit crowded.

Not all strange things are in print, of course. From Santa Barbara, California, Caroline Hennings reports that she asked a class, "In what verse form are Shakespeare's plays written?" One answer: Dynamic pentameter.

And in St. Paul, Minnesota, Allan Gower bemoans some of the things he has encountered in essays by his English students. Telling the story of a fire, one student wrote: 1) "Trying to save Alice, I ran for the door, dragging her behind"; 2) "By the time our parents got home, our house was totally diminished."

Some things you read are, of course, intentionally that way. Joyce Potter

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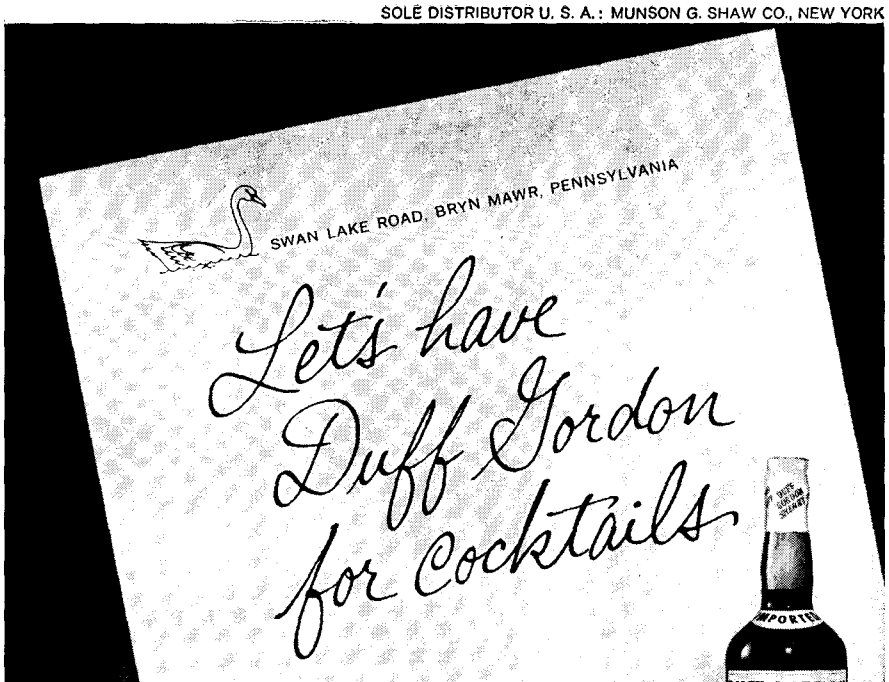

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The very best Sherry you can buy.
The very best people drink it.
Particularly at cocktail time
because it makes dinner taste better.

Imported from Spain, of course. True Sherry is.

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Art-To-Art Walls

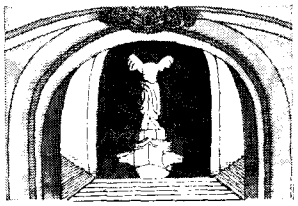
Nobody—not even the most relentless of word detectives—knows either the meaning or derivation of "Le Louvre."

But this is a mystery about which the French couldn't care less. To them, it is enough that Le Louvre is far and away the greatest art treasury on this planet. And it would merit that honor even if it were called Chez Stadium.

A Thing of Beauty

The American TV public will see why this Tuesday night, Nov. 17 (10-11 EST) when NBC presents "The Louvre," as strikingly beautiful a color documentary as any audience has ever witnessed.

The production is a triumph on several levels. Just getting the cameras into the building in the first place was quite a victory, for no other American crew had ever been able to wangle such permission. But NBC News and producer Lucy Jarvis had faced such obstacles before. A year earlier, it was she who broke down Moscow's resistance to our filming the award-winning "The Kremlin." Now, in Paris, it took her the same amount of wheedling time—about five months—to get the official go-ahead for the Louvre. (It may be significant that both the Kremlin and the Louvre were originally built as fortresses.) In any event, the filmed result—with photography by Tom Priestley, script by Sidney Carroll, musical score by Norman Dello Joio and direction by co-producer John Sughrue—bids fair to be a masterpiece of its own kind.



What the NBC crew has managed to do is not merely *show* the museum's paintings and sculptures, but use them (as well as the building itself) to dramatize—in the most ingenious ways—the history of both the Louvre and France over seven and a half centuries.

Thus, the corridors of the Louvre also become the corridors of time, with the cameras limning the stories of kings, queens, emperors and artists who've lived in the Louvre—stories of love and violence; nobility and eccentricities; sacrifice and infidelity.

In bringing the Louvre's magnificence alive for American viewers, the NBC staffers were, of course, faced with a tremendous problem of selection. Even the Louvre itself, embracing an area of 45 city blocks in the heart of Paris, doesn't have enough exhibition space for its 300,000 treasures. (About half of its Rembrandts, for example, are confined to storerooms.)

But in the course of an hour's time, the television public will have seen an excellent representation of the museum's wonders. Michelangelo, da Vinci, Vermeer, Renoir, Titian, Rubens, Velasquez ...these are but a few of the giants whose priceless works will be viewed. "The Louvre" is, we think, a fine example of how NBC goes beyond series scheduling to prepare specials covering everything from a major news event to a cultural landmark.

The Price of Excellence

Narrator of Tuesday night's documentary is Charles Boyer, a genuine art-lover who's spent many happy hours exploring the Louvre's 500 acres of riches. It happens that since completing his narration for the film, he has been starring as one of the cleverest of the international sharpies on NBC's "The Rogues." It also happens—really—that the treasures of the Louvre are not insured. So it's conceivable that M. Boyer may never be permitted on the premises again.

Look to NBC for the best combination of news, entertainment and sports.

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Why on earth
(where there are 3,999 other languages)

do 300,000,000 people make love and war, and dream, and utter their first and last words in English?

And why do 600,000,000 more hurdle language barriers with such great Americanisms as *okay, blue djins, jazz, Lookie Strookies* and *Koka Kora?*

Why is English spreading with the speed of sound? (Abetted, ironically, by the Russians.)

What are beatnik babble, TV- and radio-ese ("like a cigarette should"), Academese and "that lexicographical bomb", Webster's Third New International Dictionary, doing to our grand and glorious language?

How did it all begin?

IN HIS heady, dazzlingly informed book about the past, present and future of English, Lincoln Barnett defends for all time the power and glory of his mother tongue.

Nothing as exciting has ever been written about the English language. It reads like a detective story, a Phillippic, a biography, and a love letter all in one.

If you love the English language this is your book.

THE TREASURE OF OUR TONGUE

The Story of English from Its Obscure Beginnings to Its Present Eminence as the Most Widely Spoken Language in the World by **LINCOLN BARNETT,** author of *The Universe and Dr. Einstein.* $5.95 • now at better bookstores

KNOPF BORZOI BOOKS

writes us from Dayton, Ohio, that she spotted this sign in front of a church not long ago:

BE SQUARE ALL WEEK
COME ROUND ON SUNDAY

Michael Linah was puzzled by a sign he saw on the door of a Brooklyn bakery:

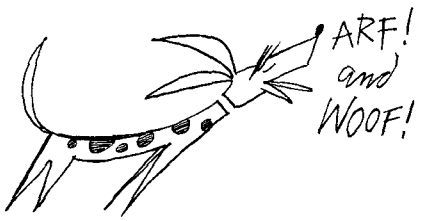
HOMEMADE COOKIES
FACTORY SECONDS
WHILE THEY LAST

Bernard Ewell tells of the sign of a trash collector in Cincinnatti that reads: DOUBLE YOUR GARBAGE BACK IF NOT SATISFIED.

Mary Hewson writes us about a street sign next to a cemetery in Keene, New Hampshire, that reads: SILENT WAY—DEAD END.

W. M. Vance, in Toronto, writes us that two signs in that city have bothered him. One, he says, is on the Yonge Street subway line and seems to threaten capital punishment for a relatively minor crime: DANGER—TRESPASSERS MAY BE ELECTROCUTED. And the other, a sign on a car window, reads: FOR SALE—APPLY WITHIN.

One organization that sometimes has a bit of trouble with its abbreviated designation is the Advertising Research Foundation, otherwise known as ARF.



For example, the headline of a press release read: "Bell & Howell President to Address ARF Conference on Dogmas of Marketing."

Jonathan Rowland, who sent us the release, wonders if the American Kennel Club "isn't going to set up a Howell about an infringement of rights."

—JOHN G. FULLER.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1596)

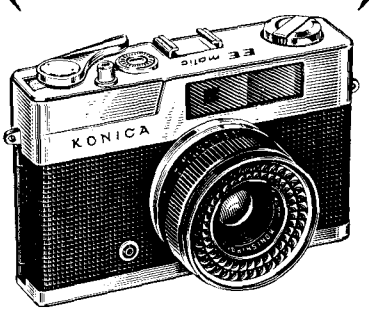
(CHARLES) CHAPLIN:

MY AUTOBIOGRAPHY

All boats should be called *Panacea,* for nothing is more recuperative than a sea voyage. Your worries are adjourned, the boat adopts you, and cures you, and when she finally enters port, reluctantly gives you back again to the humdrum world.

Konica EEmatic's "magic button" thinks before you shoot!

Automatically refuses to click shutter unless lighting is right for perfect pictures. What more can you want . . . except its famous Hexanon f2.8 lens and coupled rangefinder. Less than $60 plus case . . . **"the lens alone is worth the price."** See it at your dealer today!



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If You Don't Mind My Saying So

ESSAYS ON MAN AND NATURE

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

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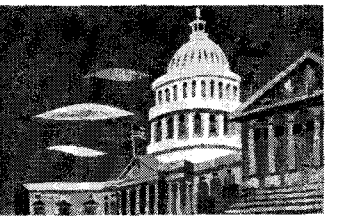
State of Affairs



British Labor Accepts the Challenge

THE BRITISH have put Harold Wilson, the new Prime Minister, on trial. That, in essence, is the meaning of the narrow outcome of the elections that gave the Labor Party an absolute majority of only four seats in the House of Commons—or, whenever the Liberal Party supports them, a majority of twenty-two.

No doubt the most powerful issue favoring Mr. Wilson was the one of "time for a change." After twelve years of Conservative rule the public had come to think that it was high time to give the opposition a chance—particularly since Sir Alec Douglas-Home's government was showing signs of fatigue and deep inner dissension. At the same time, however, the electorate clearly had many reservations about the abilities of the Labor Party's team, as well as a certain mistrust of Mr. Wilson himself. For while he is respected for his political skills, his command of facts, and his intellectual powers, he has somehow not yet succeeded in engendering confidence and trust in Harold Wilson the man.

Hence, by what looks like intuitive common consent, Mr. Wilson has been given an opportunity to show whether he can make a good leader, but with the implicit limitations imposed by his slender majority. It is now up to him to prove that he deserves the confidence of the country and thus a safer majority.

Under the British political system the maximum time that a government can stay in power without calling for another national election is five years. But because of the lean majority, Mr. Wilson will presumably want to go to the polls much earlier. And he may have to. Opinion within the new government is divided over whether he should seek another election within six months or wait for another year or two. Those favoring an early election argue that the party should base its next appeal to the country on the program it will have worked out in the next six months (assuming of course that it has met with a good reception). Those plumping for a later date believe it will be necessary to prove more conclusively that the new program is living up to party promises.

Mr. Wilson is purposely fashioning himself after President Kennedy. Mr. Wilson admired the late President's dynamism, his quick brain, the new inspiration he injected into policy, and the personal command he exercised over the entire government. The Prime Minister is now trying to capture a similar kind of momentum in order to fulfil the promise of the Kennedy phrase he repeated so often during the British campaign: "to get the country moving."

And just as President Kennedy began to move purposefully in spite of his narrow margin of victory, so is the new Prime Minister. He seems to be aiming at some kind of British variation of Presidential government, with himself, rather than the Cabinet, as the center of power. He does not want to use his slim advantage in the House of Commons as an excuse for abandoning some of the more radical aspects of his policy—for example, the renationalization of the steel industry. On the contrary, he seems to feel that unless he makes good on this promise now, when neither the Conservatives nor the Liberals seriously want to challenge him (they cannot afford another election so soon), he will never be able to carry it through. Only time will tell whether this is sound policy. At any rate, it is all part of Mr. Wilson's effort to paint himself as a New Frontiersman: confident, courageous, commanding. He is prepared to live dangerously until he has enough muscle to run for another election, and to run better the next time.

THE focal point of his program is to put the British economy on a sounder basis, to modernize it and bring about a tougher competition within it. This will not only mean that industry must become more efficient; it must also mean that the trade unions, which have been the most stubborn in resisting modernization and automation, will have to fall in line. For a Labor government this will be no easy task. But Mr. Wilson, in a skilful move, has appointed one of the most powerful trade union leaders, Frank Cousins, to an entirely new post as Minister of Technology. His job will be to come to grips with this ticklish problem. Put in American terms, it is as if Walter Reuther had accepted the job of Secretary of Labor—which I have a hunch he would not do.

And to bring all aspects of the economy under a central control, Mr. Wilson has created a brand-new ministry headed by George Brown, who goes under the title Secretary of State and Minister for Economic Affairs. Put in American terms, he presides over the Treasury, the Council of Economic Advisers, the Departments of Commerce, Agriculture, and Labor, and over a planning staff for which there is no equivalent in the U.S. Government. All this represents a radical innovation in revamping the government machine and a bold attempt to impose the kind of economic reforms that the Labor Party has promised to follow.

In contrast to his disregard of the lack of popular support for some of his domestic policies, Mr. Wilson seems to be more accommodating to the interests of Britain's allies, especially the United States, as regards foreign policy. The quick visit to Washington of the new Foreign Secretary, Patrick Gordon Walker; the early scheduling of a meeting between Mr. Wilson and President Johnson, also in Washington; and the assurance that Britain will firmly support the position of the U.S. in the United Nations with regard to the Soviet Union's arrears for peace-keeping operations—all are indications that the Labor government is most anxious to preserve a close relationship with the United States. Even more significant is the willingness to consider joining a mixed-manned nuclear force under certain conditions. That the Labor government also intends not to upset the continuity of British foreign policy in general is shown by the passing of word to members of the Common Market that Britain would like to participate in their political consultations.

Sir Alec Douglas-Home has come out of the elections stronger, in spite of defeat, because he very nearly turned what had been assumed to be a lost cause into victory. At the same time he no doubt recognizes that if the next elections are delayed for more than eighteen months, the Conservatives will need a younger man to lead them. The two most promising candidates are Edward Heath and Reginald Maudling. It will not be an easy decision to make because each man has special qualifications and his own supporters within the party. It will require all of Sir Alec's diplomatic skill to make that choice without creating new fissures. Meanwhile, Sir Alec Douglas-Home will remain the undisputed leader of the opposition.

But despite the formidable talent among the opposition, the precarious majority the new Prime Minister must work with, and the many untried men in his new government, it would be wrong to assume that Britain has a weak government.

Mr. Wilson is a man who, when given power, will use it.

—HENRY BRANDON.

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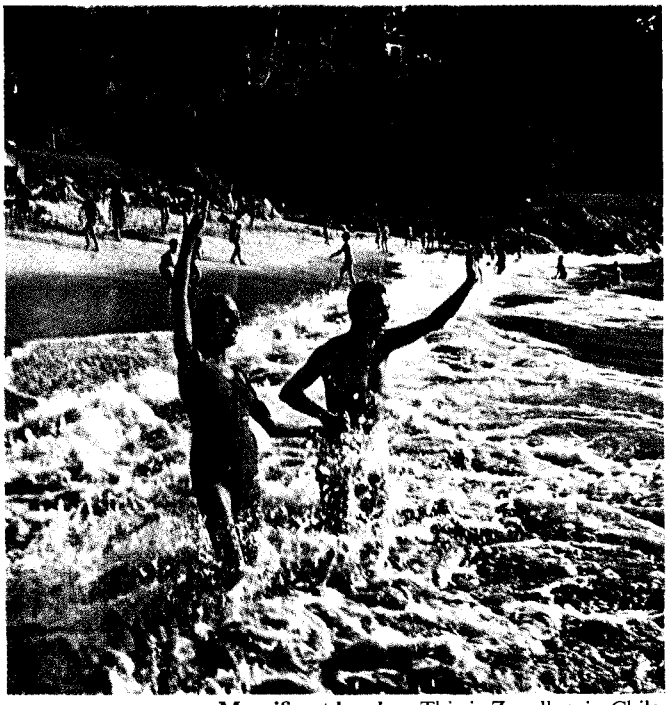
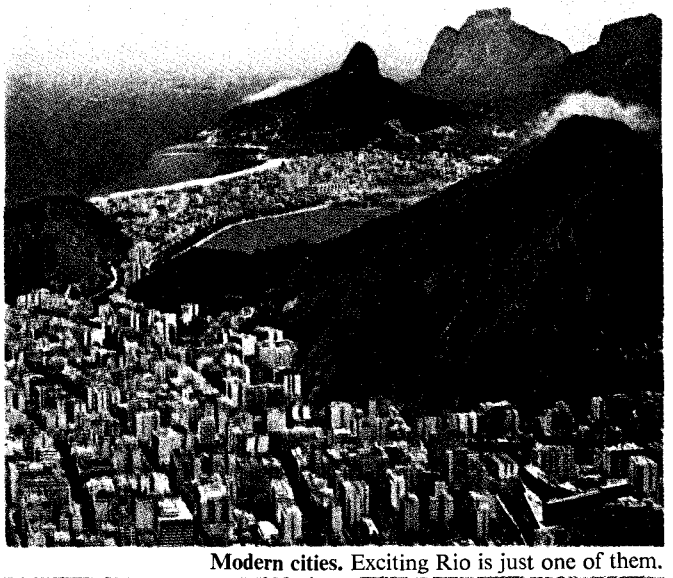
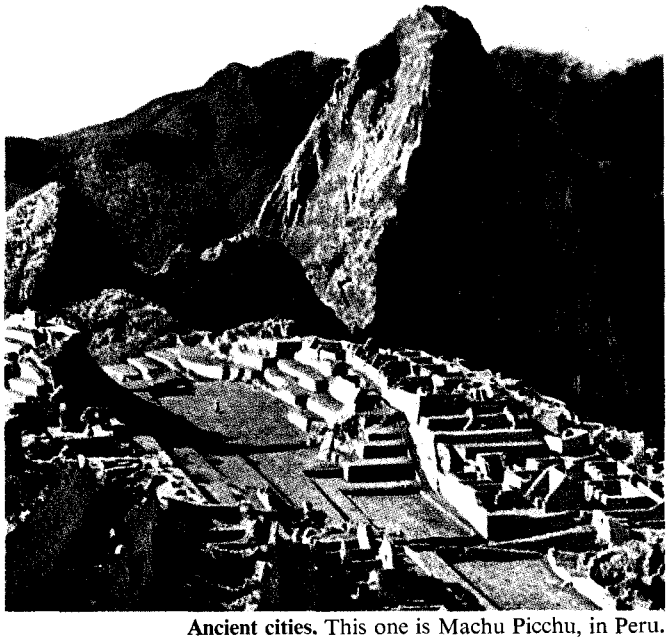


Magnificent beaches. This is Zapallar, in Chile.



Modern cities. Exciting Rio is just one of them.



Ancient cities. This one is Machu Picchu, in Peru.

Romantic ranches. Shown here, Argentina's Pinar Azul.

You haven't seen anything till you've seen South America!

Both coasts for the price of one! Go one way, return the other on Pan Am · Panagra.

See both coasts for the price of one. East coast or west coast, there's so much to see. So much to do. Enjoy the old Spanish charm of Caracas. Or visit modern Brasilia. Night life in Rio. Steaks in São Paulo—where some of the finest restaurants offer more than 25 entrées at $1.50 or less! Skiing near Santiago, Chile. Magnificent Inca ruins of Machu Picchu. Silver shopping in leisurely Lima, Peru. (Or the wonderful Indian dolls you can buy anywhere in Peru.) No doubt about it: you haven't seen anything till you've seen South America—coast to coast. And your ticket 'Round South America can cost you as little as $630 from New York, $578 from Miami, $766 from Los Angeles. *On the only airline system that can fly you completely around the continent.*

PAN AM PANAGRA

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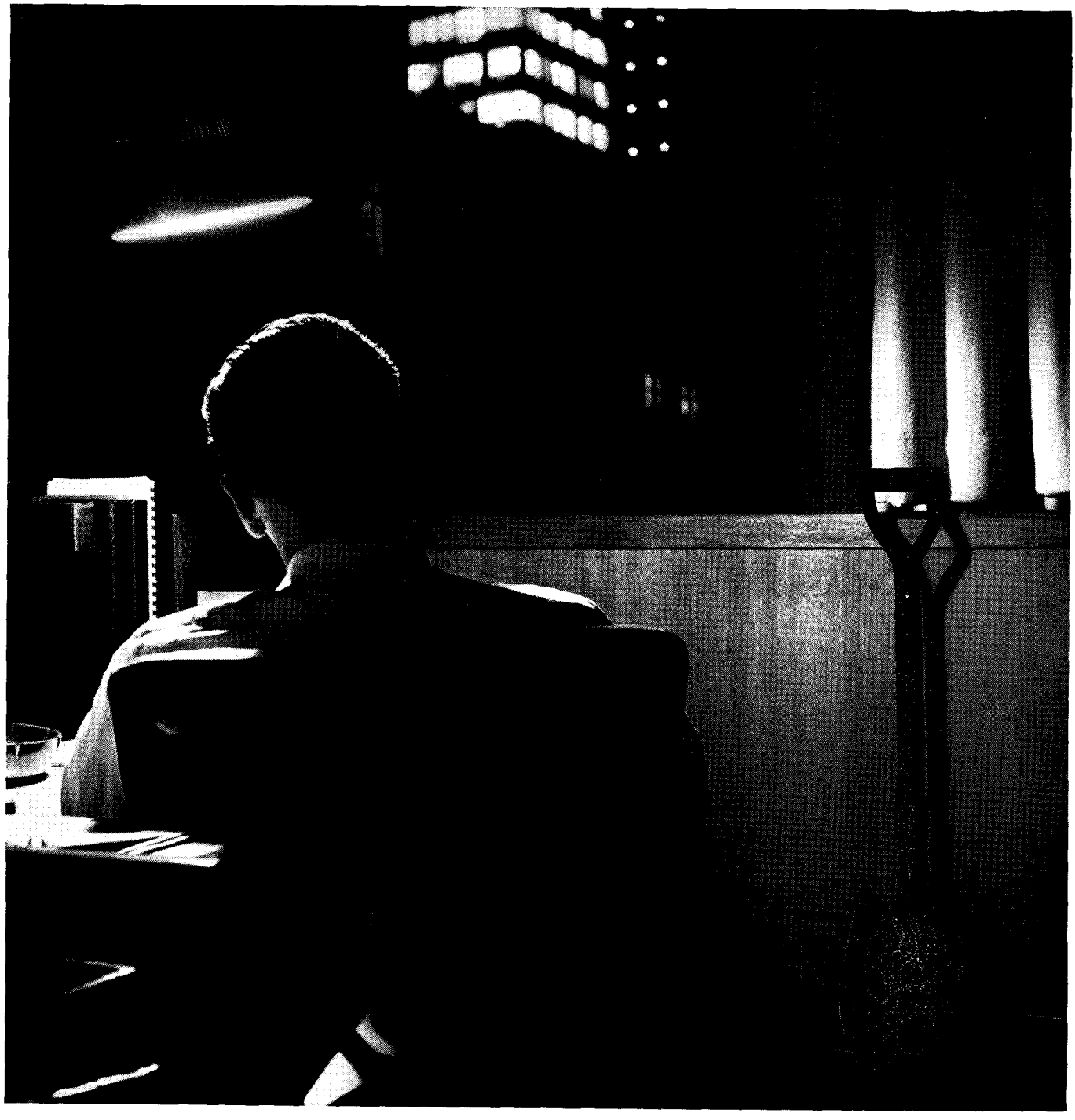

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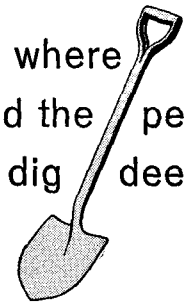

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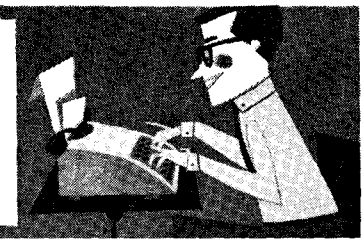

Same Old Rate Race

THE COMPLICATED computations of the Nielsen TV rating system had arrived and it was the Khrushchev story all over again. The third network had suddenly become the leader. It was as simple as ABC.

The unhappy trigger-happy program boss of a network that had overnight dropped from first place all the way down to second place pressed the panic button and called for a crisis meeting. There would be a reading of the new ratings, to be attended by all the top copper. It used to be brass, but the way things were going . . .

Anyway, everybody N.Y. to L.A.—back to the factory where they mass-manufacture the shows. It might turn out to be as simple as just goosing up the laugh tracks. Nevertheless, the big meeting was held and it possibly went something like this:

PROGRAM BOSS: Everybody here? OK, before we read the ratings, Mike, will you read the supplication?

MIKE: OK, P.B. Everyone rise, please, and bow your heads. Thank you . . . "Tell me not in mournful numbers, life is but an empty dream, for the soul is dead that slumbers and things are not what they seem. . . . Art is long and time is fleeting, and our hearts, though stout and brave, still like muffled drums are beating funeral marches to the grave."

P.B.: Mike, didn't I tell you last year to leave out that last stanza? We all know that art is much too long and prime time is much too fleeting—

MIKE: I thought you said leave out the second stanza, "Life is real, life is earnest . . ."

P.B.: That one, too. Leave 'em both out. And while you're at it, let's get rid of that "Tell us not in mournful numbers." That was OK when we had everything sewed up in the top ten. Not now, boy. Now let's take these ratings night by night. On Monday night we have that measly 12 point 7 show.

FIRST EXEC.: What's that show about, program boss?

P.B.: It's about 12 point 7.

FIRST EXEC.: No, I mean what's the story of the show—the plot?

P.B.: The story is we have a 12 point 7 and they have a 21 point 1. And the plot, buddy boy, is how to get some of that rating over to us.

SECOND EXEC.: I saw that 12 point 7 show. It's not a bad show. Matter of fact it's a pretty good show.

P.B.: Here we go again. How many times have I told you? There are no good shows or bad shows, only high rating shows. You know our creed?

SECOND EXEC.: Yes, program boss.

P.B.: Let's hear it—everybody.

ALL: The lower the denominator the higher the rating.

P.B.: OK, now let's go to Tuesday night. Here we're being blitzed by a 26 point 6 show and this same show comes on again Thursday night and we're being clobbered by 26 point 8.

FIRST EXEC.: I saw another show ahead of that 26 point 8 last Thursday night.

P.B.: Which show?

FIRST EXEC.: Yeah. That's the one—the witch show.

P.B.: You were watching that 35 point 6? Haven't they got enough rating without you adding to it?

SECOND EXEC.: I was watching that 35 point 6, too. They got a cute gimmick where she made the table disappear. Hahahaha.

FIRST EXEC.: No, it was the flowers on the table that disappeared. Hahaha.

MIKE: The night I saw it she made the house disappear. Haha.

P.B.: That's great. You guys sit there laughing it up while she's making a whole network disappear. . . . I thought that would sober you up. Luckily I think I have the solution. We need something really *big*. Here are some statistics. There are 52 million point 929 thousand point 755 hundred homes in America with TV sets. A few weeks ago the President went on TV and the rating showed that 27 million point 366 thousand point 970 hundred homes were tuned in to him. Almost half the country. Now if we can get the Pres---

MIKE: Oh no, program boss.

P.B.: Mike, get on the phone and call him. The code number for Washington, D.C., is 202. Ask information. Dial 202 point 555 point 1212. I see a half-hour situation comedy with two average people who happen to be living in the White House and for a switch the *husband* is the one who makes things appear and disappear. That's a 48 point 9 show at least. We'll get a writer who's not working and. . . .

—GOODMAN ACE.

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BEDTIME:

The King Who Saved Himself from Being Saved

One Long Ago in a Far Away
Beginning "By the Sea"
In, of course, a Kingdom, One Fine Day
With (why not?) a Lark in a tree.

(Yes, all the poems I ever see
Put all their larks in the air.
Such poor tired larks! "Let one rest in my tree,"
I thought. So I put it there.)

—So there *was* a lark. In, as I say,
The tree I put there to be
Part of that Long Ago Far Away
Kingdom, of course, By the Sea.

A (naturally) Princess in (yes) a Tower
Was listening to (what else?) the Lark.
And a Ho-hum Giant was smelling a flower
In the shade by the brook in the park.

The King was thinking of counting his gold
But went to sleep instead.
The Queen was hungry, but had a cold
And hadn't got out of bed.

It was never as peaceful as this before
In any fable I've read.
But in came a Hero. —At least he wore
A helmet all over his head.

And he looked like a Hero (a very hard look).
And he made a heroic noise.
And he clattered at every step he took
(Which impressed the stable boys).

All *over* his head was his helmet and *in*
His head was, of course, a fight.
And he came decked out in a suit of tin
To prove that he was right.

He scared the lark. He woke the King.
The Princess began to cry.
The Queen got up and began to ring
For milk and an aspirin pie.

"Where is your Giant?" the Hero cried.
"I have come to slay him in two!"
The Giant jumped up and ran off to hide
In a closet. Wouldn't you?

"Where is your Giant?" the Hero roared.
"I have come to do some slaying,
And save the Kingdom!" The King looked bored:
"He's around here somewhere, playing."

"And now, if you please, be still," said the King.
"We run a peaceful Kingdom.
If you must be heard, and if you can sing
Some new songs, why then sing some.

"But stop that noise, young man, or I
Shall toss you in that ocean
I always build my Kingdoms by.
I don't like such commotion!"

But still the Hero stood his stand.
"Where is your Giant?" roared he.
"I have come to slay him and win the hand
Of your daughter by setting you free!"

The Queen came in with a cold in her head
And a cold in her nose, and her eyes
All sort of yellow and bleary red—
Perhaps from the aspirin pies.

The Queen came in and she swayed a bit—
Perhaps from the milk. "Tut! tut!"
She said to the Hero. "You're having a fit!
You'll set us free?—Of what?"

"I have come," said the Hero, "to set you free
Of the Giant there always is
In every Kingdom By the Sea
In such Long Ago days as this.

"And to win the hand of your daughter dear,
And Half the Kingdom to boot!"
"*What*?" roared the King. "Get out of here,
Or I'll tell my guards to shoot!"

"I have come," said the Hero, "a very long way,
Over rivers, fields, and fences.
I have been on the road six years and a day—
Just think of my expenses:

"I've used twenty pounds of solder alone
(Plus nuts and bolts and wire)
To mend my suit. And costs have grown
Incalculably higher

"For sharpening swords, and for oats and hay.
And heroes have to sip
A *little* something along the way
—To guard against the grippe.

"I am not at all sure I can pay what I owe
Out of half of a Kingdom so small.
But Giants get scarcer and scarcer. So—
It's this or nothing at all.

"And *enough* palaver! I'm here to do
Some slaying, and here I stay
Till I have slain your Giant in two.
So bring him on I say!"

"Well, then," said the King, "just wait a bit."
And he called his Cannoneer.
Who brought him a cannon and pointed it
In a way that made it clear

The palaver *was* over. "That's unfair!"
Cried the Hero. "So it is,"
Said the King with a sigh. "You have me there.
But in Long Ago Kingdoms like this

"We have to be careful. It takes time
To become a Long Ago.
And though being a Hero is hardly a crime,
We do better without them, you know.

"A peaceful Kingdom's the Kingdom for me,"
Said the King. "And as for you,
Go save someone else. For—do you see?—
I dislike being saved in two.

"Heroes are handsome and noisy and bold
But they *will* come out on top.
And once they start saving you, I've been told,
They don't know when to stop.

"I run a peaceful Kingdom here
And I'd like it to age a bit.
—To which, may I add that my Cannoneer
Informs me his fuse is lit?

"You have *ten* seconds. I mean, *nine*."
"Unfair!" the Hero cried.
"*Eight*," said the King. "You do look fine
But—*seven*—a fast ride

Could—*six*—prevent some changes you
Might—*five*—not wish for—*four*—
(Or is it *three*?) Well, now it's *two* . . .
One . . . and— What *is* that roar!

A cannon? Why on earth?—Oh, yes,
Now I remember. Well,
I tried to tell him. But I guess
Heroes are hard to tell.

Someone go let the Giant out
And ask the Lark to sing.
And, I say, isn't it about
Dinner time?" said the King.

. . . And that's how it went One Long Ago
And Far Away by the Sea,
Just as a Little Bird I know
(A Lark) told it to me.

The Kingdom was saved from being saved.
The Giant was saved from a fight.
The King *was* afraid he had behaved
In ways not entirely right.

"But *there* was the fuse, and it was lit,"
He said, "and time ran on.
And before I had finished explaining it
To the Hero, he was gone.

In—I'm afraid—a sudden puff
That puffed him out of sight.
As Heroes go, he was brave enough,
But I'm not sure he was bright.

I'm sure I made it perfectly clear
What sort of Kingdom I run.
Why I even scolded my Cannoneer
For firing that horrible gun.

And I'm sure—had *I* stood where the Hero stood,
All mounted and ready to go—
I'm sure I could have understood
In, say, two seconds or so.

That only eight were left to me.
And I'm sure that, given the eight,
I could have made it easily
Out of the palace gate.

—Well, maybe not. But if it's true
That, maybe, I misbehaved,
At least I wasn't saved in two.
In fact, I wasn't saved.

Except from *being saved*," he said.
"Which is all the saving *I'm* for."
. . . And that's that, friends. And so to bed.
For that is all there's time for.

—JOHN CIARDI.

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SR's Check List of The Week's New Books

Americana

FOLLOWING THE FRONTIER. By Freeman Tilden. Knopf. $12.95.

STANDING UP COUNTRY: The Canyon Lands of Utah and Arizona. By C. Gregory Crampton. Knopf. $15.

Anthologies

CONFUCIUS TO CUMMINGS: An Anthology of Poetry. Edited by Ezra Pound and Marcella Spann. New Directions. Hardbound, $6.75. Paperback, $2.75.

Art

LAUTREC BY LAUTREC. By Philippe Huisman and Mme. M. G. Dortu. Viking. $30.

Crime, Suspense

THE REAL SERENDIPITOUS KILL. By Hampton Stone. Simon & Schuster. $3.50.

SENTENCE OF DEATH. By Jeremy York. Macmillan. $3.95.

Current Affairs

THE AMERICANIZATION OF EUROPE. By Edward A. McCreary. Doubleday. $5.50.

EQUAL TIME: The Private Broadcaster and the Public Interest. By Newton Minow. Atheneum. $5.95.

THE HEART OF OUR CITIES. By Victor Gruen. Simon & Schuster. $8.50.

NUCLEAR ENERGY, PUBLIC POLICY AND THE LAW. Edited by Edward J. Bloustein for the New York University School of Law. Oceana. $4.

THE PRESIDENT SPEAKS. By Louis Filler. Putnam. $5.95.

THE SLUMS: Challenge and Response. By David Hunter. Free Press. $6.95.

Essays

THE ARISTOS: A Self-Portrait in Ideas. By John Fowles. Little, Brown. $5.

THE HALF-WORLD OF AMERICAN CULTURE: A Miscellany. By Carl Bode. Southern Illinois Univ. Press. $5.50.

History

THE KAISER AND HIS TIMES. By Michael Balfour. Houghton Mifflin. $6.95.

THE LAROUSSE ENCYCLOPEDIA OF MODERN HISTORY. Harper & Row. $17.50 to Dec. 31; $20. thereafter.

THE QUEST FOR INDIA. By Björn Landström. Doubleday. $14.95.

THE SINEWS OF AMERICAN CAPITALISM: An Economic History. By Clark C. Spence. Hill & Wang. $6.

VERSAILLES, 1919. By Ferdinand Czernin. Putnam. $6.95.

Literary Criticism

EZRA POUND: Poet as Sculptor. By Donald Davie. Oxford Univ. Press. $6.

GEORGE ELIOT. By Walter Allen. Macmillan. $3.95.

HONORE DE BALZAC. By E. J. Oliver. Macmillan. $3.95.

JOHN MILTON. By Douglas Bush. Macmillan. $3.95.

JONATHAN SWIFT. By Nigel Dennis. Macmillan. $3.95.

OLD SCHOOL TIES: The Public Schools in British Literature. By John R. Reed. Syracuse Univ. Press. $7.

Miscellany

ASTROLOGY. By Louis MacNeice. Doubleday. $7.95.

BRENDAN BEHAN'S NEW YORK. Bernard Geis. $5.95.

CRAFTS FOR FUN AND FAIRS. By Emily R. Dow. Barrows. $3.95.

THE EVERLASTING COCKTAIL PARTY. By Peter Blake and Robert Osborn. Dial. $3.75.

FOREVER OLD, FOREVER NEW. By Emily Kimbrough. Harper & Row. $4.95.

THE GROANING BOARD. By Charles Addams. Simon & Schuster. $3.95.

THE HORN OF PLENTY. By Peggy Harvey. Atlantic-Little, Brown, $7.50.

LOWELL THOMAS'S BOOK OF THE HIGH MOUNTAINS. Julian Messner. $10.

THE MACHINE IN THE GARDEN: Technology and the Pastoral Ideal in America. By Leo Marx. Oxford Univ. Press. $6.75.

Music

THE LITERATURE OF THE PIANO: A Guide for Amateur and Student. By Ernest Hutcheson. Revised by Randolph Ganz. Knopf. $8.95.

Personal History

THE FATAL GIFT OF BEAUTY. By A. B. C. Whipple. Harper & Row. $5.

THE INITIALS IN THE HEART. By Laurence Whistler. Houghton Mifflin. $4.95.

JANE CLEMENS: The Story of Mark Twain's Mother. By Rachel M. Varble. Doubleday. $5.95.

MEN OF PEACE. By Bradford Smith. Lippincott. $6.50.

SCHOOLHOUSE IN THE CLOUDS. By Sir Edmund Hillary. Doubleday. $5.95.

Reference

LOVEJOY'S COLLEGE GUIDE (Seventh Revision). By Clarence E. Lovejoy. Simon & Schuster. Hardbound, $5.95. Paperback, $3.50.

Religion

THE BOOK OF PSALMS FOR THE MODERN READER. Translated by Gershon Hadas. Jonathan David. Hardbound, $3.95. Paperback, $1.95.

NEW TESTAMENT DETECTION. By W. Gordon Robinson. Oxford Univ. Press. $4.50.

WHO'S WHO IN THE TALMUD. By Alfred J. Kolatch. Jonathan David. $5.95.

WOMEN AND RELIGION. By Margaret Brackenbury Crook. Beacon. $5.95.

Theater, Film

THE CONCISE ENCYCLOPEDIA OF MODERN DRAMA. By Siegfried Melchinger. Edited by Henry Popkin. Horizon. $12.50.

FAIR LADY. By Cecil Beaton. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. $4.95.

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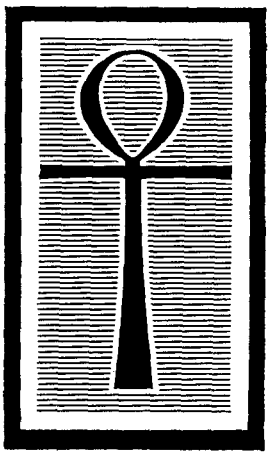

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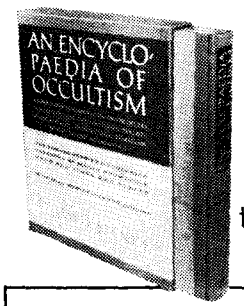

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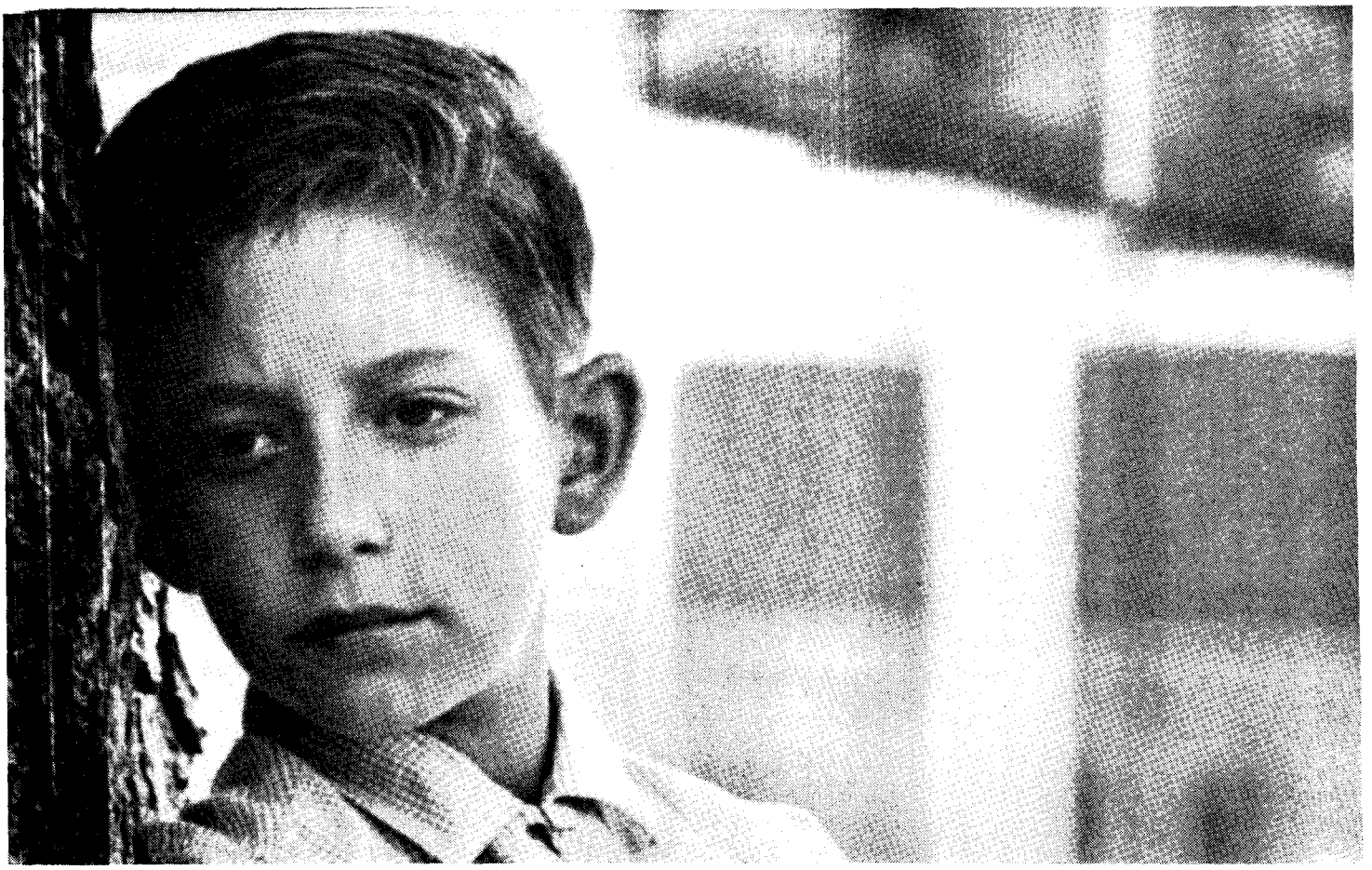

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Saturday Review
November 14, 1964

THE IDEA OF A WORLD COLLEGE

The success of a recent experiment in global education points the way to a larger community of the intellect

By HAROLD TAYLOR

THE IDEA of a world college has an especially persuasive power. It suggests a college unlike any now in existence, to which would come students from everywhere in the world, Communist and non-Communist, Western and Eastern, Jew and Arab, Christian and Moslem, colored and white, each of them different, each of them welcomed and cherished because of the difference.

There the students would be taught, by scholars from across the world, a body of knowledge that would contain, not nationalist histories and ideologies, but the history and culture of man in the entire world. It would be a college designed to develop a new concept of the world and of education, and to act as a source of ideas and action for the achievement of world understanding and a peaceful world order. The arts of all cultures would be practiced and studied, the ideas of all societies would have a full and fair chance to be known and valued. In a world community of the intellect, the hope of mankind for a comradely world order would be reflected, its reality anticipated.

The idea has roots in the university tradition of the West and in the cosmopolitanism of the great cities in history. There has always been an unseen international community, independent of transient governments and ideologies, among the artists, writers, scientists, and intellectuals of the world, and a mutual respect for work of quality and integrity, no matter what wars, conflicts, and antagonisms have officially existed between the governments of nation-states. It is not difficult to hope that through an increase in the traffic of ideas and sentiments among intellectuals everywhere in the world, an international community of private persons can be built outside and parallel to the official world structure. It is also not inconceivable that the members of such a community, through sustained and concerted efforts of the imagination and the will, could in time create the conditions out of which the problems of world conflict could be solved by nonviolent and rational means. The activities of international scientists in developing plans and pressing for an international ban on the testing of atomic weapons is a case in point, as is the work of international scientists in the Antarctica Treaty and in the International Geophysical Year.

Having been convinced by the power of the idea that a world college built upon such concepts should somehow be made to exist, several of us joined in the summer of 1963 to conduct an experiment in discovering how it might be brought about. Among the group were Amiya Chakravarty, philosopher from India and a close associate of Tagore and Ghandi in earlier days; Sir Robert Watson-Watt, scientist from Great Britain; and Takeshi Ishida, political scientist from Japan.

THE experiment took place on a small campus on Long Island, through the cooperation of members of the Society of Friends who had originally formed a committee on a Friends World College.

The plan of action for the experiment was comparatively simple. The existing world organization most capable of enlisting the cooperation of governments in a project of this kind is the United Nations, since in the Communist countries and many others the only access to private persons is through official channels. And if the model we were making was to be in any sense a prototype for future models, the financing would have to be international in character.

Twenty-four United Nations countries, including the Soviet Union and the United States, representing a cross-section of the ideological and geographical areas of the world, were therefore invited to select one student each and to finance his attendance at the experiment. The only requirements were that the student, man or woman, graduate or undergraduate, be seriously interested in world affairs, have competence in the use of the English language, and be between the ages of twenty and thirty. A full-scale world college in the future would of course have to deal with the language problem, probably in the manner of the United Nations, with English and French as the working languages and simultaneous translation for others (a translation of the world's literature into all languages would be an essential component of the humanities curriculum), but for our purposes in the experiment English did serve as a world language without nationalist overtones.

Negotiations with the invited countries were carried on for five months, at which point it was decided to select students from four Latin American countries, Paraguay, Chile, Mexico and Colombia; two European socialist republics, Poland and Rumania; four African countries, Ghana, Nigeria, Uganda, and Ethiopia; four Asian countries, India, Malaya, Indonesia, and Japan (Hong Kong was also included, as representing the United Kingdom),

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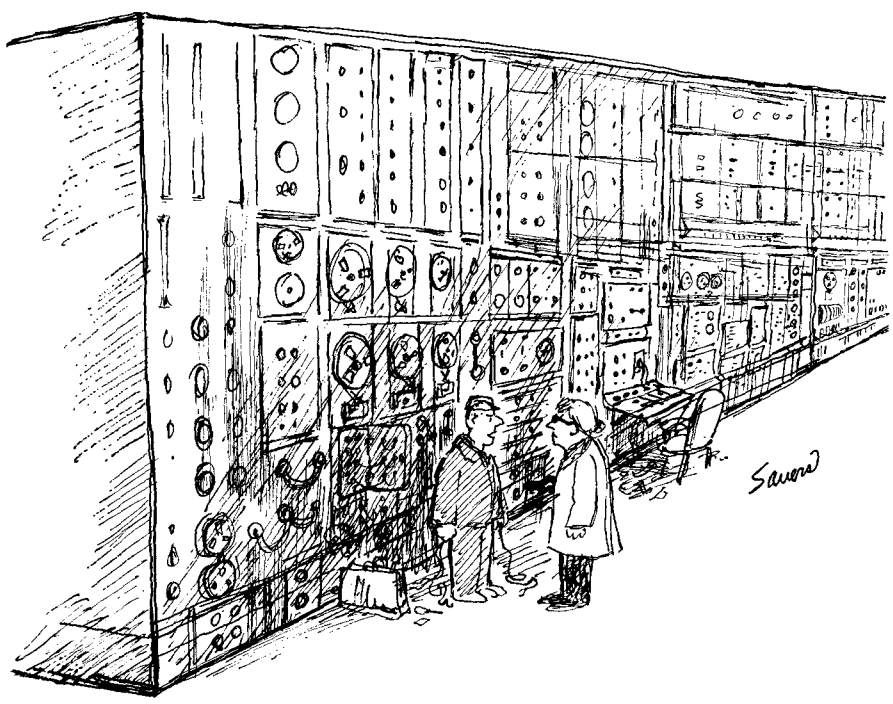
in addition to France, Egypt, Israel, Jamaica, Canada, and the United States. The Soviet Union expressed serious interest in an invitation to send both a student and a faculty member, but arrangements could not be completed in time to include either one in the six-week session. The invitation to Cuba brought no reply, nor did the one to Communist China.

OUR hope that it would be possible for all the invited governments to select and finance a student was shown to be overoptimistic. Few governments, including that of the United States, have at this point an allocation of funds for purposes of this kind; the selection and financing of students is carried out in bilateral arrangements between countries. As several of the United Nations and various embassy officials pointed out, the dollar shortage afflicting most countries made it impossible to send students directly from the home country to the world college for the experimental period.

Accordingly, with the help of a network of individuals and private organizations in this country and abroad who cooperated with the agencies of the governments, approximately 300 representative students were recommended and a final selection of twenty-four was made, most of them being students already in this country. In each case, the selection was approved by the invited governments. The students were financed by contributions from individuals and foundations in this country.

The resident faculty was joined by Professor Antipa Othieno, an educator from Kenya; and Professor Anthony Pearce, geographer, bibliographer, and professor of government at New York University; and, for a ten-day period, Professor Arthur Lall, former head of the Indian delegation to the Geneva disarmament negotiations and now professor of international relations at Cornell University. Nonresident faculty visited for periods of one to three days from the United Nations secretariat and delegations, and from the embassies of the participating countries. They included Dr. Marion Dobrosielski of Poland, Counsellor to the Polish Embassy and a professor of philosophy at the University of Warsaw; Dr. Ion Moraru of the Rumanian delegation to the United Nations and professor of economics at the University of Bucharest; Taghi Nasr, Director of Economic and Social Affairs at the United Nations and professor of economics at the University of Tehran; and a number of others.

The results of the experiment exceeded our hopes. They showed that although the problems of organization and finance for a full-fledged world college are enormously complicated, the idea itself is not only feasible but is capable of generating a degree of intellectual energy and a quality of understanding in world affairs that none of us had seen in any other kind of institution. The students did in fact become aware of their membership in a world community and became capable of looking at their own culture and its place in world society with a breadth of perspective that surprised even themselves. Before long they began to speak of 'our' point of view, by which they meant a world point of view, when referring to international issues.



"It'll have to go back to the shop!"

As one of the Asian students, writing at the conclusion of the experiment, put it, "I think in terms more of the wider consequences of a particular event; no longer only of its effects upon me or upon just a scattering of people close to me. A world issue has meaning in space and time."

This was particularly noticeable in the conventional situation of ideological conflict between Eastern and Western policies. The presence in the student body of young people who had been born and raised under Communist educational systems meant that the rest of the students were presented with a clear expression of the world as seen by the Communist countries. This was also true in reverse for the Communist students. They listened for the first time, in a completely open situation, to students and scholars educated in a system different from their own.

AT the beginning of the experiment, most statements by the Communist students in discussions were polemical, and the vocabulary was studded with phrases about Western imperialists, capitalism, and the military aggressions of the West. It was clear that their education had taught them a dialectical mode of argument in which there were two sides, one of which was always wrong. But the defense and exegesis of a "Western" point of view was not possible in the context of the world-college setting, since there was no clear definition of what the "West" included, and there was such a variety of interpretation by the African, Asian, and Latin American students of Western and Eastern policies that the simplistic notion of a virtuous non-colonial East and a malignant imperialist West disintegrated under discussion.

When one student asserted firmly that elections in Poland were as free as those in the United States, he was challenged, not by the American student nor by anyone from the West, but by a student from Africa who had studied American voting procedures and whose own country had a one-party system. The challenge was not ideological but factual. One student pointed out that in a world college our purpose was not to argue but to inquire, and that the difference between the college and the world outside was that here political issues were the subject of scholarly analysis and not occasions for propaganda. What was needed in this case, he said, was a brief paper by a competent person on the means of choosing political leadership under Communist states and in the democracies.

On another occasion, when the discussion turned on a blanket justification of Communist policy in Latin America, the difference between the operation of

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European Communism in Rumania and party operations in Latin America was explained by a Latin American who had been close to the party in his home country but rejected it because he found that the leadership continually sacrificed the welfare of the peasants for the political advantage to be gained in allying with the military.

The particular genius of the world college was the way in which it purified discussion of the irrelevancies of political hostility. The presence of intelligent, informed, and concerned students and scholars from every part of the world and from nearly every kind of political system meant that all public statements about the world at large were listened to by such a variety of minds that one soon became very careful not to generalize about Africa, the free world, Communism, the West, God, or art, without considering carefully the variety of meanings and interpretations the terms could contain.

Ideological conflict in this setting gave way to serious efforts on all sides to understand the problems that produced the conflicts. National and cultural differences did not disappear, Moslems were not converted to Judaism, atheists to Christians, Communists to capitalists, nor did national loyalties disappear. What happened was that the perception of one's own place in a pluralistic system of ideas and values became more precise, and the possibility of a community of interest looking toward the improvement of the common lot of all mankind became clear and real.

As the seminars and discussions continued over the period of the experiment, the national origins of the students became less and less important, and each member of the college community came to consider his colleagues and himself not as official representatives of given cultures but as friends who thought this way or that way about whatever was discussed. Students became interested in how they had come to believe what they professed. Each was asked to write an account of his own education and how it had affected his outlook; the accounts were mimeographed and distributed to the whole college as content for a discussion of world education; two students began a study of the differences and similarities in educational background in relation to the problem of developing an international curriculum that might be introduced to colleges throughout the entire world.

What, then, would be the curriculum of a world college, and how would it differ from any other kind?

Obviously, in the short period of the experiment it was not possible to present in advance a full world curriculum in the humanities, the arts, and the social and natural sciences. In any case, our goal was not to present a curriculum already made but to investigate the way to make one, and to develop a content as we went along.

"I've met a few of his kind in my time."

To this end, we had as our major resource the knowledge already possessed by the students and scholars of the college itself. The arts were introduced into the curriculum, sometimes by records chosen and played by students or faculty, at other times by recommended readings, films, or performances and demonstrations by students and visitors, and by discussion of what was read, seen, or heard. Since there were no precedents for what we were trying to do, there were no inhibitions on how we did it. Our first appointed task was therefore to discover what a cross-section of well-educated contemporary world youth actually knew, what ideas it valued most, and what were the central issues around which it believed a body of world knowledge should be profitably built.

DURING the first day of the experiment, each student prepared a statement of the issues in the world that in his judgment were central to the curriculum, the status of the issues, the knowledge about them in his own country, and the contribution he believed he could make to a better understanding of them.

The results were immediately mimeographed and distributed to the whole college. They furnished the basis on which the first week's seminars were built. The college met every morning, with all students and faculty members present for a two-hour seminar (it often could not be stopped before three hours) led either by a single member of the faculty or by a symposium of students, or of faculty, or both. Smaller informal seminars were held each afternoon, with students assigned on the basis of their knowledge and their interests, and the faculty serving as tutors to each member of the seminar.

The three major issues that concerned the student-body were disarmament and world peace, the ideological conflict between East and West, and the emergence of new countries, including their new educational systems. On the basis of the reports from the students, seminar topics were developed for each week, and individuals from the resident and nonresident faculty and from the student body were called upon to prepare the presentations at the daily seminar, with the director serving as impartial chairman of the discussion that followed each presentation. Students and faculty members aided each other in the preparation of the seminars, and statements were written and bibliographies prepared as a result of the discussion. These, too, were mimeographed and made available to everyone; they became part of the basic source material in the library that was gradually being assembled through loans and purchases.

The seminar topics began immedi-

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ately to develop an organic unity from day to day and week to week, a unity that depended not so much upon the organized disciplines and subject matter of the conventional curriculum, but upon the continual movement outward from the central issues into those fields of knowledge—sociology, history, religion, philosophy, politics, and psychology—that could help clarify the issues.

For example, Professor Chakravarty's discussion of "Some Problems of War and Peace" during the first week led very quickly to a series of further discussions in psychology and philosophy, on the nature of man himself, and to discussions on the difference between African and Indian societies in the way they think about and are taught about war, the socialization of the individual by national habits and customs, the role of science in changing the character of war, and the goals of life as conceived by the Islamic religions in contrast to Communist states. The educational plan was to organize such varying subjects into a form in which they could be dealt with in subject-matter terms during subsequent seminars. Sir Robert Watson-Watt dealt with one cluster of subjects under the topic "The Impact of Science on Contemporary Society." Professor Moraru and Professor Othieno dealt with another set under the topic "Revolution and the Nation-State." Professor Chakravarty considered still another under "Freedom and Independence as a World Concept."

It soon became clear that much of the existing body of knowledge on the topics being considered was irrelevant to a college that wished to consider issues from a world point of view, and that relatively few of the conventional texts used in universities could be useful in achieving the purposes of the experiment. The students, having been trained in their universities to deal with academic topics set for them and to write papers that first summarized the existing literature and then summed up the general conclusions reached by the authorities, found it very difficult to think freshly in their own terms about the issues they had chosen to write about. (Each student decided to write a research paper during the "term.")

However, they were forced to a new approach by the absence of books and authorities to summarize. With varying success, they learned to search for original sources, to use the ideas and knowledge of their colleagues in the student body and faculty, and to rely for their educational development more on discussion and on tutorial and seminar sessions. Both students and faculty called upon the resources of the major university libraries in the New York City area, after bibliographies were developed by the faculty around topics

"What fatal mistakes are you going to make today?"

chosen for further exploration in tutorial sessions. Some of the items were original United Nations documents, others were translations of works from the countries of the students' origin, others were documents prepared by the governments themselves.

ONE of the most successful demonstrations of the value of the curriculum came during a four-hour session on the status of contemporary China; it may serve as an example of what might be accomplished in a world college of the future. The title of the seminar presentation was "Images of Contemporary China." It was divided into four parts: a brief summary of the major geographic facts in historical perspective by Professor Pearce, followed by statements on the "Indian Image of China" by Professor Chakravarty, the "Japanese Image" by Professor Ishida, and the "Soviet Image" by a student from Poland. Each of the participants was not only well informed on his topic, but two had spent time in China and one in Tibet; consequently they knew the Chinese problems at first hand. Another had been taught in the Soviet Union about Soviet policy in relation to China. And each tried to express as honestly as possible, without national bias, the views of one culture about another culture.

If we had time for an entire year of study of the four cultures represented in the discussion—their literature, art, philosophy, politics, sociology, geography, and history—the educational results would have been deep and lasting. As it was, traces of the single session were to be found in almost every part of the subsequent discussion, since we had hit upon a way of approaching a world issue that united the concerns of the Communists, non-Communists, and nonaligned alike. In fact, the absence of a student or faculty member from Communist China was so keenly felt by all that several students volunteered to prepare material on behalf of the absent member.

The China session also created a demand for sessions of a similar kind on the attitude of other cultures to the United States, and several students who had listened to the Marxist analysis of American policy asked explicitly for a full statement by a competent authority on the ideological base of American foreign policy. The political views of the students were varied in the extreme, both in foreign-policy matters and in politics in general, ranging through various kinds of socialism and Communism, alignment and nonalignment, parliamentary democracy and one-party government.

In broad terms, it would be accurate to say that this section of world youth was much more critical of the United States than of the Soviet Union or even Communist China. American motives in urging the test ban were held to be an effort to preserve nuclear superiority, while the motive of the other countries was to prevent war. American policy toward China was stagnant and dangerous, while Soviet policy was realistic and sensible. (Briefings on the China-United Nations question by the Soviet and American delegations at the U.N. on a field trip failed, for the most part, to alter these views.)

There were several very interesting results of the barrage of criticism. Perhaps the major effect was the realization that the United States is by far the most fascinating and important force in world affairs, and that the world habit of thinking in terms of a two-power bloc with one side right and the other wrong is an addiction that does harm to the facts. It also became clear that criticism of the United States was much easier to come by than criticism of the Soviet Union and its allies (the college agreed, upon explicit request from some members, not to refer to Poland and Rumania as satellite states but as socialist republics), since there was so much criticism of America by Americans to serve as a model. (Most of those from outside the United States felt themselves to be fully qualified to criticize us since they had already lived here as students. In addition, they had the concept of America given them by our television and motion pictures.)

Another troubling misconception that

(*Continued on page* 63)

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Books

LITERARY HORIZONS

Wife, Mother, and Rebel

A COUPLE of years ago I reviewed with enthusiasm a novel by Doris Lessing called *The Golden Notebook* (*SR*, June 30, 1962). It is a highly complex novel, using an uncommon form to reveal the character and present the experiences of a woman named Anna Wulf, whom it shows as a young woman growing up in Africa, as a radical, as a novelist, and as a seeker after love. An ambitious novel, it was not, I felt, a complete success; but it was what I called "an impressive try." "Few persons," I wrote, "could bring to the job greater resources than Mrs. Lessing: a really imposing intelligence, a fine sensibility, and literary skill of a high order."

In an interview in October 1963 with Roy Newquist (whose collection of interviews, *Counterpoint*, I reviewed in *SR*, Oct. 31) Mrs. Lessing, when asked what she was working on, said:

> I'm writing volumes four and five of a series I'm calling *Children of Violence*. I planned this out twelve years ago, and I've finished the first three. The idea is to write about people like myself, people my age who are born out of wars and who have lived through them, the framework of lives in conflict. I think the title explains what I essentially want to say. I want to explain what it is like to be a human being in a century when you open your eyes on war and on human beings disliking other human beings. I was brought up in Central Africa, which means that I was a member of the white minority pitted against a black majority that was abominably treated and still is.

The first two novels of the series, *Martha Quest* and *A Proper Marriage*, which were published separately in England in the early Fifties, have now been brought together for American publication in a single volume, which uses the general title *Children of Violence* (Simon & Schuster, $7.50). The other three novels, at least one of which has appeared in England, will, I take it, be gathered in a companion volume.

The Golden Notebook and *Children of Violence* have certain things in common: the two heroines, Anna Wulf and Martha Quest, are the same age; both have spent formative years in Africa; both are attracted to Communism. In all these respects they are like Mrs. Lessing. On the other hand, there are striking differences in the author's approach to the material. Anna, as a mature woman, describes and discusses various phases of her life. Martha is portrayed objectively from adolescence to her early twenties. Although she permits herself to adopt any point of view she wants to, Mrs. Lessing usually takes the position Henry James recommended: looking over the heroine's shoulder. She shows us what Martha sees, but she also enters into Martha's consciousness and tells what she thinks and how she feels.

Martha Quest is the story of a rebel, of a girl breaking away from her parents, her indolent, self-protective father and her bossy and conventional mother. Her first step is to leave her parents' home in the country and get a job in a nearby city. The radical movement immediately attracts her—the time is the middle Thirties—but before she becomes more than superficially acquainted with it, she has fallen in with the local fast set and learned how to get along with lots of liquor and very little sleep. After a certain amount of experimentation, she marries one of her crowd, Douglas Knowell.

The second novel, ironically called *A Proper Marriage*, records the story of Martha's brief and unhappy marital adventure. She has a daughter, Caroline, but postpones having another child which her husband wants. World War II begins, and Douglas enlists in the army, but is discharged because he has an ulcer. By then Martha has been drawn close to the Communist Party, and is romantically involved with one of her comrades. Returned to his civilian job, Douglas buys a big house and hires the four or five Negro servants appropriate to his station in life. This is one more barrier between husband and wife, and at last Martha leaves.

Martha is a most intense young woman, and it is Mrs. Lessing's effective rendering of this intensity that makes the book so impressive. It is easy, for instance, for a writer to take adolescent rebelliousness for granted, but Mrs. Lessing knows how poignant an experience it may be for the adolescent in question. Martha is not one for moderation, whether she is drinking brandy or choosing a political party. The mild distaste she at first feels for her husband soon becomes a passionate rejection. Mrs. Lessing makes no attempt to conceal Martha's faults: she is impulsive, arbitrary, difficult. But she is also honest, resolute, and brave, and quite incapable of conforming to the standards that her mother, her husband, and her husband's mother try to impose upon her.

Mrs. Lessing succeeds in rendering

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55 Life with Picasso, by Françoise Gilot and Carlton Lake

56 The Thief's Journal, by Jean Genet

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the variety of Martha's experiences. For a time she is swept into the supposedly gay life of the Sports Club: "No one was particularly hungry. But an inertia had settled on them, they could not bear to go to bed, and all around the stalls were ranks of cars filled with people similarly afflicted. It was four in the morning, neither day nor night; the lights of the stalls glimmered weakly; the black waiters stood yawning over their trays, or beside the stoves; and half the youth of the town ate and drank, watching the sky for that first spear of red light which would release them, so that they might go to bed, saying they had been up all night." Martha is not deceived by this ritualistic gaiety even while she briefly feels its spell: "She was thinking that at any moment during the last evening, had she been asked, she would have replied that she was bored; yet, as she looked back on it, her nerves responded with a twinge of excitement. She knew that the coming evening would be as barren, and yet she could not think of it without pleasure."

Such contradictions, as one might expect, are frequent in Martha, and Mrs. Lessing does not ignore or obscure them. She deals quite magnificently with Martha's joys *and* sorrows in pregnancy, childbirth, and motherhood. Quick to embrace an unpopular political cause, Martha is also quick to see the weaknesses in her position. As in *The Golden Notebook*, Mrs. Lessing is portraying a modern woman in all her complexity. In these two novels taken by themselves she has not quite reached the heights she reached in *Notebook*, but I shall not be surprised if, when the series is completed, it seems the more powerful achievement. —GRANVILLE HICKS.

FRAZER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1110

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1110 will be found in the next issue.

U GHKZ NFGDPVUM ZBY NVAOK

VAY UPP - KBHEEPYO, ZUPP U

BVCY V SFFO BVMO.

KXUEZ

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1109

Everybody wants to be somebody: nobody wants to grow. —GOETHE.

Destruction in a Little Black Book

—*Seymour Linden.*

John Henry Faulk—he believed in the Bill of Rights.

***Fear on Trial**, by John Henry Faulk (Simon & Schuster. 398 pp. $6.50), recounts one man's ordeal in the fight against the "political blackmail" of blacklisting in radio and television. Gilbert Seldes was formerly radio and TV columnist for* SR.

By GILBERT SELDES

"A PROGRAM dated April 25, 1946, named 'John Faulk' as a scheduled entertainer (with identified Communist Earl Robinson and two non-Communists) under the auspices of the Independent Citizens Committee of the Arts, Sciences, and Professions (officially designated a Communist front, and predecessor of the Progressive Citizens of America)."

This is one of seven items about Mr. Faulk circulated ten years later to executives in various fields of entertainment. A short time after, Mr. Faulk lost his job as a broadcaster for CBS.

The man responsible for the wording of this item was Paul Milton, and in the suit which Faulk brought against AWARE, Inc., which sent it out, Milton testified under oath that as chairman of AWARE's information committee, he knew when he wrote (or rewrote) these words that:

The occasion was a salute to the United Nations on its first anniversary.

Among the sponsors were the American Association for the United Nations, the American Association of University Women, the American Bar Association, the Young Men's Christian Association.

The event was carried by CBS.

The Progressive Citizens of America was a liberal, not a Communist-front organization, and the phrase "officially designated Communist front" was meaningless since no such official designation existed.

The "two non-Communists" on the program were Edward Stettinius, then Secretary of State, and Trygve Lie.

Milton also testified that he had "deliberately and purposefully omitted" what he had known and that his aim was to attack and damage Faulk because, in collaboration with other distinguished members of his union, AFTRA, Faulk had condemned the practice of blacklisting performers. This anti-Communist group had denounced *Red Channels* and the AWARE bulletins and had, indeed, organized the campaign that eventually brought in Charles Collingwood as president, Orson Bean as first vice-president, and Faulk as second vice-president of the union's New York local.

Fear on Trial is Faulk's account of something more than his own ordeal. It brings back a time when the networks in all their might, the advertising agencies with all their jugglery of public sentiment, hundreds of star entertainers, and some of our most powerful industries were all intimidated by the operator of a few supermarkets in upstate New York who threatened to boycott manufacturers if actors listed in the AWARE bulletins were not dropped from the programs they sponsored.

FAULK was not the best-known of the victims and certainly was not the richest—he didn't have and couldn't raise enough money to pay Louis Nizer's pretrial expenses (but Edward R. Murrow heard of this and instantly supplied what was needed). But he was, one gathers, a reasonably liberal-minded man who didn't like political blackmail of any kind and seemed to believe that the Bill of Rights means exactly what it says. On that moderate basis he did what the others had not done: he went to court. Reading his report, I got the impression that he

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drifted into his battle; but once in it he fought steadfastly.

Under the guidance of Louis Nizer, Faulk's side in the trial was brilliantly managed. There is evidence that the defendants' case was not so effective—after a few hours of deliberation, the jury asked whether it had the right to impose higher damages than Faulk had sued for. And all through the trial we get the impression that the wrong people were the defendants.

With admirable restraint, Faulk never mentions the name of any executive who could have given an order to defy AWARE or who did give the order to lick its boots. The ones who are named, from whatever network, were decent men, acutely uncomfortable as, for the record, they pretended they did not know the real reason Faulk and dozens of others had been dropped. One can even imagine the policy-makers, at the time Faulk was fired, asking only for a little time to strengthen their position. After all, the Army, the State Department, and the President of the United States seemed paralyzed by panic.

And the networks' record wasn't all bad. Ed Murrow's sponsor renewed his contract for a whole year after his attack on McCarthy. Few of us have had to make moral decisions involving hundreds of millions of dollars and thousands of investors, and we should try to be charitable.

But alas! the trial of Faulk *vs.* AWARE *et als.* took place in 1961. McCarthy was dead, John F. Kennedy had been elected President, and no one seriously believed the John Birch Society could influence a nominating convention. Relatively speaking, we lived in an era of good feeling. Yet even then the top brass did not sound off.

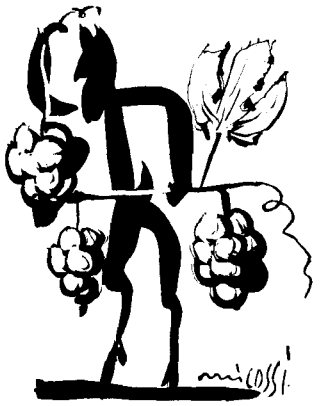
There isn't room to put down the names of all those who testified for Mr. Faulk. Apart from some who had been blacklisted and had managed to remain in business, there were men who risked their careers by the vehemence of their endorsement—in particular, two advertising men, Thomas D. Murray and Fred Mitchell, and two producers, Mark Goodson and David Susskind. Mr. Susskind (either before or after the trial) deserves another high mark because he openly defied everyone connected with the infamous system: he hired the first and most conspicuous victim of blacklisting, Jean Muir, announced the casting, and went through with it.

For the rest, it is a shabby story, and you can say only technically that it has a happy ending. The jury, eleven to one, voted Faulk some $3,500,000. On appeal, the verdict was upheld but the damages were reduced to about half a million. A footnote near the last page of the book tells us that this judgment was confirmed on July 10 of this year.

It is not a happy ending because, as Faulk indicates, nothing has really ended. "The habit of keeping quiet is still on us. Blacklisting still goes on." And the equivalents of blacklisting, the intimidations and the smears, seem to become more effective as well-trained organizers give direction and discipline to forces that used to dissipate themselves in hysteria and fanaticism. I am sure this book—honest and matter-of-fact when the author writes of himself, brilliant and dramatic when the court is in session—is an essential record of our time.

It is pleasant to know that another victory for freedom of thought and expression is also being celebrated. The excerpt recently issued by the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions from Edward Lamb's forthcoming book *Not for Slaughter* is enough to raise one's spirits. The conditions were not the same, but at least we can say that in a single decade two Americans fought for their, and our, rights, both won, and we are the safer for it.

It is, I think, proper for me to say that this review is being written before Election Day, and obligatory for me to say



that I am not totally without prejudice in the matter. Quite apart from my intellectual or temperamental inclination toward respect for the Constitution and the freedom it guarantees, I am against blacklisting because I was once a victim. I didn't know it at the time; so far as I know, the only effect it had on my fortunes was to keep me off a projected panel quiz show so complicated and dreary that no one ever put it on the air. A network executive to whom I mentioned what had happened made a note to get at the facts about it. Perhaps he did. I haven't heard.

The Hidden Political Persuaders

The Strategy of Subversion, *by Paul W. Blackstock (Quadrangle. 352 pp. $7.50), suggests that the CIA, in its "political warfare" operations, has gotten far out of its depth. George V. Allen was director of the United States Information Agency from 1957 to 1960.*

By GEORGE V. ALLEN

IN THE good old days, governments were supposed to deal with each other through regularly accredited diplomats. If one government went over the head of another, or behind its back, and attempted to deal directly with the people of the other country, the government that engaged in such nefarious practices was considered quite out of order and, if caught at it, was supposed to be ashamed of itself.

During the past two decades interference by one country into the affairs of another, by propaganda and/or subversion, has become not only prevalent but often brazen. Every important government in the world, and some very unimportant ones, are busily engaged today in broadcasting to the peoples of other countries, in their own languages, trying to persuade or influence them to believe or do this or that, regardless of the views or wishes of their own governments. So-called white or open propaganda vies with gray and black to attract the attention of as many people as possible. Agents and fifth columnists engage in subversive actions ranging from the incitement of masses to demonstrate against Mossadegh to open encouragement of the assassination of Nuri Pasha or King Hussein.

Psychological warfare has become a subject for instruction in respectable universities throughout the land. More and more professors are writing more and more books on the subject. *The Strategy of Subversion,* which has the subtitle "Manipulating the Politics of Other Nations," is the latest addition to this important field of scholarly research. Paul W. Blackstock has written an academic and well-documented study, which covers much the same field as the popularized account of CIA operations which Wise and Ross gave us in *The Invisible Government.*

Blackstock's basic view is that a covert organization like the CIA is dangerous and should be watched carefully. He thinks empire-building will

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result in a steady increase of CIA personnel and expenditure, that bureaucratic jealousy will prevent it from working closely with the State Department or the Pentagon, and that embarrassing incidents like the U-2 affair are not the worst of the evils to be guarded against. Large-size operations like the Bay of Pigs affair and the CIA-supported armed units in Vietnam could, he fears, get the United States into major difficulties, including war.

The author thinks most if not all of the activities of CIA that involve independent military and logistical capabilities should be transferred to the armed services. Paraphrasing Clemenceau, he believes that political warfare is too serious a matter to be left entirely to civilians. He quotes, with evident approval, President Truman's statement that he had never thought when he set up the CIA that it would be injected into peacetime cloak-and-dagger operations, and that: "I would like to see the CIA restored to its original assignment as the intelligence arm of the President and that its operational duties be terminated or properly used elsewhere."

Perhaps it is unfair to point out that the author of this volume, who has been a professor of Soviet and East European Studies at the University of South Carolina for several years, was in army intelligence during the last war and for ten years or so thereafter. His objections to a civilian agency getting into quasi-military operations are shared by many of his former colleagues and associates in the Pentagon.

Professor Blackstock quotes Senator Eugene McCarthy's view that in the Bay of Pigs incident the CIA "was engaged in an invasion which might have possibly been construed as an act of war; only Congress has the right to declare war." Obviously the CIA, in his view, has gotten far out of its depths.

Celebration of a Happy Childhood

A Little Learning: An Autobiography, *by Evelyn Waugh (Little, Brown. 234 pp. $5), evokes the author's early life as a schoolboy and Oxford undergraduate. Julian Gloag's novel "The Old Boys" examined some former public school classmates forty years on.*

By JULIAN GLOAG

IN THIS first volume of his autobiography Mr. Evelyn Waugh mentions being recently subjected on television to an interviewer anxious to disinter some darkness or sorrow in Mr. Waugh's early years. The interviewer was disappointed, and so will the reader be if he seeks the same. For the author's childhood was "an even glow of pure happiness."

A Little Learning moves through Mr. Waugh's forebears, his Hampstead home and family, school at Lancing and Oxford, and ends with a brief period he spent as a schoolmaster in North Wales. A good deal of space is spent on his ancestors, some of whom were mildly distinguished, although what in fact makes them interesting is Mr. Waugh's evident pleasure in writing of them. This quality of pleasure, indeed of happiness, suffuses the entire book. For Mr. Waugh, unlike the interviewer, is not conducting an investigation and is, I think, not much concerned with the relation between what he is now and what he was. He is celebrating something good and, too, combating a failing memory which "alienates me daily further from my origins and experience."

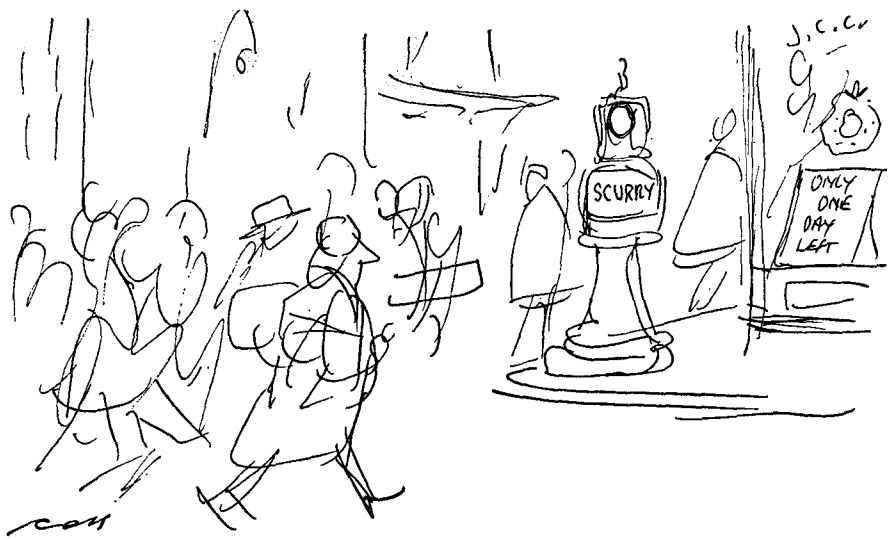
Yet of course there is much that illuminates what Mr. Waugh was, and is, as a writer and as a man. His sense of drama must derive from his father, Arthur Waugh, who, though a person of perfect sincerity and great humor, was also unfailingly theatrical—he could not write a check, for instance, although the family was well off, without declaiming, "How can I possibly find the money? They will ruin me. They will bring me to a pauper's grave." And then the father's almost daily recitations, for an hour or more, of prose and verse made English literature a source of natural and lasting joy.

Arthur Waugh, like his son, believed that anything modern was bound to be bad. Evelyn Waugh's preference, or rather obsession, with the past which so dominates his later novels has obvious origins, too, in his very early instinct for the mid-Victorian and his easy, almost unthinking acceptance of the teachings of Ruskin. His disenchantment with the works of man, always preferred to nature, is sadly lamented in his aside that it is the lot of "us exiles" to be born amidst beauty and die amidst ugliness.

AN aside only. The single shadow in these early years was the usual unhappiness of a gregarious, pleasant, and intelligent little boy suddenly shoved into the cold, unfriendly, asinine world of the English public school—Lancing, in this case. During the end of his period at Lancing Mr. Waugh bloomed, not, he observes wryly, entirely graciously. He tells us a story and quotes his diary to prove that he was "conceited, heartless, and cautiously malevolent." Perhaps—but never dull.

What it is most difficult to see any inkling of is that savage condemnation of contemporary mores which gives, say, *A Handful of Dust* the sharpest satiric bite since Swift. Maybe it is the reverse side of the world of privacy and love in which Mr. Waugh was brought up and which he beautifully conveys.

The chapter before Oxford is drily entitled "Education Ended." Oxford burst upon Evelyn Waugh, and I suspect he burst upon Oxford, with exuberant vitality. He and his friends—and there were many of them, some now notable, but none mere names in his hands—enjoyed not only drink but drunkenness. There



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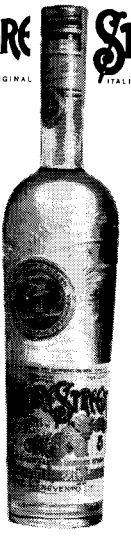

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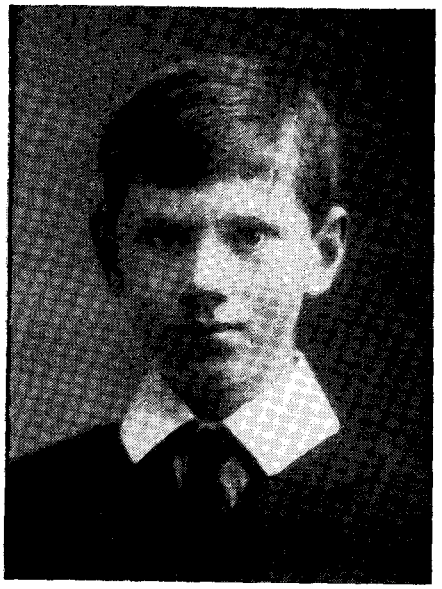

—From the book.

Evelyn Waugh, c. 1913—"perfect and pellucid grace."

are some marvelous portraits of Douglas Woodruff, Harold Acton, Cyril Connolly ("too fastidious for the rough company I kept"), Claud Cockburn, Robert Byron (yelling "down with abroad"), and others in whom one can detect elements of Basil Seal and Anthony Blanch. Mr. Waugh's only serious regret was the amount of time he wasted on his books in his last term.

Coming down from Oxford, jobless for a while, then teaching for two terms at a boys' preparatory school, Mr. Waugh in his final chapter takes up an elegiac note (interrupted by a hilarious sketch of the original for "Captain Grimes"). The best and happiest part of his life was over, it is hinted. It was, he writes at the end, "a sharp hill that led to all the years ahead." Perhaps some fancied lack of equipment for that life explains the title *A Little Learning*, but it is hard to interpret any part of those early days, so beautifully evoked, as a "dangerous thing."

Mr. Waugh writes, as always, with perfect and pellucid grace. But there is also a gentleness, a tenderness untinged by the suspicion of sentimentality that vitiated *Brideshead Revisited*, and a happily reflective quality, without any of the morbidness of Crouchback, that makes *A Little Learning* a special joy to read, and a gracious, affectionate, and completely charming work.

SR's December 5th issue will help you solve your Christmas book-giving problems.

From Black Forest to Pink Plaza

Frieda Lawrence: The Memoirs and Correspondence, *edited by E. W. Tedlock, Jr. (Knopf. 481 pp. $7.50), presents a vivid documentation of one of the most spectacular and exuberant of literary wives. Harry T. Moore, research professor at Southern Illinois University, is author of several books on D. H. Lawrence and editor of his "Collected Letters."*

By HARRY T. MOORE

FRIEDA LAWRENCE was one of the most vitally spectacular of authors' widows, a Silesian Brünnhilde at once childlike and sophisticated, and almost always contagiously joyful. Four years after D. H. Lawrence's death she brought out a buoyant memoir of him (*Not I, But the Wind*, 1934), and then began working on the story of her own life. Little given to inwardness, she wrote fictional and nonfictional autobiographical bits, in on-again-off-again moods, virtually up to the time of her death in 1956 on her seventy-seventh birthday.

She left her papers in a mess that neither Richard Aldington nor Aldous Huxley wanted to attempt to straighten out. Luckily, E. W. Tedlock, Jr., of the University of New Mexico, undertook to put the unfinished sketches into some kind of order. He has organized them deftly and has added other material, including some 250 letters he obtained from those of us who corresponded with Frieda. The result is an oddball book of peculiar interest.

It begins with Frieda's account of an Indian festival in New Mexico, where she had settled after Lawrence's death. Calling herself Paula, as in most of these pieces, she describes the Indians dancing to drumbeats on the pink sand of a plaza. The vigor and color of her prose strike you at once. Yet as the book goes on, the vigor and color alone can't quite sustain it, and your nerves ache for some less amateurish writing, with fewer jerky transitions and with occasional mild passages to relieve the incessant tension.

Nevertheless, Frieda's slapdash English now and then produces rich effects. If the pace is repeatedly curbed by anticlimax—and the human consciousness does expect writing to "get somewhere"—the artistic verve of the narrative is often acutely modernistic in its fusion of subject with object, of the seeing with the seen.

Born the Baroness von Richthofen, Frieda spent her early years in Bismarck's Germany. In this volume, which regrettably contains no photograph of her in her youthful radiance, she looks back to schooldays in the Black Forest and to straight-backed junior officers at the dances and races in Berlin. At twenty, Frieda married a middle-aging Englishman, whom she left thirteen years and three children later to run off with the brilliant twenty-six-year-old Lawrence, then trying to quarry *Sons and Lovers* out of the experiences of his childhood and youth. Lawrence had been one of her husband's students, and met Frieda when he called at the house; what began as tea and sympathy in Nottingham became beer and *Gemütlichkeit* in Bavaria. One of Frieda's letters casts a revealing glance at her somber early marriage to Professor Ernest Weekley: "When we first were married and I slithered down those narrow stairs, he came out of his study and said: 'My God, I am married to an earthquake.'" These memoirs say little about Frieda-Paula's years with Andrew, as she calls Lawrence here; but her subsequent husband, Angelo Ravagli, makes frequent appearances as Dario. Frieda sees him as if he were one of the semi-

(*Continued on page* 54)

—From the book.

D. H. and Frieda Lawrence in Mexico, 1923.

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Behind the Headlines

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The following guest editorial is by Robert Stein, editor of Redbook magazine.*

ON THE afternoon of October 15, the front pages of American newspapers provided a rare glimpse into the underlying realities of the nuclear age. The headlines told of two surprising events: In Moscow, the Soviet leadership had been changed without warning or explanation; in Washington, the resignation of a White House staff member after his arrest on a morals charge had introduced a new element of uncertainty into the Presidential campaign.

Superficially these events were unconnected. But both testified to the relative instability of national politics—in the Soviet Union, the dangerous concentration of power in the hands of a few men; in the United States, the less likely but equally ominous possibility that the choice of American leadership could, in certain instances, be determined by irrelevancies. Yet the men chosen under these circumstances may, within minutes, have to make decisions that could result in worldwide annihilation.

As if to underscore this point, within the same forty-eight-hour period, the government of a third nuclear power, Great Britain, was changed by the smallest of possible margins and a bomb test announced the nuclear emergence of Communist China, whose leadership represents a distant but dark threat to the peace of the world.

It has become commonplace to point out that our collective capacity for destruction has far outdistanced our ability to manage human affairs. Even the most responsible of citizens may find his mind glazed with fatigue as he listens to the irrefutable but familiar argument that control of nuclear weapons must be taken out of the national realm and put in the hands of a responsible international body. In our own country, there is very little disagreement about the ultimate need for supranational authority over the means of destruction; even such certified realists as Herman Kahn and Edward Teller agree.

IN the face of such general agreement and clear necessity, coupled with such paralyzing inertia, it may be helpful to review the slow progress that *is* being made toward world order and world law, both within the context of conflict among nations and beyond it. In the first regard, the Cuban missile crisis of 1962 clearly awakened the nuclear powers to the need for reducing the possibility of conflict, and several small but significant steps have been taken—the limited test-ban treaty, the Washington-Moscow hot line, the agreement to reduce stockpiles of fissionable materials. The continuing search for such agreements, while it does not contribute directly toward the elimination of national control over nuclear weapons, serves two constructive purposes: first, it establishes precedents for restricting the development and use of weapons; second, it "buys time" in which the real work of building world order can go on.

With very little public attention, that work has been going on. In the summer of 1963, lawyers from 105 nations met in Athens for the first World Conference on Peace Through Law and made plans for continuing cooperation. The following month, in the *American Bar Association Journal*, Henry R. Luce, of Time Inc., quoted an authority to the effect that "more has been constructively written and said about a world rule of law in the last six years than in the whole history of man." Such achievement, Mr. Luce added, is "not the kind of thing that makes front-page headlines. . . . It is not yet as dramatic as it may become in the next few years."

In the area of public education, the World Law Fund in New York City has been carrying on a broad campaign that embraces everything from the establishment of courses on world law in universities and communities across the country to the commissioning of an eighteen-minute animated color film, *The Hat*, which won a Venice Film Festival prize and is now being shown in American art theatres.

THESE are, of course, very small beginnings to the solution of a very large problem, and the question of time is crucial. "I am haunted," President Kennedy said shortly before his death, "by the feeling that by 1970 . . . there may be ten nuclear powers instead of four and by 1975 fifteen or twenty. I regard that as the greatest possible danger and hazard."

In view of the capriciousness of internal politics in such relatively stable nations as the United States and the Soviet Union, it is indeed haunting to contemplate the reliability of the men whose fingers may be on the nuclear buttons in fifteen or twenty countries by 1975. Is the safety of mankind going to depend on the sense and sanity of such national leaders as Nasser, Sukarno, Castro, Nkrumah, and Tshombe — or their successors?

For the time being these are still distant fears. What the responsible citizen has to remember, however discouraged or exhausted he may be at the prospect, is that the next five or ten years may represent man's best—and possibly last—hope of creating rational, responsible control over the means of mass destruction. Our own national leaders acknowledge this and so do those of many other nations. What is needed to help them act on this knowledge is active, dedicated public support, not necessarily by millions but by thousands of Americans who understand the issue and who will continue to provide intelligent advocacy until the time comes for government action. If and when discouragement sets in, it might help to look back at the headlines of October 15 and 16. The alternative is clearly written there.

—ROBERT STEIN.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Telltale Taste

IF OUR SOCIETY speaks through the shallow, insignificant tastes such as wine, food, fashion, and cars, as your October 24 issue would have history believe, we dare not ask your question, "What are our weaknesses?" Such monetary and worldly tastes only reflect that in our nation wealth is the key to happiness, sophistication, and taste.

The person who prefers the Beatles to Beethoven is one step closer in possessing some kind of taste than the one who argues that Burgundy 1962 is superior to Burgundy 1959.

HAROLD E. LONGLEY, JR.
Westerville, O.

I WAS PLEASED to find *SR's* excellent "Taste for Living" section. As an art student I am often dismayed by the lack of taste found in contemporary life. The series would have been very encouraging were it not for the completely tasteless cover design on that issue. You came so close, yet by that flaw you missed your goal by a mile.

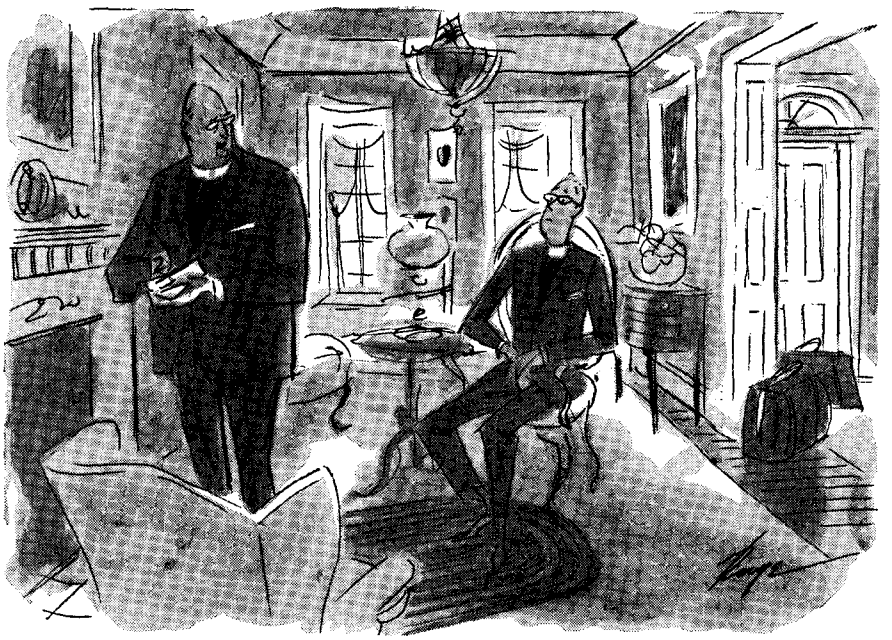
RHONA MARKS.
Dayton, O.

IT IS UNFORTUNATE that your "Taste for Living" section stressed only the physical senses—with greatest emphasis on the tongue. By the very omission of *the proprieties*, you reveal more of man's values and attitudes in today's world than does any amount of words on wine, food, fabrics, and fabrications.

Why not take an even longer view of contemporary archeology (really cultural anthropology) and explore society's evident "taste" for the grotesque—as best exemplified by a television newscast? The news of the day is no longer measured by significance; it is "rated" by the number of deaths and maimings that can be illustrated on the screen. (And when an audience can view a corpse covered by a sheet being wheeled into a funeral home—as was recently shown on the ABC station in Los Angeles—it's impossible to compete.) The newest gambit of the television news program is to rush to some scene of tragedy and ask the remaining victim (*e.g.*, a mother whose child has just drowned or burned to death; a husband whose wife was fatally injured in their auto accident, etc.): "How do you feel about that?"

Frankly I, for one, feel terrible about it. But I feel even worse about the fact that tragedy is today's television star performer. In spite of all your pages devoted to a "Taste for Living," you obviously excluded the common touch by not having another section twice as large entitled "Taste for Dying." Even though I am well aware of the average American's sordid stopping on the highway to view tragedy, I would be interested to know if the perpetual projection of suffering is 1) news; 2) necessary; 3) what the public really wants or what the sponsors feel will best attract viewers; or 4) really the result of deliberate psychoanalytic perversions by those who *influence* (not interpret) the entertainment (communications) world? Since death is news, must such incredibly bad taste be shown in the exploring of it; cannot it once again be relegated to the unobtrusive obituary page?

EDWARD R. PINCKNEY, M.D.
Beverly Hills, Calif.



"I think you'll like it here, but I should warn you that about ten per cent of the congregation has been fooling around with Zen."

Diagnosing the Critic

LAURENT LESAGE'S meretricious review of Sartre's *Words* [*SR*, Sept. 12] is a splendid illustration of a malady currently afflicting an alarming number of American book reviewers. If you don't like the book (or author) you don't really review it but indulge your own personality at the expense of the author. Three examples:

LeSage claims that the book is "an embarrassment of riches" for a psychiatrist. A psychiatrist is a medical doctor who instead of becoming an internist, cardiologist, or podiatrist spends several years after medical school acquainting himself with certain textbooks and journals, the contents of which consist, for the most part, of fairly common psychological insights, and familiarizing himself with the behavior and symptomatology of the patients in a mental hospital—whereupon he becomes specifically licensed to treat the mentally deranged. The invocation of this word—which has taken on all sorts of murky connotations since this group's self-glorification of itself into a new priestly caste—is deliberate cheap suggestiveness.

LeSage invokes the expression "neurotic wail" to describe the book; I have no idea what a "neurotic wail" is and I suspect that Professor LeSage would have difficulty bringing real light to his exegesis.

He suggests that Sartre is "more pathological case than prophet." This, too, is merely a matter of definition, in this case LeSage's—who plainly is floundering about in his own semantic limbo.

ROGER JOHNSON.
Jamaica, N.Y.

From Start to Finish

YOUR CHOICE OF Elizabeth Janeway to review Arthur Koestler's book [*SR*, Oct. 17] was priceless. There was no need for her essay: the masthead told the whole story. Koestler's book is *Act of Creation*, and Janeway's latest is *Accident*. What more is there to say about mankind?

WAYNE ADAMS.
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Toward Ethical Codes

ERWIN N. GRISWOLD, reviewing relations between the mass media and the law in Dallas [*SR*, Oct. 24], urges tighter ethical codes for lawyers and stricter rules for law enforcement officers. Why not ethical codes for both, and for the mass media as well?

How can we have a decent press or humane law enforcement if the people most directly involved are insensitive to ethical restraint? Occupational and professional self-regulation is spreading widely into American life. What is now required is more critical study of what is required to make the regulatory mechanisms more effective and more deserving of public confidence. Two effective steps would be inclusion of junior members of the professional group in the regulatory apparatuses (which now tend to be dominated by very senior and conservative men) and inclusion of some "outsiders" who clearly represent the public that is being served.

LAWRENCE CRANBERG.
Charlottesville, Va.

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No Argument with Success

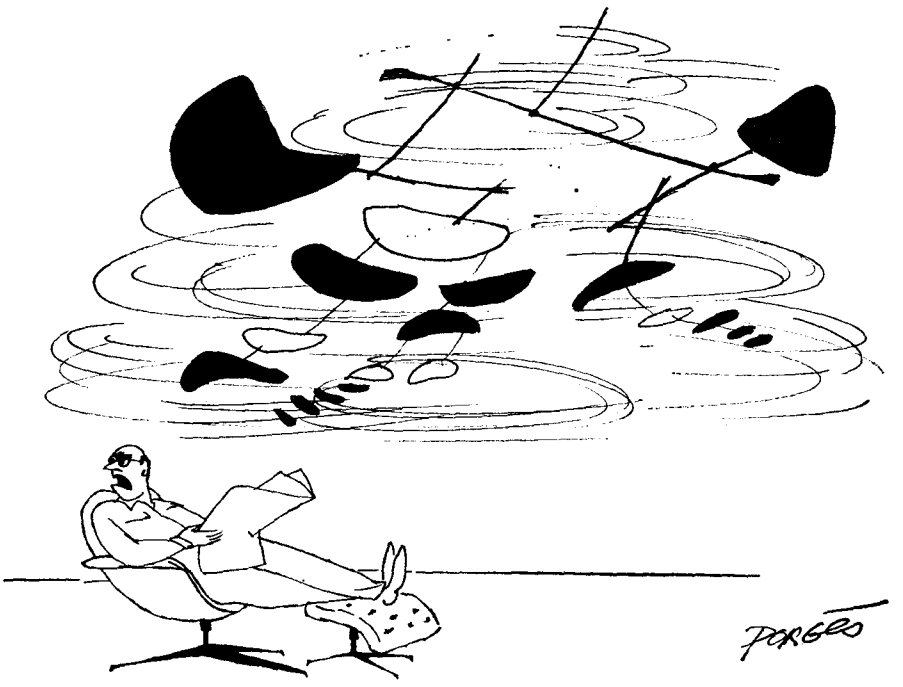
"I'M STILL trying to find someone to agree with me about *My Fair Lady*," a friend who had seen the film said, glancing at me hopefully, as though I might be able to sustain him in his uninfluenced, uncorrupted opinion that the movie was not all *that* good. The newspaper reviews in New York, on its opening, were a barrage of raves, and to certain sophisticated moviegoers that in itself can be grounds for suspicion. For these people I can't be of any help at all. I thought the movie was fine, I enjoyed it hugely, and whatever critical caution I brought with me was soon lulled into extinction by the stylish, witty, elegantly entertaining show, bigger and much more handsome than life, accomplished in all its elements.

I'll admit that I was a bit dubious at first when I heard that Jack L. Warner was personally producing the movie, mainly because I didn't know much about his qualifications for such a job, but he seems to have limited himself largely to supplying the lavish amounts of money needed to bring it to the screen. I'll admit, also, to having my doubts about the wisdom of employing Audrey Hepburn as Eliza Doolittle, when the incomparable Julie Andrews was willing, ready, and available. But the finished product reveals that Miss Hepburn was able to rise brilliantly to the occasion in what could have been her most critical three hours. And credit should at once be given for a rare stroke of casting genius when Rex Harrison was chosen, instead of Tony Curtis or Rock Hudson, for the Professor Higgins role.

Guided surely, expertly, and tastefully by director George Cukor, these two principals turn in bravura performances. Harrison bellows and crackles in the truest Shavian manner, his spoken-singing is a delight, and the large screen reveals some pleasurable nuances that were not always discernible on the stage. Miss Hepburn, looking slightly scrawny but lovely nevertheless, ranges unexpectedly from the raucous to the delicate. She is anguished and regal, laugh-provoking and throat-catching in a role that seemingly can stand differing styles of interpretation. She even appears to be belting out her songs, although our mind does inform us that it can't be, that it is Marnie Nixon, Hollywood's most unsung singer, who is being used for what is politely termed augmentation. This is to say that Miss Hepburn may begin a song on a note she can handle, but it is Miss Nixon who finishes.

Problems of esthetics may well be involved here, but they are complex problems, and if we are going to argue about the propriety of dubbing in Miss Nixon's singing voice for Miss Hepburn's, then we also ought to take up the matter of some unknown Italian actress supplying the voice for the wonderful Jean Moreau in Antonioni's *La Notte*. I remember hearing no complaints at that time. I'm inclined to view it, where Hollywood musicals are concerned, as one of the facts of movie life and to allow the theorists to work it all out, but only as long as I am having a good time. When the practice becomes jarring or obtrusive we may then righteously complain. Here there is very little sense of jar, at least for my relatively untrained ears, and for this the Warner sound department deserves much credit. Both Stanley Holloway, as Doolittle, and Mr. Harrison have tricky numbers to perform, but Harrison does his "live" with the aid of a little microphone hidden in his tie, while Holloway records his in the traditional playback technique. Without being told, we wouldn't have known the difference.

In redoing the musical for the screen, Cukor was obviously in no mood to argue with success, for the Cecil Beaton costumes have been carried out much as on the stage, the difference being that more attention has been paid to the working out of each fine detail and more magnificence was made possible. Realism, too, was possible for the film, but this Cukor has eschewed, wisely building Covent Garden rather than going to the grubby original, and even running race horses through a sound stage instead of redressing Santa Anita or mounting an expedition to Ascot. Thus we stay in the format of the show, and proponents of the *auteur* theory of film direction will have some explaining to do when they tell us this is a Cukor film, instead of one conceived by Lerner and Loewe from what the title credits inform us is "a play by George Bernard Shaw." And if *My Fair Lady* is not exactly an example of "pure cinema," it moves along with no discernible grinding of gears, free of intrusive directorial effects. Cukor is not only capable; he is a modest man. He has modestly allowed each of his players to turn in ebullient, top-notch performances, seen to it that they are photographed winningly and warmly, made sure that the musical and dance elements blend appropriately. Stanley Holloway is back as Doolittle, Wilfred Hyde-White, Theodore Bikel, and Gladys Cooper have been added, and the whole show blazes brightly in the finest of color. There's only one thing to do about it: line up and buy tickets.



"Shut that door!"

CURRENTLY playing in two New York theaters is a premeditated double feature called *The Anatomy of a Marriage*, designed to be seen more or less back to back, although each is a complete feature in itself. One ticket buys the two shows. Aside from the gimmicky method of presentation, something new in film exhibition, Andre Cayette has achieved a veritable tour de force. One

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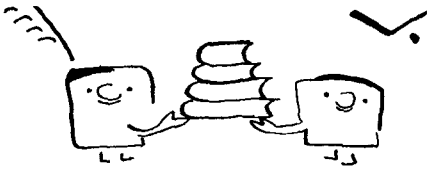
of the films is called *My Days with Jean-Marc*; the other is titled *My Nights With Francoise*. It doesn't particularly matter which is viewed first, but it does matter if both are *not* viewed. For, seen separately, each film seems a not too unusual, even routine story of the failure of a marriage.

In *My Nights with Francoise* the events of the marriage are viewed from the husband's angle. He sees himself as selfless, devoted to his wife, daughter, and a career of high principle. His wife, on the other hand, soon loses interest in sustaining the marriage, loses herself in her work, appears to be flagrantly unfaithful, and eventually wears out her faithful spouse's patience. In *My Days with Jean-Marc* we get the wife's point of view. At first hesitant about forsaking her brains and talent for the role of a typical housewife, she then devotes herself to her clod of a husband, sees to it that he gets opportunities for advancement, and valiantly resists the seductive efforts of several attractive men. Even so, her marriage gives way before the pettishness, suspicion, and jealousy of her husband.

Neither film would be in the least important without the other. But when seen in tandem a surprising thing occurs. Suddenly the story takes on significance, as an event viewed from one partner's vantage point carries a different



meaning when seen from the other's. And what eventually emerges is not the "truth" of a particular happening, but a story of two people unable to communicate with each other because each is wrapped in an emotional blanket made up of self-love, self-pity, and self-justification. The trouble with the experiment is that each film doesn't sustain itself for its full length, and, oddly, it is the second film that gathers more interest, mainly because of the support of the first. Jacques Charrier is the husband, Marie-Jose Nat the wife. Since the latter has considerable acting ability and the former does not, it is her story that tends to have more credulity. But her very excellence, when unsupported by an equally strong performance by Charrier, has a weakening effect on the *raison d'être* of the experiment. Here, though, is certainly a novelty, and it is rather a pity that it is all done so slickly. We don't really learn much about a marriage, and what we do learn takes a total of three hours and twenty minutes of our time. Even for making a valid point, that's a long time.

—Hollis Alpert.

Communication and Art

San Francisco.

ONE MEASURE of the stature of any film festival is the number and variety of satellite events, quite apart from cocktail parties and late-night banquets, that surround the screenings of feature pictures, which are always the main attraction. In New York earlier this fall, it was a conference organized by the American Council on Education devoted to the problems of teaching film appreciation in the colleges that lent a lasting significance to the Lincoln Center festival. At San Francisco's Eighth Annual Film Festival, just concluded, it was two series of special screenings organized under the titles "Film as Communication" and "Film as Art." Although both have been going on for several years, for the first time they were administered as separate entities—an indication of the importance they have assumed. "Film as Communication" ran for two days, and offered in competition twenty-two pictures in seven categories that were winnowed by pre-screening committees from a field of almost 400. "Film as Art" presented twenty-one shorts selected from over 100 entries. Both were international in scope although, perhaps inevitably, the majority of titles came from the United States.

What impressed one immediately was the range of the film medium. There were pictures for elementary teaching and for advanced medical research, pictures that advised against smoking and that spoke for civil liberties. One recreated the golden age of Greece. Other pictures treated such subjects as how the Japanese protect their coastline from the incursions of sand, how the British ventilate their mines, and how Lewis Mumford imagines the city of the future.

"Film as Art" was almost as varied. A number of the entrants read the title correctly and submitted pictures that were, in themselves, art entities. But some used art to tell a story, and some were about art, and some few were clearly communications films that happened to be particularly well done and hence were artistic.

The hard-working pre-screening committees are not to be blamed for the resultant confusion. Film is a resilient medium that refuses to conform to any hardening of the categories. And what almost three days of incessant viewing of films as communication and films as art made abundantly clear is that, in order to communicate, an instructional or motivational picture must be artistically done; while a film as art—which means essentially film as a means of personal expression—if made artistically, cannot fail but to communicate *something*.

What is meant by artistic, of course, is the proper use of the medium itself, of the camera, editing, and sound track. The Mumford film, *The City and the Future*, for example, failed to communicate because the quick and often fascinating glimpses of the well-planned city of tomorrow were invariably smothered under the incessant flow of Mumford's complex prose style. He may be eminently readable, but the ear soon loses the train of his thought—particularly when the eye is being stimulated simultaneously. Similarly, Chet Huntley, narrating what might have been an invaluable account of the need for fresh approaches to school construction, buried not only the visuals but ultimately the very point that he was trying to make under a deluge of statistics that could be properly assessed only on the printed page.

Other film-makers were simply overanxious. *College with a Cause*, produced for the Lutheran Concordia Teachers College, seemed to have at least three starts and four endings in its attempt to appeal to as broad a segment of candidates as possible. *New England Sea Community*, which visually afforded a clean and straightforward account of the life a mid-nineteenth-century boy might expect to live in a small fishing village, dissipated its effect by attempting to disguise the commentary in a pseudo-folksong. *A Quarter Million Teenagers*, dealing factually with the high incidence of venereal diseases in American youth today, decorated its sober message with animations as bright and gaily textured as anything that ever came from the UPA studios. And *Tomorrow Today*, otherwise an illuminating film on the growing industrialization of Latin America, ultimately lost its audience through repeated plugs for the sponsor's product.

On the other hand, one of the prizes at San Francisco went to *A Breath of Life*, which demonstrated clearly and without any frills whatsoever the techniques of mouth-to-mouth resuscitation. A Golden Gate Award went to NBC's program on Greece, a model of clarity in writing and of beauty in visuals; and another of USIA's, *Nine from Little Rock*, a genuinely moving and dramatic survey of what has become of the nine Negro youths who entered Little Rock High School in the fall of 1957 in defiance of Governor Faubus. Each of these film-makers, in his own way, faced his problem squarely and came up with simple, honest solutions. As a result, their pictures have integrity—and art.

—Arthur Knight.

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Things Are Looking Up in Houston

THE OTHER week, in the course of marking America's return to elegance (*SR*, Oct. 24), I had only the barest opportunity to discourse on the new Hotel Warwick in Houston, and not a chance at all to run on about the city itself.

Once I had managed to slough my way through the knee-deep nap of the Warwick's carpets, and had got past the Aubussons and the imported French paneling in the lobby, I did manage to make my way out of doors. Houston, to one brought up in the country ways of mid-Manhattan, turned out to be a city to boggle the eye. Never one who gazed in much merriment at the Texans who stand up in alien saloons to sing their alma mater as if it were their national anthem played at some poignant moment in history, I have, nonetheless, come away altogether awed.

Oil, as I'm sure you don't have to tell the Sheik of Kuwait, begets money, and when you have money you need banks. Houston has banks like Mexico has tamale stands, only they have built each one as if it were an elongated version of the Taj Mahal. There is, for instance, the Bank of the Southwest, which was, for a fleeting moment in history, the largest building west of the Mississippi. Now it is the second largest because the first largest is the Tennessee Gas Building, which also has the largest bank lobby in the world. It took two truck trailers hooked together to bring in the carpet for the world's largest bank lobby, and thirty-eight men to carry the broadloom inside. When they opened the place, the farsighted bank officials said it would do for the next fifty years, but five and a half years later the directors held the grand opening of a twenty-one-story annex across the street.

Houston is said to have more parking space than any other city in the world. When the First National City Bank Building was built in 1947 no provision was made for a garage. That proved to be a mistake, so a $6,000,000 parking garage was tacked on. Six months later the garage was torn down and the property was merged with another half-block. On that plot the bank put up a thirty-two-story building with an $8,000,000 garage to replace the $6,000,000 one that was torn down.

Houston is believed to be, especially by people from Houston, the fastest-growing major city area in the U.S. The modest half-block now occupied by Woolworth's ordinary-looking white building was first knocked down as farm land in 1837. It cost $4. In 1887 the city took the plot over because the owner had defaulted on his taxes. The value had gone up to $60. Then, in 1898, by which time some values were beginning to accelerate, the First Presbyterian Church paid $25,000. A year before the war broke out, in 1940, it was sold to Foley's, a Houston store, for $600,000, a tidy profit in the collection plate. Seven years later, by which time Houston was in full bloom of the boom, Woolworth's bought it from Foley's for $2,200,000, or $2,000 a front inch.

Of the town's lofty towers, the loftiest is the Humble Oil Building, which, since it soars forty-five stories into the Texas sky, is not very humble at all. Those who show it off are quick to point out that the forty-five floors are Texas stories, and that anywhere else it would be a fifty-eight-story building. There is considerable rivalry between Houston and Dallas, where the citizens are very busy erecting an edifice that will be twelve feet higher.

Every once in a while some people from Dallas come over to Houston to tap the wells, but this is considered carpet-bagging in strict, chauvinistic Houston circles. An example is the presence in Houston of those foreigners from Dallas, Messrs. Neiman-Marcus. Houston, of course, has its own famous emporium, Sakowitz Brothers, which, on the night I arrived in town, was on the verge of a gigantic festival based on the lore of England. They kicked off their store-wide jamboree with a fashion show in the ballroom of the Warwick that involved a troupe of bagpipers in the kilt, and a gold Rolls Royce that emerged from the floor on a hidden elevator, its

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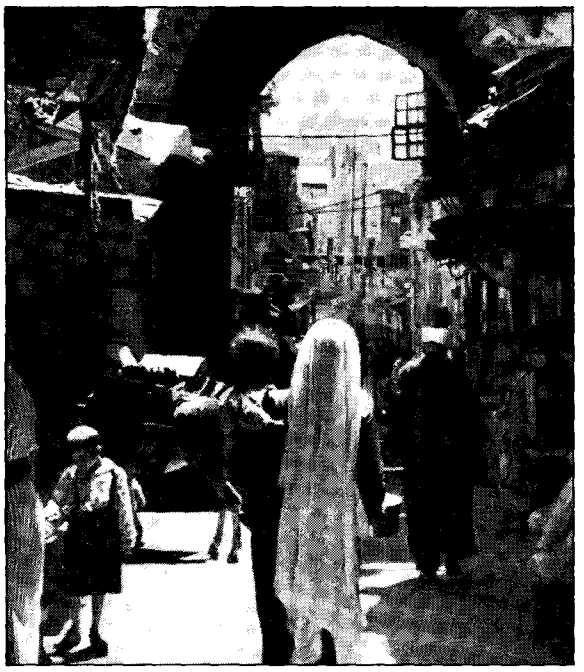

These are the streets Jesus trod, nearly 2,000 years ago.

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boot, as the English are fond of calling the trunk, filled with trinkets for the assemblage.

Neiman-Marcus, as it turned out, was cranking up a festival of its own, in *its* case honoring Denmark, a country with few bagpipes but with a considerable houseful of wares almost of all which had been transported to Dallas for the occasion. Nothing Danish was in view in the Houston branch the afternoon I popped in, but one could snap up a number of trinkets, among them a gold duck with a sapphire egg at $300, a long-tailed golden mouse for $100 (short-tailed version, $40), a pair of gold sea urchin earrings at $250, a gold Florentine bull for $125, or a sapphire bracelet at $120,000, a gem that caused me suddenly to recall and to mouth that old sally from Amos 'n' Andy days, "Holy Mackerel, Sapphire!" The beautiful part about Neiman's—perhaps it is the beautiful part about all Texas—is that it is not necessary to spend $120,000 for a bracelet. One could also spend $10 for a little gold oil-well charm, although a pleasant compromise might be an eighty-nine-karat yellow sapphire, a brick, really, that has been brought from India and is being offered to clients of the store at a modest $6,200.

The rushing growth of Houston—and there are some who think it will eventually be the largest city in the world—has created many fortunes, but perhaps none so large as that of Mr. Jesse Jones. A former Secretary of Commerce, he came to Houston from Tennessee when he was eighteen, worked for two dollars a day, then two years later opened his own lumber yard. When he died he owned thirty-eight skyscrapers, or about half the skyline of the city. He was worth $250 million and he left it all in foundations to benefit Houston.

At that, even Jesse Jones would be considered a rich millionaire. The city is said to have between 1,500 and 2,000 millionaires, or about one for every 750 non-millionaire citizens. Some arbiters of local custom once decreed that anyone who had accumulated $100 million could be considered a rich millionaire, from $30 million to $100 million an average millionaire, and from $3 million to $30 million a poor one. Anyone with less than $3 million would be classified as a shaky risk who might not keep his millionaire status.

The suburban community of River Oaks is said to provide refuge for 400 millionaires. It is, unlike the rest of Houston, a carefully planned area that was begun in 1923, is now less than ten minutes from the middle of town, and still levies a private tax of anywhere from $50 to $400 a year on its residents to maintain a legal fund that will preserve the restrictions it imposes. Most residents are said to have 4-C, or four-Cadillac garages; but the average spread is $200,000, there is little above $1,500,000 and hardly anything below $60,000. The $60,000-$80,000 are thought to be in the poverty belt, a primary target for President Johnson's war on that social ill.

What is feeding Houston is oil, cattle, cotton, the second largest deep-water harbor in the land, and now NASA. The Space Center, which was announced in 1962, may make Houston a launching pad for discoveries of the future. Although it is fifty miles inland, it is located on the Buffalo Bayou (locally pronounced by-o), and it is its link with the watery world outside that made it such a successful commercial center. From 1836 to 1900 it had attracted only 34,000 citizens, but within the next sixty-four years, with its port in operation, it had grown to 1,300,000, a city about the size of Warsaw or Bucharest, Stockholm or Naples. Without the port, some observers estimate, it would hardly be a city of more than 100,000.

With its wealth it can buy its culture the way the Vanderbilts and the Ringlings used to buy entire castles and have them set up again on American soil. To its Texas plain it brought conductor Leopold Stokowski, who stayed for five years, then snared John Barbirolli. To Houston's delight, Barbirolli now makes his main residence in Houston, travels from it to London instead of the other way around. A huge $7,000,000 complex is being provided for the Houston Symphony, the ballet, and the performing arts. The city gave a square block of real estate, and the Jesse Jones foundation gave $7,000,000 for a building to put on it. When the center is completed it will be part of an eighteen-block municipal civic complex bounded by a $15,000,000 post office on one side and a $17,000,000 federal building on the other.

Visitors, especially those from Europe, habitually take a hard look at the newness of Houston and ache for something old. The city is so busy building that it is said to have little regard for its heritage. The site of the capitol building when Texas was a republic is now filled with the bulk of the Rice Hotel, an inn that has undergone a refurbishing that cost $7,000,000. The house where Sam Houston lived is long since gone and the site is occupied by Grayson's dress shop. The beginnings were humble and Houston remembers that Sam's "white house" was a two-room log cabin with dirt floors. The President had to cut his salary twice because the government couldn't meet it. Although the present liquor laws are strict, Houston was a tough town that built eighteen saloons

(*Continued on page* 49)

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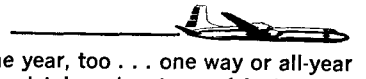

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LORD CREWE ARMS (15th cent.) This Northumberland bar was once the cellar of Blanchland Abbey. Test your skill in one of the pub games: darts (above), shove ha' penny and skittles.

NEW INN (1311 A.D.) Our picture was taken at lunchtime in Pembridge, Hereford. You can lunch off crusty bread, country cheese and ale for about 75 cents. Dinner is seldom more than $3.50.

FALSTAFF INN (1403 A.D.) This inn is just outside the city wall of Canterbury. Chaucer and his fellow pilgrims passed through that gate in 1387, on their way to the Cathedral and Becket's shrine.

GEORGE AND PILGRIMS INN (1493 A.D.) The local abbot built this inn for pilgrims who came to Glastonbury, "the holyeste earthe in England." The abbot's room has a huge four-poster bed.

BULL INN (c. 1450 A.D.) The Bull in Long Melford was the home of a mediaeval wool merchant. Friendliest way to learn the histories of old inns is to chat with the hosts. No language problem.

FALCON INN (15th cent.) Shakespeare used to live opposite this Stratford inn. *Tip:* Visit Britain's inns in Spring or Fall. Car rental rates are lower. And inglenooks are less crowded.

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ee the Great Barrier Reef. Walk on the water off Green Island bove), one of the Reef's 600 paradise islands. Or ride a glass ottom boat out to view rainbowed coral gardens under the sea. ee Sydney, Australia's glittering gateway city. Take a ferryboat de for a close-up view of the magnificent harbor that sits in e heart of this South Seas metropolis. See Port Arthur. Roam entle green countryside; explore ivy-covered ruins. The tran- uility of this historic Tasmanian town belies its turbulent past s a convict settlement. See Healesville Wildlife Sanctuary. uddle a koala in a bushland setting near Melbourne. You can walk among kangaroos, wallabies, bandicoots—and other animals Noah forgot. See the romantic Outback. Sip tea brewed in a billy in the color-splashed land of Waltzing Matilda. Visit a Merino sheep station and see where the jolly swag man camped by the billabong. This is Australia, highlight of your exciting destination South Pacific. This is the uncommon place. (Even the animals won't conform: foxes fly, mammals lay eggs, birds bark like dogs.) For a free copy of "This is Australia," and news on New Zealand, see your travel agent. Or write: Australian National Travel Association, 350 Post St., San Francisco, Calif. or 636 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y.

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Continued from page 44

before it built its first church. There is a reverence for churches now, though, and the downtown area is a curious mixture of high, gleaming buildings and low, fussy houses of worship that have held onto their precious pieces of real estate.

No writers, not even Sean O'Faolain or James Street, have been able to restrain themselves when it comes to Houston. O'Faolain wrote that the business center "looks as if some superbillionaire had mail-ordered a dozen blocks of Manhattan C.O.D. . . . ," and Street called the city "an adolescent Amazon with a little gland trouble." Those cracks have smarted, for Houston is more than that. The critics have forced Houston's leading citizens to look a little less to the bold brick than to what is fine and elegant. When oilman John Mecom decided to refashion the old Warwick Hotel, there was no thought of some super-modern Shamrock type of extravaganza. Instead, he brought in old worldman Gerald de Schrenck Sill, an accomplished, smooth, sophisticated hotelman who had also been conditioned to American ways with Hilton's Mexican hotels. As executive vice president for the Warwick, Sill thought in terms of a palace hotel in the style of the old Meurice, the Plaza, and the Excelsior in Rome. The back of the house is modern American, but the front is swathed in paneling from Versailles that the Mecoms had collected over the years and hung with an eighteenth-century Aubusson grandly displayed in the lobby. Fortunately Mecom's hobby and his exchequer would permit the pursuance of an elegant trend. Says Sill: "We kept in mind the Imperial in Vienna, the Dorchester in London, the Bristol and Lancaster in Paris, the Breidenbacher Hof in Düsseldorf, the Hotel des Indes in The Hague, the Bolivar in Lima, the Ritz in Madrid, the Ritz in Lisbon. The businessman who jets around the country is only hours away from principal cities and can get back home in a day. But in Houston we have given him a hotel of deep luxury and we might seduce him to stay longer than he might have."

In all-new Houston, the Warwick is an oasis of warmth, but Sill harbors no pretentions about Texas. His Café Vienna is a coffeehouse walled with imported paneling. Not a square inch of Formica is in view. "I don't want to see a tea bag," says Sill. "I have Schlag, says Sill, and we'll put it in the coffee if ordered. But I'm not kidding myself. I'm not going to make Viennese out of my Texans." For one thing, they are too busy making some mammoth megalopolis out of that promising little settlement on the Buffalo Bayou.

—HORACE SUTTON.

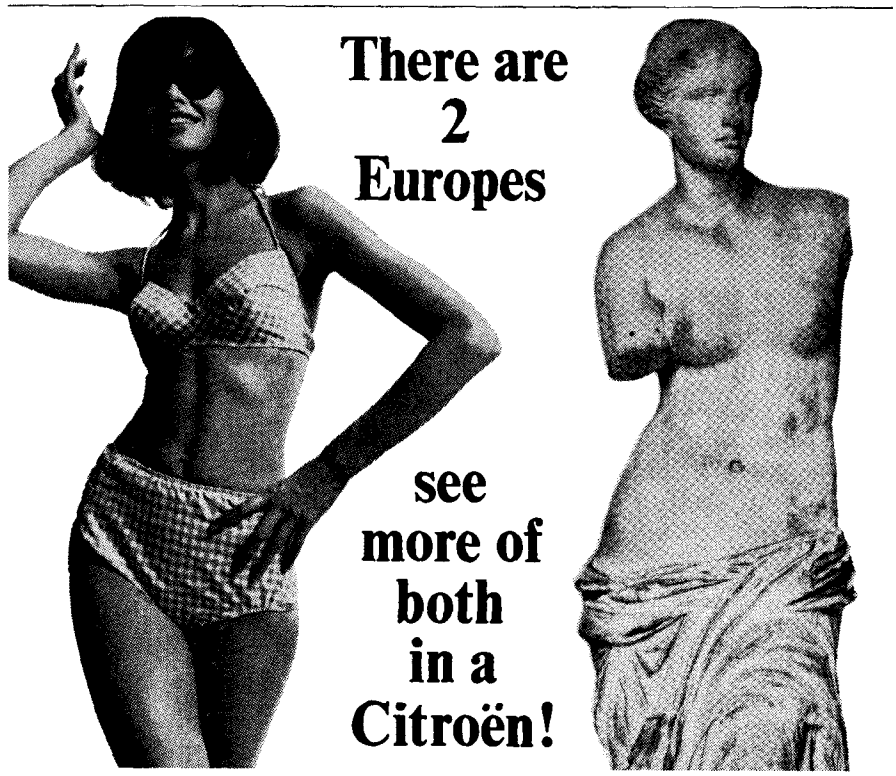
Morning at Marathon

By C. W. GRIFFIN, JR.

The mountains look on Marathon—
And Marathon looks on the sea;
And musing there an hour alone;
I dreamed that Greece might
still be free
For standing on the Persians' grave,
I could not deem myself a slave.
—Byron.

ONE OF the newest and as yet least popular tours in Greece takes you on a jarring twenty-five-mile journey from Athens to Marathon. For the ridiculous sum of $4, you get a five-hour morning tour of Attica, with a stop at the famous battle site and a swim in the sparkling blue Aegean waters of Vouliagmeni Astir Beach. The seventy-mile circuit takes you northeastward from Athens to Marathon, then looping southward and westward to the beach, and finally northward on the sinuous, spectacularly rugged coastal route between Cape Sounion and Athens. Our guide, a dapper veteran of the Graeco-Turkish war of 1912-22, lectured continually in English, French, or German to five tourists—a young secretary from Paris, a middle-aged German woman from Brazil, my wife, my twelve-year-old daughter, and me.

The high point of the tour, of course, is Marathon, and wondering whether you are going to get there sharpens the suspense. Like most Europeans, the normally courteous Greeks become maniacs behind the wheel. Far from the exception, our driver was an exaggeration of this rule. He drove with the desperation of an ambulance driver rushing five bleeding bodies to the emergency ward, a thought that his helpless passengers could only hope was not a premonition. Above all, he had that mystical faith in the efficacy of the horn to dissipate all obstacles, seen or unseen. Once, after stopping several hair-widths from the rears of three wheat-laden donkeys, he continued his furious honking, meanwhile exchanging pleasantries with the



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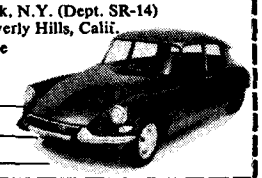

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donkeys' understandably sullen master, until they plodded to the side of the road.

During quieter parts of the trip, while merely bouncing in our seats or careening around 180-degree hairpins, we could view the rugged countryside as our guide lectured. The outcroppings of light blue-gray limestone in the arid hillsides are the same stone as the great jutting rock that forms the Acropolis. Barely visible against the mottled earth, some lean, brown goats were nibbling the sparse vegetation near the road, and our passage sent them scrambling down the hillside. Occasionally we passed stolid peasants torturing a livelihood out of cultivated plots nestled in the folds of that violently wrinkled landscape. Neat piles of rocks raked from these tiny grainfields mark their boundaries. According to Thucydides, the barren Attic soil promoted the early growth and stability of Athens, for it spared the city the continual warfare between nomadic tribes and settlers fighting for the land in more fertile parts of Greece.

The humble rural dwellings of Attica are built for permanence. For a two-story house, the Greeks erect a reinforced concrete frame, extremely rare in this country for such small structures. Like these larger buildings, the cottages have masonry walls—tile, brick, or concrete block—finished with white stucco. As a structural engineer, I was distressed at the almost universal sag in the roof ridges, bending in parabolas under the weight of the red tiles.

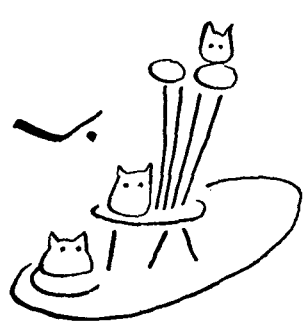
Finally at Marathon, we climbed the concrete stairs cast in the big earthen mound that marks the common grave of 192 Athenian soldiers killed during the battle in 490 B.C. Atop the tomb at the center of the battle site, we were surrounded by olive groves and amber grainfields stretching across the plain to the sea. Bounded on three sides by gray, sparsely treed mountains, the plain parallels the coast for about five miles, ending at its northeastern tip in a promontory that hooks into the Aegean.

On that day 2,454 years ago the Persian galleys lay at anchor inside the cove formed by the promontory. The Persian army encamped on the plain; the Athenians encamped in the mountain passes inland, guarding the roads to Athens. Only by a precariously weighted vote, resolved by the city's war archon after a split among ten generals, had the Athenians decided to meet the Persians at Marathon. To Miltiades, the leader in urging this action, the nine other Athenian generals had surrendered command.

Thus confronted, the Persians embarked their main forces to dash around Cape Sounion and approach Athens by sea, leaving 20,000 rear-guard infantrymen at Marathon to crush the vastly outnumbered Greeks. The 10,000 Athenians' only allies were 1,000 Plataeans. (Unwilling to take the field until the moon was full, 2,000 Spartans arrived after the battle was over.) The bronze-clad Greeks, thinned at the center to extend the line, advanced swiftly toward the confident Persians. Among those famed warriors were Aristides the Just; Themistocles, Athens' savior at Salamis ten years later; and Aeschylus, who for his epitaph asked only to be remembered for his part at Marathon. Attacking on the run, the Greeks yielded at the center but buckled the Persian flanks, and then, after surrounding the Persians who had broken through, began cutting them down. After chasing the defeated invaders back to the water's edge, some of the Greeks plunged into the water and captured seven Persian galleys. Aeschylus's brother, Cynaegirus, died in such an attempt.

It was a decisive Greek victory, stopping the all-conquering Persian drive that had subdued the revolting Ionian colonies and, aided by Greek traitors, was sweeping southward through the mainland of Greece. After dispatching Pheidippides on his famous mission, Miltiades ordered a hurried march back to Athens, arriving before the Persian fleet appeared off Phaleron, the ancient port. Shaken by this confrontation, the Persians sailed away.

Despite the lack of artifacts or marble ruins in that tranquil, sun-drenched scene—the distant mountains faintly misted in the marine air, the bay a coruscating blue plate—we sensed that we were standing at the hinge of history. If Miltiades and his gallant Greeks had failed at Marathon, the door of freedom, just beginning to open on its short-lived democratic experiment, would doubtless have closed. The hopeless, tamed spirit of Asia, where men were trained to grovel at the feet of tyrannical megalomaniacs, would have descended on Europe; a Dark Age would have replaced the Golden Age; and the ebullient Athenians would never have bequeathed us the restless, questing spirit that has kept the Western World in intellectual turmoil for much of the past 2,500 years. The knowledge that this crucial defense of freedom was led by the tyrant of the Chersonese only slightly complicated the thought for that day.



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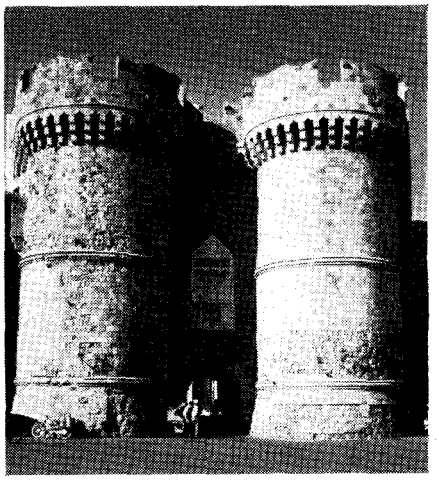

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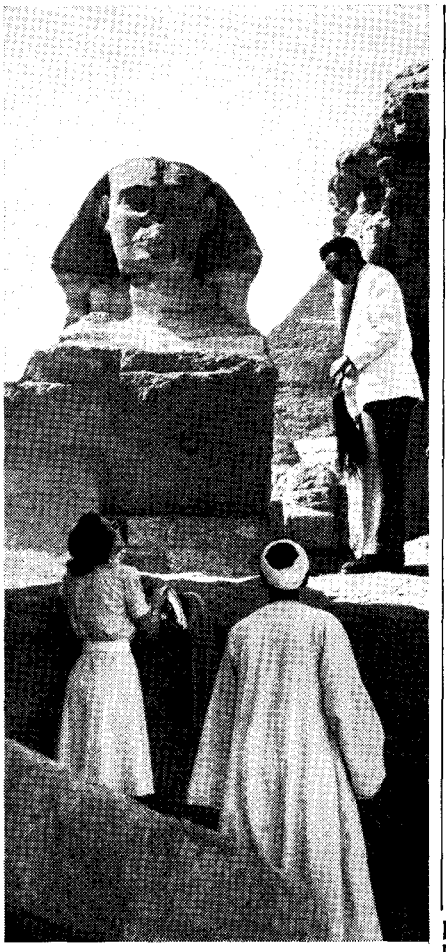

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

Scherchen at the Academy—Geza Anda

PHILADELPHIA.

HERMANN Scherchen's American debut as a conductor began with a handclasp from the concertmaster of the Philadelphia Orchestra and ended with a thunderclap of applause and bravos from a matinee audience in the Academy of Music. The time as well as the place were of consequence, for if it has taken Scherchen until he was seventy-three to conduct an American orchestra, he did, indisputably, begin with the best, and he exercised his art with such persuasiveness in symphonies of Haydn and Mahler that an audience which usually begins at scherzo time to think of trains for Germantown and Chestnut Hill remained, almost transfixed in place, with but a scattering of departees.

For them, both the art and the man were unfamiliar, and it was scarcely surprising that they were enthralled by both. For those to whom the art was familiar from more than a hundred recordings, there was nevertheless a tinge of unfamiliarity in the manner in which Scherchen went about persuading the numerous and celebrated virtuosi of the Philadelphia Orchestra to his way of thought. But after a movement or two of Haydn's *Passione* Symphony (No. 49 in F minor) it became apparent that there was something familiar, too, in the manner. It is the manner to which we have become accustomed from such other senior conductors of the all but vanished past as Toscanini and Walter, Monteux, Reiner, and Beecham—those who, in effect, do not conduct the orchestra, but conduct the music.

That is to say, time-beating was at a minimum, the attention to reminders of what they had been indoctrinated to do at rehearsal at a maximum, through a sudden surge of the left hand (which, with Scherchen, does even more than the right) and a coaxing index finger, or a cautioning palm. Repeatedly, in the Haydn, he turned his back to a player who was about to make a prominent entrance, or seemed surprised when a *sforzando* burst out from a string group at his feet. This was, in effect, a way of putting all the players—he only utilized some thirty-five (of the Philadelphia's ninety plus) in this work—not only on their honor but also on their mental toes, and they responded with the artistry of which they are capable.

Thus, when the Mahler started, it too was in the framework of the chamber-ensemble style of playing to which the nucleus of the orchestra was already adjusted. From this emerged a scheme of performance as detailed and as transparently adjusted as the Haydn, in which a panorama of mortality, from the gloom of the opening funeral march through the spasms of café life (Scherzo) and the retreat to the philosopher's studio (Adagietto) leading to the eventual affirmation of the jubilant conclusion, was spread like a giant mural before the audience. Every slightest detail was perfectly in place, including many which even the average knowing conductor cannot seem to make cohere with the rest. But for Scherchen, who had the score in his mind, not on the music stand, there were no such mysteries.

In the first moment, for example, where a reference, in the timpani, to the brass fanfare with which the work begins may often seem *malapropos*, Scherchen provided an elusively diminishing emphasis (beautifully executed by Fred D. Hinger, incidentally) which marked it plainly as a transition to the succeeding burst of rather grisly gaiety. At the end, the fading echoes of the same fanfare (in the clarinet and flute) reached the ear as the rounding out of a formal pattern which few conductors perceive in this movement. Throughout, the characteristic alterations of tempo which so often in Mahler, strike one as garish and intrusive were so adroitly graded, so deftly shifted from gear to gear, that they seemed quite the inevitable exercise of creative intention the composer meant them to be.

Finally, for an audience that sat in rapt attention not quite knowing what to expect next—this Mahler symphony, like the Haydn, had never been performed by the Philadelphia Orchestra before – the moment of decision came when Scherchen had the four trombones rise to their feet to pronounce the brass chorale that ushers in the final section. In some contexts, this might have been the touch of blatancy to compound and nullify all that had preceded; but, as a counter influence to the utter gravity and almost abstemious treatment of the preceding Adagietto, it was like a lightning flash of sound to set off the thunderclap that followed.

For the infrequent visitor to Philadelphia, it was a pleasure to observe the fine old hall in its recently restored ivory and gilt, and a joy to hear the orchestra with the spacious new shell recently added to its stage. There was, throughout, a purposeful, and highly successful effort by Scherchen to reduce the tonal glare of the Philadelphia (by a substantial amount of wattage) to the share of illumination suitable to his purpose. There will be much to admire, no doubt, in Scherchen's forthcoming series of Philharmonic Hall programs, but as with any full blown experience, there can be only one first time—and this was it.

NEW YORK.

THERE is a pianist named Geza Anda who makes very good recordings, and there is another pianist of the same name who makes occasional appearances in this country. The latter reappeared as a recitalist in Philharmonic Hall late in October, with results that resembled rather more closely those achieved by his other, recording self than has been the case on some prior occasions. But it was still short of what might be described as identity.

This is rather difficult to explain, for all the same qualities were itemizable, as on a laundry list: tone, piano—good; dexterity, fingers—excellent; seriousness, purpose—exemplary; taste, musical—unassailable; demeanor, platform—unexceptionable. Nor could any fault be found with the program, which began with the *Kreisleriana* of Robert Schumann, proceeded with the B-flat Sonata of Schubert, and concluded with the Opus 10 Etudes of Chopin.

The similarity of the two Andas was greatest in Schumann, least in Schubert. Each of the eight sections in the moody, highly sensitized pieces of Schumann was acutely comprehended, graphically conveyed. Unlike some pianists, Anda is not averse to playing pianissimo when it is appropriate; and there was composure as well as control in the difficult-to-sustain slow sections as well as in the easier-to-play fast ones. Occasionally a cluster of notes would come together in an overlapping pattern of sonority that blurred, but, prevailingly, this was Schumann of the good, true, confiding kind.

Anda's playing of Schubert could be itemized according to the same list of attributes that made his performance of Schumann appealing, but the results were much more piecemeal, unconsecutive, and, by that measure, disturbing rather than satisfying. Whereas the time span of the Schumann pieces is relatively short and concentrated, Schubert's movements—especially the opening molto moderato and the succeeding andante sostenuto—unfold in leisurely, almost casual manner. The first movement can be either expansive or garrulous, according to the way in which it is reconstructed; too often it seemed that Schubert was merely repeating himself, whereas it was Anda who was repeating his levels of statement and counterstatement rather than adding the varied shades of meaning to be found in Schubert's text.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

The Eternal Hexagon

LOOK OUT! Under the merrily casual surface of the new British comedy *A Severed Head* ticks an undetonated bomb. This is fortunate, for it is our awareness of the presence of this bomb that keeps us fascinated through the seemingly superficial game of musical beds played through some thirty-odd scenes by six characters.

When Iris Murdoch wrote her story in 1961 as a novel, Granville Hicks called it "probably the most complicated love story ever written." J. B. Priestley and Miss Murdoch have kept most of the complication in their stage version, despite the natural tendency of the medium to simplify. Onstage, more than in the novel, all of the characters except one emerge as exaggeratedly absurd. The husband, Martin Lynch-Gibbon, is hilariously vulnerable as the lights go out on him insisting that he will not introduce his mistress to his wife, only to come up a second later as he says, "Antonia, this is Georgie." Called "the Knight of Infinite Humiliation," he reluctantly agrees to act roles in the romantic charades of others. To his young mistress, he is the noble unhappily married man. To his older wife, he is the little boy she loves so much that she must have him with her as audience to her love affair with her psychiatrist. Martin seems to thrive on these unreal relationships, as does the play itself when it makes happy fun out of the ironies and embarrassments that are the familiar stuff of bedroom farce. But there is one deceptively quiet person who, like the Orientals, does not confuse "spirit" with "love." She is Honor Klein, the anthropologist half-sister of the psychiatrist, who, because she is grotesquely ugly, has come to understand the dark gods and their power over people. Relentlessly and inexorably, Honor keeps pushing Martin into new situations that destroy his ability to sustain his unreal "loves." And at the end his destiny is not a new illusion that might bring him happiness, but a new bondage whose cohesive force is the compulsion to live without fantasy. This compulsion has the terrible fascination of a severed head, such as the ones primitive tribes used to believe could utter prophecies and reveal strange knowledge.

These are macabre thoughts for happy, foolish mortals afflicted with the absurd though pleasant need for feeling romantically involved with pretty and youthful beings. But it is the unique method of this play to show us simultaneously a hilarious lampoon of an affliction that most of us have the good fortune never to get over, and the horrible but strangely fascinating cure.

Under Val May's direction the performances are broad but extraordinarily disciplined. As Martin, the urbane Robin Bailey is highly entertaining, expressing pain at what was supposed to be pleasure. Thus at the end we are even amused at Martin's new predicament and wonder if he has the strength to survive. Indeed, Miss Murdoch might well follow GBS's example and write a postscript explaining how it all turned out. Heather Chasen is also quite funny as she portrays Antonia's flights of affected passionate sincerity. Paul Eddington's sympathetic psychiatrist catches the comic irony of a man more prone to rationalize than his patients are. And we so enjoy the convincing adorableness of Jessica Walter as Georgie that she has an uphill fight to keep reminding us that Georgie is as ridiculously deluded as the others. But it is Sheila Burrell who dominates the evening as with the utmost economy she creates the magnetic lure of the ugly Honor Klein. Miss Burrell knows where the bomb is, and you visit *A Severed Head* at your own risk.

Despite its modestly pleasant songs and Robert Preston's engagingly mischievous portrayal of a witty American diplomat, *Ben Franklin in Paris* is a fitfully entertaining chronicle whose appeal to our emotions is curtailed by its doubleness of concern. Surely Sidney Michaels could have written a more convincing and engrossing saga of Franklin's exploits in Paris during the American Revolution. Or he could have created a romantic musical about Franklin's stuffy grandson, who learned the spirit of freedom and revolt from a young French girl who was plotting the French Revolution. While the two strands are tied together at the end, when Franklin voices his hope that America will always use the freedom he has so passionately worked to achieve, the means by which it is won seem routine. More lively are a rousing buck-up song by Mr. Michaels and Mark Sandrich, Jr. ("Half the Battle") and a nice Frère-Jacques number ("Hic Haec Hoc"). These, plus a generous sprinkling of Franklin aphorisms, do give the musical a lift, but not enough to keep it aloft over the rooftops of 1776 Paris in the manner of the original Ben's balloon. —HENRY HEWES.

Your Literary I.Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich and Yetta Arenstein

MORE POWER TO YOU

Thomas Power of Fort George G. Meade, Maryland, here "dabbles in power politics" and asks you to work out the answers to the problems he poses, all of which involve the use of his surname, sometimes as part of a longer word, sometimes in phrases, titles, etc. If overcome by powerlessness, turn to page 58.

1. Excellent hand, particularly in poker or bridge (colloq., sort of)
2. 1964 novel by Sir Charles Snow
3. How Satan operates, according to St. Paul (2 Th. ii, 9)
4. Work of fiction which is accepted as the first novel in America written by an American (Boston, 1789), long ascribed to Sarah Wentworth Morton but now believed to be the work of William Hill Brown
5. Inharmonious sign of the times in summery suburbia (two words that look as if they rhyme but don't)
6. Title of poem in praise of ale by A. E. Housman
7. Both Edmund Burke and Robert Walpole used this symbol of military and economic equipoise in speeches delivered in Parliament in 1741
8. You don't have to be a lawyer to have this legal capacity to act for another person
9. When William Pitt, the elder made an allusion to an invisible super-royalty, he did not know that his dictum would eventually incorporate in its most commonly used form a word he did not use
10. Name of a public utility in the Everglade State, common elsewhere with differing geographical designations

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Personal History

Continued from page 37

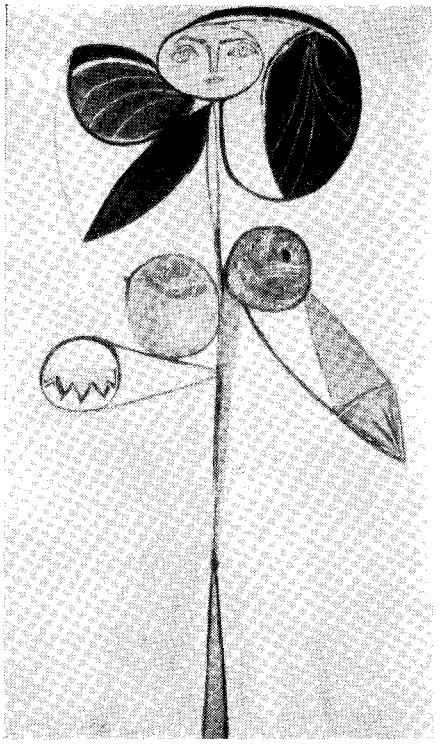
primitive figures idealized by Lawrence: "He seemed to have stepped across the centuries right out of the *Iliad*." Frieda's writing and thinking often parody Lawrence's, sometimes effectively.

Besides Frieda's autobiographical fragments and her letters, Mr. Tedlock includes some of her attempts at literary criticism. Among these it is amusing to find a book of one's own receiving something less than praise, though Frieda speaks of it highly elsewhere in the volume. Such paradoxes, numerous enough, are just Frieda vibrantly being Frieda.

Since the 1961 British edition of his book, Mr. Tedlock has made improving revisions and has usefully augmented its notes. The correspondence, ranging from 1890 to 1956, remains its most rewarding feature. Here the items often have a brevity that makes the abruptness of Frieda's jumping from point to point less jarring than in the reminiscences. The early letters, translated from the German, are mostly to close relatives, the later ones mainly to members of the Lawrence set. The editor has sensibly included a number of letters received by Frieda, notably a communication from Alice Dax, one of the originals of Clara Dawes in *Sons and Lovers*. Mrs. Dax wrote in 1935 to say she felt that Frieda, rather than herself, had been the ideal woman for Lawrence!

The most absorbing of all the letters are those to and from the English critic, John Middleton Murry. It is fortunate that both sides of this correspondence appear, although trimmed—but not fatally—by Murry's widow. After the death of his first wife, Katherine Mansfield, in 1923, Murry had fallen in love with Frieda. She was willing, even eager, to be unfaithful to Lawrence, but at the last Murry couldn't betray his friend. Murry and Frieda did become lovers, however, soon after Lawrence's death. All this information, which should have been available to Mr. Tedlock, is for some reason missing in the present volume, although its inclusion would have helped readers toward a fuller understanding of the Frieda-Murry correspondence. After Murry wrote his first book on Lawrence (*Son of Woman*, 1931), Frieda burned her copy and mailed him the ashes, an event she speaks of in one of her notes to him included here. She and Murry soon made up their quarrel, and in later life, when each of them had found happiness in another marriage, they exchanged the animated letters that add so much to the present book.

In preparing it, either Mr. Tedlock or a copy editor changed Frieda's epistolary style, substituting periods for the dashes she usually jabbed in at the end of a sentence. In print the periods are admittedly easier on the eye, but the smoother text takes away some of Frieda's force. Her wild use of dashes, like her ebullient skipping from point to point and her exuberant self-contradictions, were richly Frieda-ish, part of the plangent ecstasy of the "Hoyotoho!" and "Heyaha!" of her Valkyrian cloud-riding.



—*From the book.*

"La Femme-Fleur, Portrait of Françoise Gilot," by Pablo Picasso in May 1946

After the Children, the Storm

Life with Picasso, *by Françoise Gilot and Carlton Lake (McGraw-Hill. 373 pp. $6.95), is an unvarnished portrait of the artist as seen through the eyes of an ex-mistress. Selden Rodman, author of "Conversations with Artists," is completing the first study of the frescoes of Orozco.*

By SELDEN RODMAN

SEEN from the wings, life with Picasso has always been fun. What it is like actually to live with the most publicized artist in history—as chauffeur, secretary, pupil, companion, mother, lover, and ex-lover—is now told for the first time by one who observed these supporting roles closely for a decade, participating in all but the first.

The main event, with which nothing is ever permitted to interfere, is of course Picasso himself, painting; and no one could be better equipped to report on the staging, dressing, rehearsing, manipulation, and firing of the periodically turned-over cast of dispensable supernumeraries than Françoise Gilot, a cool customer with an artist's eye and "total recall," who was never too overawed by the aging performer in any of his acts to be taken in by it all. Carlton Lake, an art scholar knowledgeable in the high jinks of the French Art Establishment, renders Mlle. Gilot's blow-by-blow account into lightheavyweight English.

It was May of 1943, when France was still occupied by Germany, that the author met Picasso. She was a twenty-one-year-old art student, but already (except in art) more adult in every way than the aging star would ever become. His affair with Dora Maar was in the doldrums and he was looking for a replacement. Françoise was eligible not only by youth and beauty; she had talent, sensitivity, and the capacity to discuss art technically, without sentiment. She was impressed by Picasso's painting, and of course by his mastery of the various media in which she hoped to work; but she was not at all overwhelmed by his reputation. This annoyed Picasso, but it also intrigued him—at least in the early stages when she was playing hard to get. As soon as she yielded to his insistence that she bear him children, however, he resented those obligations of motherhood which infringed upon the total attention to his whims that he demanded, and he got rid of Françoise.

Assuming the author's reliability as a witness and a reasonable degree of objectivity—and this reviewer finds no reason to question either—her account of the affair reads like a good comic novel, establishes most of the data a psychoanalyst will ever need, and should provide the art historians of a future unbemused by Picasso's razzledazzle with plenty of clues to his limitations as an artist.

No one can possibly question Picasso's inventiveness, his volcanic energy, or his wit, and Françoise Gilot offers abundant testimony to these positive qualities. Over and above these there emerges a portrait of a human being that is altogether repellent. Pablo is a prey to the most childish superstitions. He feeds on gossip and purveys it maliciously. He is desperately dependent upon people, but cannot abide them if they cross or criticize. He treats his lifelong secretary like a dog, fires his faithful chauffeur when Marcel acquires a problem

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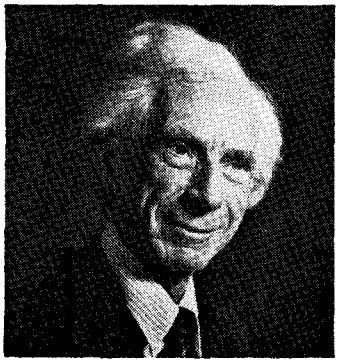
BERTRAND RUSSELL



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of his own, is so jealous of his colleagues that he spends hours tabulating the time they spend with each other. His "Bluebeard" complex about his former mistresses involves not only keeping them dependent upon him but forcing the new one to move in the orbit of the old, even to living in a house full of scorpions.

Françoise Gilot remarks, without bitterness or regret, that human warmth was the one thing Picasso was incapable of giving to anyone. She makes no criticism of his painting, but this remark, and a good many of the artist's own asides, throw light on the increasing replacement of feeling by ingenuity in his work. Although a lifelong atheist, he "imagines" God as an inventor like himself: "He has no real style. He just keeps on trying other things." On another occasion Picasso observes that modern art is dying because, with the academy killed off, there is nothing left to fight against: "What the artist gains in the way of liberty, he loses in the way of order." Special vocabularies, adventurousness, gimmicks, become ends in themselves: "The movement of my thought interests me more than the thought itself." He recognizes the abdication implicit in all nonfigurative painting: "It's always a kind of bag into which the viewer can throw anything he wants to get rid of. You can't impose your thought on people if there's no relation between your painting and their visual habits."

But Picasso does not recognize the more profound abdication involved in pitting art against humanity ("Art is something that should *not* be free"), the renunciation of art's traditional capacities to delight, ennoble, and enlighten. He readily admits that in his hands art has become little more than a weapon to subvert, a means of psychic exorcism as with the savages—"not *trompe-l'oeil* but *trompe-l'esprit*."

Evil on a Pedestal

***The Thief's Journal,** by Jean Genet, translated from the French by Bernard Frechtman (Grove. 268 pp. $6), comprises a personal memoir that is also an esthetic justification of crime. John Cruickshank, professor of French at the University of Sussex, in England, is author wrote "The Novelist as Philosopher."*

By JOHN CRUICKSHANK

WE HAVE all grown accustomed to a large question mark being written across the codes of behavior and the moral values both of earlier generations and of our own upbringing. An essentially healthy atmosphere of ethical interrogation is widespread, and many of us have tried to make our own form of contribution to it. Such questioning of received opinions, however, has almost always been carried out in the name of morality itself. Our aim has been to find more authentic replacements for the values rejected, to achieve greater honesty or more comprehensive humanity.

What makes Jean Genet such an outstanding figure in the contemporary scene is the fact that the moral world he inhabits is in more than one sense an inverted version of our world. He claims that the further he departs from our values (not specifically Christian values) the closer he approaches to truth.

I begin on this note because *The Thief's Journal* forces us, perhaps more than any other work by Genet, to take a hard look at what he stands for and what he is really saying. Many critics (probably hard-working and law-abiding middle-class individuals) have written too easily of Genet's "refreshingly uncompromising hostility to bourgeois values." Few of them seem to realize with any clarity that he is not simply attacking the vestigial Christianity of middle-class attitudes which they themselves may also dislike, but the fundamental assumptions and aspirations of atheistic humanism as well. Sartre's long account of "Saint Genet" has not made things easier with its claim that our society "made" Genet a thief. Genet himself is more restrained when he writes in his journal: "I felt within me the need to become what I had been accused of being . . . I owned to being the coward, traitor, thief and fairy they saw in me."

The Thief's Journal was first published in 1948. It follows Genet's four novels, published between 1944 and 1947, and precedes those of his plays by which he is best known. The journal has as its background a highly personal and impressionistic account of Genet's life of begging, theft, violence, and dope-peddling in half a dozen European countries during the 1930s. In the foreground are his homosexual affairs with various criminals, ex-convicts, and Foreign Legion deserters: Stilitano, the Serb who had lost his right hand; Java, the former S.S. man; Armand, the Flemish hoodlum; Lucien, Michaelis, Salvador, etc. It is in the course of his portraits of these characters that Genet examines himself and his own values.

As the "girl" in these relationships, Genet admires and loves strength, hardness, and brutality. In so far as these qualities exist pre-eminently in the criminal, he found himself pursuing a "destiny towards darkness, in the opposite direction to yours," and thus exploiting "the underside of your beauty." It is this same pursuit of evil that conferred on him a form of "freedom" and "distinction" which he seems to crave. The greater his guilt in our eyes, he says, the greater his freedom. Hence his deliberate cultivation of that "splendid depravity" which enables him to love "those who are ugly, dirty and disfigured."

The language in which *The Thief's Journal* is written is a mixture of crude, lavatory-wall *graffiti* and sentimental lyricism of flowers and stars. Genet brings the two aspects together by attributing to objects, emotions, or actions those adjectives which "our world," as he puts it, reserves for their opposites. He feels that "to achieve harmony in bad taste is the height of elegance."

What Genet really offers us in *The Thief's Journal* is not a *moral* but an *esthetic* justification of vice and crime. An instinctive master of words, he is obsessed by the process of verbalization. It is significant that he should say at one point: ". . . only my love of the French language attaches me to France." Earlier in the journal he writes: "The beauty of a moral act depends on the beauty of its expression. To say that it is beautiful is to decide that it will be so." Admittedly, he adds that "it remains to be proven so," but then again reveals his purely linguistic approach by stating firmly, "this is the task of images."

IN the end, Genet's technique seems facile from one point of view. He simply takes a series of "anti-values" and attaches to them those adjectives normally reserved for their opposites. This alone will not adequately justify them; it can misrepresent them. The result is that Genet's very skill with words is inseparable from the attack it makes on language as meaningful communication. We can hardly censure politicians and admen for depriving words of meaning and yet accept what Genet does because of his superior literary skill. Indeed, to hold—as Genet's admirers must—that ugly, sordid, or evil things can create a pattern of esthetic beauty is to make far-reaching assumptions about morality and art requiring lengthy discussion and careful definition.

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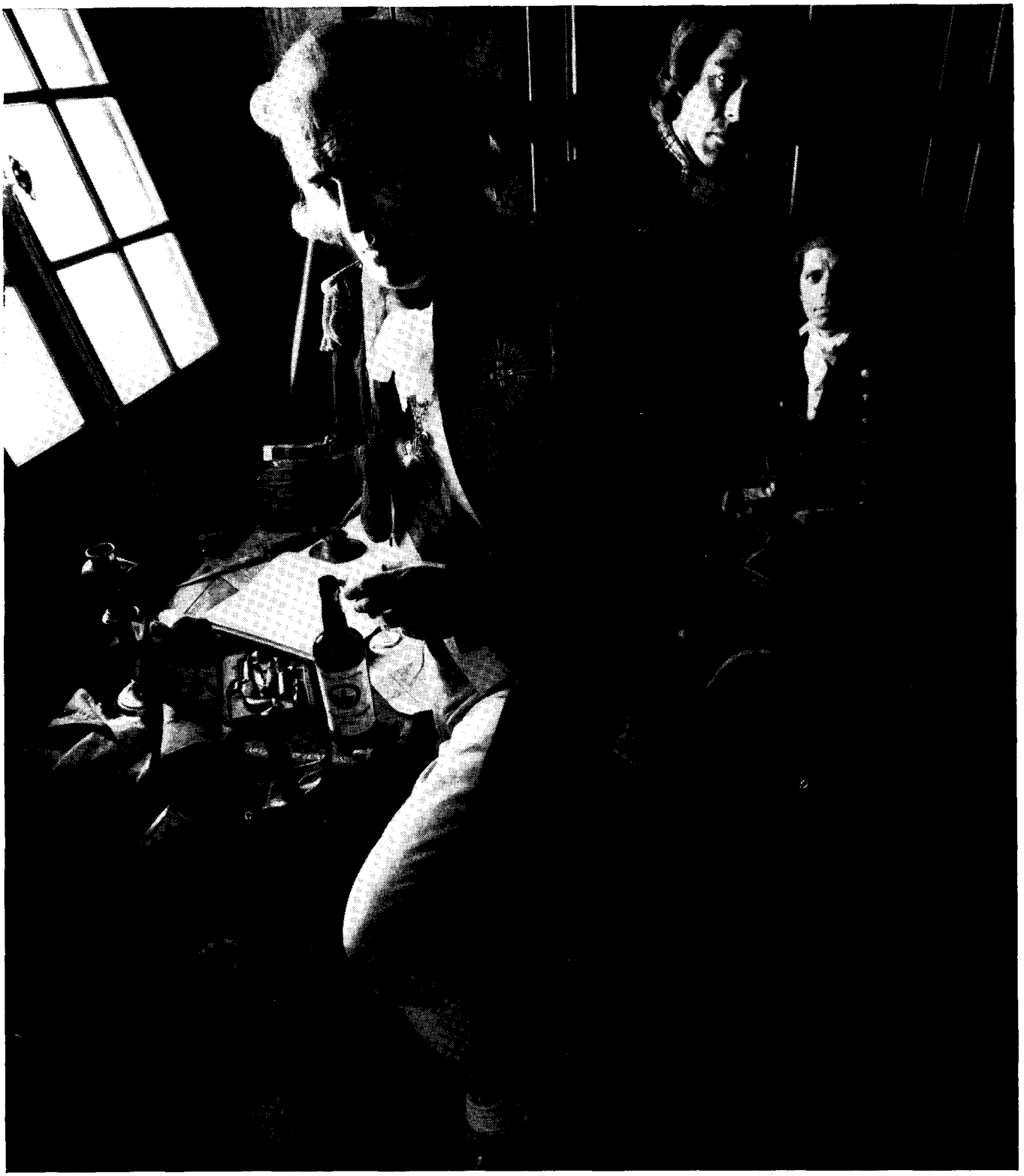

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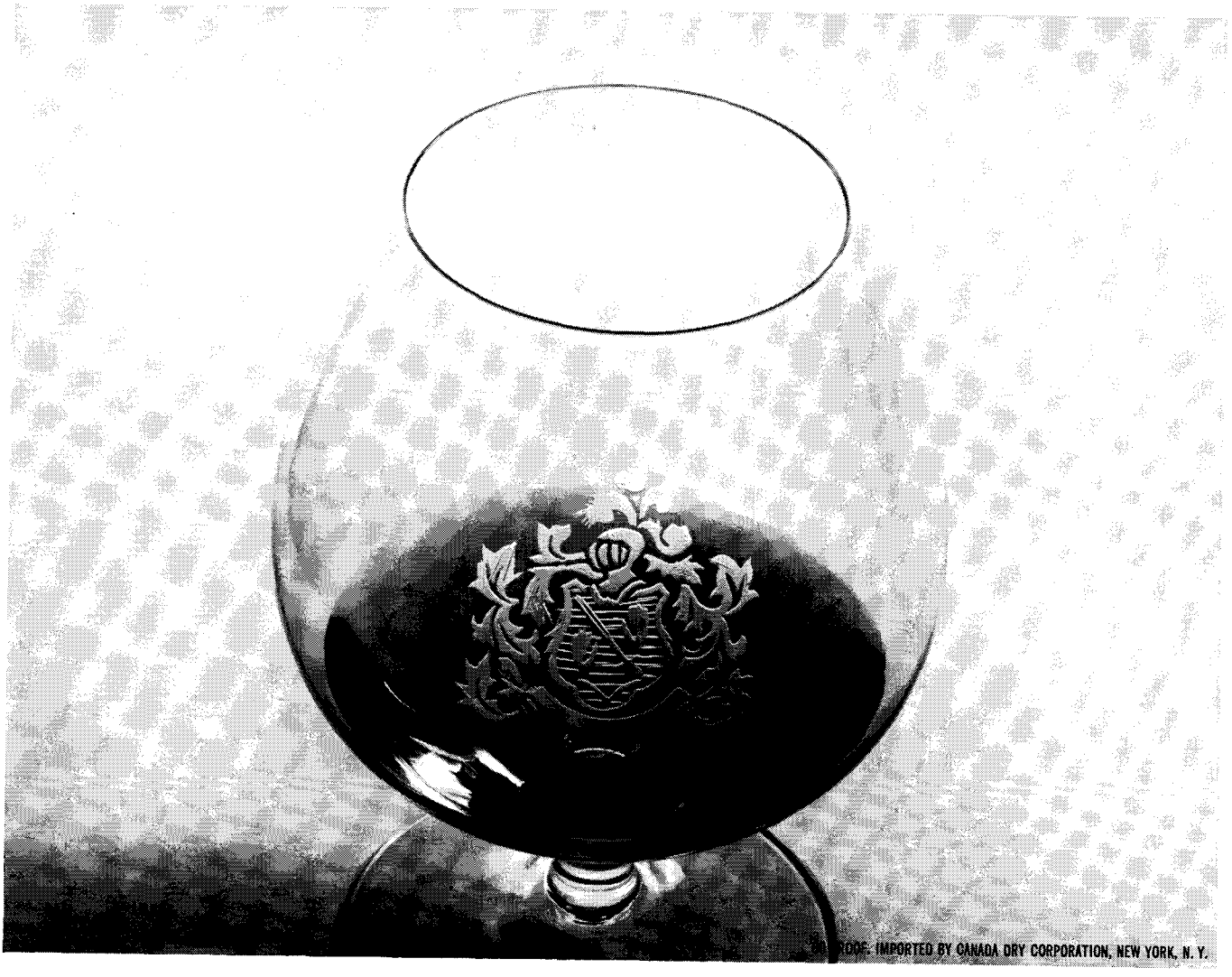

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When All the World Was Young

Nostalgia, *by Geneviève Gennari (McKay. 270 pp. $4.50), portrays the conflict between materialistic practicality and the "homesickness" for an ideal world peculiar to those for whom life is a mystery. Dorrie Pagones studied literature at the Sorbonne under a Fulbright grant.*

By DORRIE PAGONES

AN OCTOGENARIAN, of course, is a person who has read *Jane Eyre* eight times. Whether this is a matter for congratulation or commiseration becomes an open question when a novelist like Geneviève Gennari appears. For Mlle. Gennari, though sophisticated, contemporary, and French, seems to be a secret octogenarian. The titles of her books might have been coined by Jane herself in a despairing mood: *The Riven Heart, The Other Woman I Am,* and now, *Nostalgia.*

Nostalgia begins with a description of Availle, a village so commonplace "that Nathalie Elikof felt her heart sink when she arrived there on a snowy evening of 1938 in the capacity of governess to the Trabert family." Shades of Thornfield!

But as things turn out it is not Thornfield; there is no Mr. Rochester in the château of Availle (though there is one, of sorts, in the town, who goes by the name of Le Pornic), and the whole Gothic atmosphere disintegrates like moonbeams because this is not 1847 but 1938. The Trabert family is an anachronism that could still exist before World War II but could not survive it. Of them all only the gifted young daughter Diane will learn, at great cost, how to "get out of the Middle Ages" (Le Pornic's advice) and come to terms with the world as it is.

The "nostalgia" of the title is of a kind peculiar to those who, like Diane, believe that life is a mystery: a nostalgia not for past grandeur but for an idealized world that materialists like Le Pornic consider meaningless. In a way, it is the world of childhood. Nathalie, a self-styled "fleshpot," sympathizes with first one and then the other as she narrates their story to its foretold end: Reader, Diane Married Him.

If this novel is not entirely successful (and I think it isn't, good as it is), the failure is not due to lack of imagination or ability, both of which abound, but to a too exclusively feminine point of view. The women seem real; the men don't. This is because Mlle. Gennari appears less concerned with what her men are like than with how her women like them, a defect of female novelists from Jane Austen to Mary McCarthy.

Geneviève Gennari—gothic.

The number of typographical errors is unfortunate. Doubtless every book ever printed has some, but this one got more than its share.

The Baker and the Tart: I have always found V. S. Pritchett's book reviews and literary essays to be among the best around. While seeking out excellence with a clear and knowing eye, he is sympathetic and responsive to the author's aims. Come to think of it, he has most likely been an unconscious cornerstone for my vague—intuitive and certainly uncatalogued—belief that, when they are really good, writers make the very best critics. His constructive criticism can serve as an object lesson to those few critics who seem to view authors as adversaries to be put down and who attempt to make themselves more important than that which they are criticizing, the same learned ones who are not above going for the cheap, easy crack at the expense of their necessarily silent "opponents."

A similar clarity of vision shines through Mr. Pritchett's travel books. He sees neither what he is told he will see nor what his guides attempt to make him see. He sees and describes simply what is there. And in *The Key to My Heart* (Random House, $3.95), a pleasant, low-keyed ramble through the harmless and extremely funny scandals of an English village, he illustrates that he can see and record life in his own backyard with equal accuracy.

Bob Fraser, a young man who has newly inherited his father's bakery, tells the tale, and on the surface it is the story of his attempt to collect a long-overdue debt from Mrs. Beckett, the wealthiest woman in the neighborhood. She is also the stingiest and one of the prettiest. But that is only the beginning. It leads into his involvement with Mrs. Brackett and her charming, layabout, car-enthusiast husband, Noisy Brackett, their superlative rows and temporary divorce, his mother's objections to the manner in which he is or isn't running the bakery business, and all the other happenings that are common to small towns everywhere.

Mr. Pritchett's seemingly effortless and simple style must be an illusion. At any rate, it masks an outstanding gift for characterization. The small town in which I grew up is a continent and many thousand miles removed from this village of his, but I kept "recognizing" either the inhabitants or some of their characteristics. At that point, I came to realize that they weren't peculiar characters at all, but superbly depicted human beings with their droll mannerisms laid bare. This modest and slender volume is of the sort that becomes a well-thumbed favorite in one's library.

One final point: it seems to me that the publishers have overpriced this book. It is puffed out to its 107 pages, actually containing but 85 pages of print along with six excellent illustrations by Paul Hogarth. At a nickel less than four dollars, it does seem a bit steep. —EDWARD HICKMAN BROWN.

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A Classroom in Old Afghanistan

***Land of the High Flags,** by Rosanne Klass (Random House. 288 pp. $5.95), tells of the author's two years as a teacher in Afghanistan a decade ago. Raymond V. Johnson served as representative of The Asia Foundation in Afghanistan from 1958 to 1962.*

By RAYMOND V. JOHNSON

"A BRACELET of sapphires thrown into a clay bowl." With these words Rosanne Klass describes the breathtaking Band-i-Amir lakes sprinkled in a rocky plateau of the towering Hindu Kush of Northern Afghanistan. The same imagery might be applied to her book, *Land of the High Flags,* a sometimes sparkling reminiscence of her two years as a teacher in Afghanistan a decade ago.

By now there are hundreds of American teachers who have had somewhat similar experiences in this landlocked country, and there have been many changes since 1954. But this is neither a period piece nor a prosaic diary, and Mrs. Klass, though inexperienced in teaching at the time, was more than an ordinary teacher. The memories she has dusted off emerge as touching love letters to the Afghans who, in their humility, would not let themselves believe that she really cared.

Having spent four years in Afghanistan more recently, the reviewer can attest to the accuracy and artistry of her miniature of Dar-ul Mo' Allamein Teachers Training College—really a high school—and the enduring quality of its students, teachers, administrators, and problems. This modest pioneering institution, with patient help from Columbia University Teachers College, has now turned out thousands of dedicated young men to tackle the vast job of improving and expanding educational opportunities in underdeveloped countries.

The author shared the excitement of her pupils when they timorously voted by secret ballot for the first time (to form a student committee) and found to their dismay that the "traditional leaders" had not won. Afghanistan has come a long way since Mrs. Klass fell in love with it. Now that the country is blessed with a more democratic constitution, many of her former students must, on reflection, be overwhelmed at their rapid rise from insignificance.

Like an ancient masterpiece from the Ghaznavid court, this book is illuminated with glowing descriptions of Afghanistan's then stark but now blooming capital, Kabul, and the still and starry nights over the 6,000-foot, mountain-ringed Kabul valley; the sometimes cruel, fuel-scarce winters, and the inescapable summer dust; the pandemonium of *Jeshyn* (Independence Week) and the ferocity of the ageless national game of *buzkashi* (a sort of primordial polo played by hundreds of wild-eyed riders on boundless plains); the splendor of secluded Bamian valley and its colossal, defaced Buddhas, who mutely testify to the alternate waves of culture and depredation that have swept from time immemorial across this troubled land.

In the mellowing perspective of the quarter-century since progressive, impulsive King Amanullah was deposed and replaced by a water-carrier, the author is more charitable to him than most Afghan historians have been. To her, this contemporary admirer and emulator of Ataturk emerges as a leader who tried too much too soon with too little support. Now the odds have changed and the Afghans, always proud of their past, are proudly plunging into the future, trying to achieve in decades what they have missed in centuries of isolation.

THE travelogue that opens and closes the book, though well enough done, is an irrelevant distraction from the poignantly perceptive record of Mrs. Klass's intimate confrontation with Afghan character, tradition, and aspirations. Her experiences with domestic servants, while humorous enough, differ only in degree from the experiences of most Americans living abroad who, unused to servants in the United States, find that they have "been hired by a suave tyrant to be his employer."

For those who know little about this once remote country, the book is an affectionate, almost poetic introduction. For those who have not shared even vicariously the excitement of the American "teacher" at large in the underdeveloped world today, it is a frequently touching tale of the frustrations and small achievements that make such a mission worthwhile—and unforgettable.

—*From the book.*

Afghan girl—"always proud of their past, . . . proudly plunging into the future."

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. powerhouse. 2. *Corridors of Power.* 3. . ."with all power and signs and lying numbers." 4. *The Power of Sympathy.* 5. Power mower. 6. "The Power of Malt." 7. The balance of power. 8. Power of attorney. 9. The power behind the throne. (What Pitt actually said was: "There is something behind the throne greater than the King himself.") 10. Florida Power and Light.

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Archeologist on an Oriental Journey

On Ancient Central Asian Tracks, *by Sir Aurel Stein (Pantheon. 290 pp. $5.95), contains portions of the records of four expeditions by the archeologist-geologist-geographer who died in 1943. Supreme Court Justice William O. Douglas's books include "Beyond the High Himalayas" and "West of the Indies."*

By WILLIAM O. DOUGLAS

THERE have been four distinguished travelers in the heart of Central Asia: Marco Polo, Hsuan-tsang (the Chinese Buddhist), Sven Hedin, and Aurel Stein. Stein, who died in Kabul in 1943, was the Britisher who brought distinction to archeological studies of the area beginning about the turn of the century. He was trained in Oriental languages at Budapest and Oxford; he taught at Lahore (Pakistan), and was a member of the Indian Archeological Society. In between he produced an outpouring of scholarly writings, including some in Sanskrit. The present volume contains portions of his accounts of four Central Asian expeditions, all published before but now available for the first time in compact size for the average reader, and edited by Jeannette Mirsky, who adds an interesting introduction.

The book is timely in a historic sense, for it is about an area now under new strategic stresses and strains as a result of Sino-Soviet and Sino-Indian relations. The book throws no light on the present conflicts, but it does put them in their historic setting, and anyone who wants to understand today's crises will profit greatly from this volume.

The territory of Central Asia is bounded by Russia on the northwest, Mongolia on the northeast, China on the east, Afghanistan, Pakistan, and India on the west, and Tibet on the south. It has in its central portion the Taklamakan desert, and is dotted on its perimeter by a series of oases. Part of it appears today on maps as Russian Turkestan but most of it is commonly known as Chinese Turkestan, and is closed to foreigners, even those who recognize the Peking regime. What transpires there is, accordingly, a well-kept secret. But that it played an important role in Peking's recent conquest of Tibet is certain.

Central Asia has for centuries been a crossroads. Aurel Stein's journeys and diggings there determined definite dates for the various tides of conquest and defeat.

—*From the book.*

Painted clay figure of lady rider, from the tomb of Astana cemetery, Turfau.

When China was weak and Tibet strong, the Tibetans moved north and dispossessed the Chinese, leaving their culture behind. The Mongols of Taxila (Pakistan) extended their rule into the country. The Turks—originally inhabitants of Mongolia—migrated south into these basins and became allies of various forces against the Chinese. The Huns of the north, and the Mongols, too, swept down over the mountain passes, raiding the fertile oases. The prizes were not merely the resources and fruits of the oases, but command over the caravan route as well.

IT was by this route that the ancient Silk Road connected Cathay and Europe. Marco Polo traveled it when the Mongols were in control. But before them the Chinese long held undisputed rule over it, and used it to exploit their silk monopoly. The Portuguese sea routes lessened its strategic value, but it maintained its importance to trade down through the nineteenth century.

Aurel Stein's journeys partly involved geography: locating old trade routes, finding the actual sites of cities described by Marco Polo and others, and tracing the Chinese Wall (an extension of the Great Wall) made of reeds and clay and manned by towers that guarded the desolate area for hundreds of miles. He also engaged in topographical or geodetic work (mapping unknown mountain ranges and computing the elevation of their peaks) and in geological research (tracing loess deposits, exploring glacial moraines, discovering ancient stream beds). But he was essentially concerned with archeology, learning from the débris of ancient sites the nature and dates of the civilizations that once flourished there.

HIS accounts are not dressed up with technical details nor are they filled with matters that concern only the experts. As a result, these edited chapters read like detective stories. There are the clues, the logical deductions, and the discoveries. Ancient civilizations come to life; the struggles and privations of early people are relived; the glory as well as the disgrace of old regimes is disclosed; human devotion, dedication, chicanery, covetousness, and greed parade through the pages. The writing shows an archeologist at his best; Aurel Stein brings the ancient days to life with a zest of which the historian is not capable, for Stein deals with personal discoveries while the historian is usually interpreting from second-hand accounts.

Stein walked most of the way on his journeys, scaling heights of 16,000 feet or more and trudging for days through sand. On one trip his horse reared and fell on him; for weeks he was carried by a horse litter. His journeys in the desert were made in large part during the winter, and water was carried in the form of ice. Freezing winds, rugged fare, difficult terrain, long-suffering marches—these are all in the background but not greatly emphasized. Some of the caravan men come alive, and there are poignant passages about his beloved camels. But only those who have seen the surrounding country can begin to appreciate the heroic deeds behind these accounts.

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The Muse Is Always Gay

By ROBERT PACK, *of the Department of English, Middlebury College*

THERE is a handy cliché that is used by numerous reviewers when beginning their little essays on new poetry volumes; it begins something like this: "In this dismal age, one writer stands out . . ." But it is delightful to note that the reviewers do not agree on who is that one writer, that lone light.

Perhaps because so many literary people today are really politicians at heart, it is fashionable for them to be depressed. They mistake the troubles of the world, our social distress (which is of course reflected in our art), with the work of art itself. One of the blessings of art has always been that it can behold the spectacle of evil as if it were a butterfly pinned beneath a glass. Yeats tells us: "All things fall and are built again,/And those that build them again are gay." The goal of the artist, unlike that of the prophet, is not merely to express what he believes or to portray what he foresees, but to give pleasure, to release the delight inherent in shaping some material (even his own pain) coherently and well. To be disgruntled, outraged, or sardonic are the postures that reviewers too easily assume, mostly for their own aggrandizement. One is always more prominent when attacking than when praising.

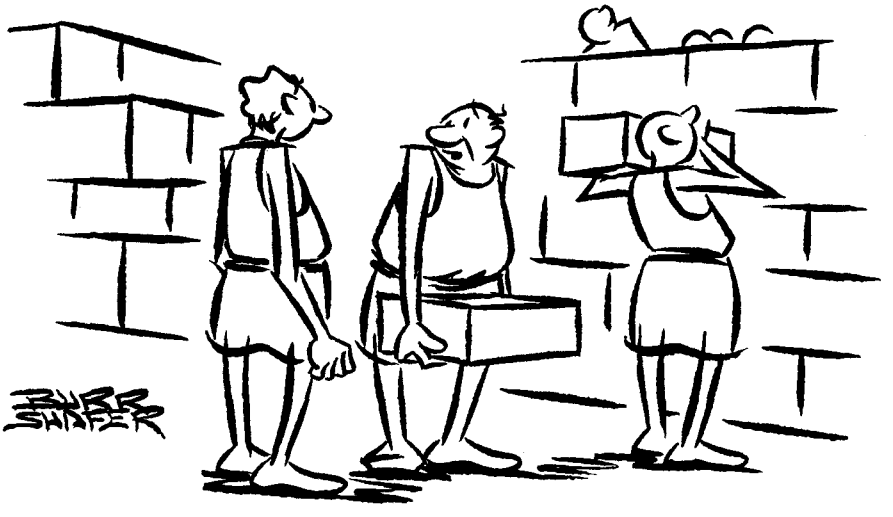
It seems to me that, in spite of the pronouncements, the battle-cries, and manifestoes, the new movements, the liberating breaks from the past—in sum, normal literary to-do and controversy—American poetry is flourishing as well as it has in any period of our history. One can barely keep up with the excellent books that are being written. How much more relaxing it would be for the critic if there were only a handful of works worthy of admiration!

When a poet dies, the critics begin to discover what they have neglected. This, too, I suppose, is normal. If nothing else, we all still respect death. It is only a year, for example, since Theodore Roethke died, but in that short time he has rightfully been acclaimed as a great American poet. The speed of that recognition is important only as a reminder that more good humor, more acknowledged subjectivity, and, most of all, more love of poetry itself, can be helpful to a critic.

Galway Kinnell's first volume of poems, *What a Kingdom It Was*, published only four years ago, contained a long poem, "The Avenue Bearing the Initial of Christ Into the New World," which in many ways replied to Eliot's wordly pessimism. At moments it clearly parodies Eliot: "Behind the Power Station on 14th, the held breath/Of light, as God is a held breath, withheld . . ." This poem, I believe, can stand comparison with the more famous "The Waste Land" in coherence, verbal richness, controlled evocation through images and mythic reference—in every way, in fact, but one: it is not an attempt to break from a particular tradition. Thus it lacks the fascination of innovation, but this does not mean that Kinnell lacks a distinctive voice. The history of art is filled with both consolidators and innovators; surely Yeats is not inferior to Eliot, nor Mozart to Beethoven. And both Yeats and Mozart were individuals without shifting radically from the traditional means of their art. Yeats's leaning toward colloquial speech while holding to strict forms is at the very heart of the tradition of English poetry, from Wyatt through Wordsworth. I labor this point here because of the current infatuation with innovation, change, and revolution. Not all men need to slay their fathers in order to achieve manhood.

What matters finally is the integrity that guides the artist's use of his chosen means so that it reflects his personality and makes full use of his talent. Kinnell possesses this integrity. "The Avenue" has not gone unnoticed, but neither has it been acknowledged for the marvelous poem it is. Has the ordinary reader even heard of it? (Imagine if Tennyson were its author!) Let me quote a section here for the delight of it and because I would like to suggest that in his latest book Kinnell has tended to become more inward, mystical, and visionary:

First Sun Day of the year. Tonight,
When the sun will have turned from
the earth,
She will appear outside Hy's
Luncheonette,
The crone who sells the News and the
Mirror,
The old living thing on Avenue C,
Outdating much of its brick and
mortar.
If you ask for the News she gives you
the Mirror
And squints long at the nickel in her
hand
Despising it, perhaps, for being a
nickel,
And stuffs it in her apron pocket
And sucks her lips. Rain or stars, every
night
She is there, squatting on the orange
crate,
Issuing out only in darkness, like the
cucarachas
And strange nightmares in the
chambers overhead.
She can't tell one newspaper from
another,
She has forgotten how Nain her dead
husband looked.
She has forgotten her children's
whereabouts
Or how many there were, or what the
News
And Mirror tell about that we buy
them with nickels.
She is sure only of the look of a nickel
And that there is a Lord in the sky
overhead.
She dwells in a flesh that is of the Lord
And drifts out, therefore, only in
darkness



THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH
"Romulus must be crazy—he wants this whole thing finished today!"

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Like the streetlight outside the
Luncheonette
Or the lights in the secret chamber
In the firmament, where Yahweh
himself dwells.
Like Magdalene in the Battistero of
Saint John
On the carved-up continent, in the
land of sun,
She lives shadowed, under a feeble
bulb
That lights her face, her crab's hands,
her small bulk on the crate.

In the context of the entire poem, the image of the crone has many meanings, many overtones, related as she is to the mother of Christ: but what is most important is the intensity of her visualized, literal presence. Kinnell's initial commitment is to the look of things, the landscape, the scars and details of city streets. Kinnell takes the greatest care to present the physical details. And he accomplishes this without ever sounding merely factual or assuming the pro-

tected posture of detachment; his narrator's voice always manages to remain lyrical. His commitment to the world he describes is thus always felt by the reader.

In his new book, *Flower Herding on Mount Monadnock*, he becomes more meditative, more philosophical. This new voice sometimes takes him further from his main concern, the theme of pain, for he abandons the look of the world for the meaning of the world; that is to say, he becomes mystical and abstract. But at his best, the object of his meditation is the place of pain in the spectacle of life, someone's pain in a specific setting.

A man stands on the pier.
He has long since stopped wishing his
heart were full
Or his life dear to him.
(From "The River that is East.")

Her shoulder shrugs as though
To drive away birds which, anyway,
weren't intending
To alight. In the harbor the conscript
bugler
Blows the old vow of acceptance into
the night—
It fades, and the wounds of all we
had accepted open.
*(From "The Homecoming of
Emma Lazarus.")*

While the face wheezes for grub,
And sweat skips and splashes from
hummock down to hummock,
And inconceivable love clasps the fat
of life to its pain.
(From "Hunger Unto Death.")

A Bengal poet, disciple of Tagore,
His tongue flickering through his talk
like a serpent's,
Looks from his window on the city.
He says
Each day he has to transcend its pain
anew.
His face darkens by the window and
gives nothing away.
It is his pain, by the love that asks no
way out.
(From "Calcutta Visits.")

On a street crossed by fading songs
I held you in my arms
Until you slept, in these arms,
In rags, in the pain of a little flesh.
(From "To a Child in Calcutta.")

Kinnell's sense of pain seems to me real and unmitigated, and yet there is nothing shrill in its expression, nothing hysterical in the rhythms of his speech. I find something strangely soothing in his easy rhetoric, his natural cadences, and wonder if Kinnell's gentleness comes too close to softness, to sentimentality.

I should try to make clearer what I mean by Kinnell's gentleness, for I think it is one of his distinctive qualities. In the face of pain, without making evil paradoxical and necessary to the good, without diminishing its immediate reality, Kinnell always rises to an affirmation. He makes this affirmation firmly but *sotto voce*, not by a trumpet blast with its questionable bravado. So in the last section of "Spindrift":

What does he really love,
That old man,
His wrinkled eyes
Tortured by smoke,
Walking in the ungodly
Rasp and cackle of old flesh?

The swan dips her head
And peers at the mystic
In-life of the sea,
The gull drifts up
And eddies towards heaven,
The breeze in his arms . . .

Nobody likes to die
But an old man
Can know
A kind of gratefulness
Towards time that kills him,
Everything he loved was made of it.

In the end
What is he but the scallop shell
Shining with time like any pilgrim?

Beautiful as I find this poem, some-

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thing in me holds back. There is an invisible presence that Kinnell perceives, as in "the mystic/In-life of the sea," that he has not really made visible to me, and for that reason I am not consoled as he seems to be. To speak of the old man as a "pilgrim" detracts from the more convincing reality of the "Rasp and cackle of old flesh." Does Kinnell assume that the mystery of things is in some way benevolent? Or is he simply less afraid of old age and death than I am? Perhaps Kinnell will go on to render the mystery he believes in more palpably to others' senses, or perhaps he will show what it is within himself that bestows benevolence on what he beholds of human anguish. It is the virtue of his art that he evokes in his reader a personal response and a demand for even further revelation of who he is and what he sees.

When writing about a historical event that is itself of titanic proportions, a poet suffers the danger of having his imagination seem trivial compared with the imagination of the gods who created that history. When confronted by mass horror, it is almost impossible to speak without sounding self-conscious and presumptuous. Edgar, watching mad Lear and blind Gloucester, says as little as possible: "I would not take this from report. It is, and my heart breaks at it."

And so it would seem that beyond the reporting and the statistics (inevitably inadequate), there is nothing more that one could say than the terrifying "It is" when confronting the agony and death of the battle of Stalingrad. But silence is a luxury that we cannot allow ourselves. The poet must speak as best he can.

Rather than try to encompass the magnitude of that horror in its historical proportions, James Schevill in *The Stalingrad Elegies* attempts to portray the final consciousness of some of the fated soldiers, to catch whatever humanity was left to them to die with. By refusing to seek an understanding of modern war, or defining how it was different to die in that time and that place, Schevill has evoked the inscrutability of twentieth-century violence and left the taste of its continued menace in our mouths. But the power of the book exists mainly as a reminder of something that has truly happened, a reminder of a nightmare from which we cannot escape by waking into a changed and improved reality.

The individual poems are weaker than the book as a whole, for the characters are dwarfed by their doom. (Could anyone's imagination have made it otherwise?) And Schevill's language, though never soft, does not have the intensity that its subject requires. The dying soldiers, writing their last letters, are inevitably self-conscious, as if the prospect of death had turned them from soldiers into poets (as in "The Two Women," quoted below), and so their

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fear, the depth of their anger and confusion, their pain, is not fully revealed. But, of course, I too am guessing, supposing that this fear, confusion, and pain *was* the reality.

Once more only I can write. You know
I always wrote to two women, "The other one" and you.
Today, when I can write To one person only, my letter shall go to you, my wife, a last note scribbled in the snow.
I ask you to be generous, forgive
The wrong I have done you.
Go to her and tell her
That I owe her a great deal;
Greet her, please, *you my wife.*
This old triangle is freezing to two.
So much to be written. One must learn when
To stop after being taught the world is always beginning.
Five men are left in our company, five sagging bodies.
We have grown tired . . .
A false word for horror. No ammunition is left to be fired.
Tell everyone you know, including her,
I found my way back to you at the moment which
Takes me away from you forever.
Forever . . . Stupid exchange,
But minutes are all I can trade.
Around me, dead in the snow,
I see how time is made.

Surely there is pathos here and stark sorrow, but does it reveal or obscure this particular man? Does he speak in his voice or the voice of his author? When he says, "I found my way back to you/at the moment which/Takes me away from you forever," are we meant to see his thought as banal, despite the circumstance? Can it be anything but ironic, a doomed man clutching the straw of a sentiment that can never be tested? Or are we simply called upon to feel pity? This is not ambiguity; rather, the poem is simply incomplete: both character and perspective are lacking.

I am thankful, nevertheless, that Schevill has written this book, for I believe that the spread of chaos, the violence we have almost grown accustomed to, requires the poet's careful reporting as well as his powers of expression. An event need not merely be an excuse for a poem; like the Bible, a poem should be a way of bearing witness to unfathomable happenings. This, I think, is what Schevill has boldly attempted to do, and with sufficient success to encourage other poets in writing the "inner" history of our time.

About the Cover

"The towers series reaches its climax with the *Nostalgia of the Infinite* . . . The composition . . . includes a number of the most effective properties of de Chirico's strange world of reverie—a foreground box or abandoned van, a portico sidling into view, a shadow cast by an unseen presence, two tiny figures dwarfed by their vast setting, empty windows in the tower whose pennants blow vigorously amid an atmosphere otherwise totally inert. The image is especially piercing and memorable in that its thin pigment is astonishingly luminous, almost incandescent, as though lighted from beneath the canvas.

"If the *Nostalgia* evokes an extraordinarily dreamlike illusion of infinite space and quiet, we must not disregard the skillful plastic formality through which the illusion has been achieved. Because de Chirico was intent on restoring to painting a sense of poetic mood (and this in an era when most advanced artists were bitterly repenting romanticism's ecstasies and tears), his early art is often judged solely by lyric as opposed to classical standards, a fact about which he himself protested at the time of his first one-man show, held in Rome in 1919: "The word *metaphysics*, with which I have christened my painting ever since the time I worked in Paris during the subtle and fertile pre-war years, caused annoyance, bad humor and misunderstandings of considerable proportions among the quasi-intellectuals on the banks of the Seine. The customary sarcasm, which soon degenerated into a hackneyed phrase, was: *c'est de la littérature.*'

"It is true, of course, that nearly all of de Chirico's early paintings are dominated by their oneirocritical content and in this sense might conceivably be thought 'literary' on casual glance. But the hushed spatial serenity of the *Nostalgia* is achieved through a quiet abstract handling of form, testifying to the atavistic impetus of the artist's Renaissance heritage. The image is one of the most concentrated in all of de Chirico's early art. It is as well an eloquent illustration of Nietzsche's theory, proposed in *The Will to Power*—'The phenomenal world is the adjusted world which we believe to be real.' "

—James Thrall Soby in *Masters of Modern Art,* Museum of Modern Art.

World College

Continued from page 32

was difficult for the students to grapple with was the actual diversity of American political opinion within the American system of government. Students would, for example, attack the American government because Senator Goldwater argued against the test-ban treaty, and for a time no amount of reference by others to President Kennedy's speeches and public statements could convince most members of the student body that the United States Government genuinely wanted the test ban. The assumption was usually made that the government could take a liberal policy line if only it wanted to, and there was little understanding of the link between public policy and the voting power of the electorate.

No matter at what point discussions of foreign policy began, they usually ended in a discussion of American policy. Although this was in one sense flattering to America and its place in world affairs, it often distorted the issues themselves. What saved the situation intellectually was the fact that, owing to the college context, it was impossible to view America in anything but a world perspective. The faculty was not American and, by virtue of its scholarly objectivity, remained consistently nonaligned. The one American student was both quiet and in some ways more critical of America than the other students. Thus, in the absence of American defense against criticism, the critics made their wildest statements, as it were, into the open air.

The assumption was made almost universally at the beginning that America was responsible for the problems of the world, in having created them, and was therefore responsible for cleaning them up. The way to clean them up was to accede to the demands of the critics for changes in policy. The foreign aid program was taken for granted rather than valued as a twentieth-century departure by the United States from the norm of nationalist economic exploitation, and it was generally assumed that the foreign aid, being mostly military in character, was simply a means of buying military alliances. It was also assumed, without question, that this richest of countries was automatically responsible for the poor ones and that the poorer countries had a perfect right to expect financial aid, without strings.

As the study of world affairs continued, and research topics were chosen by the students in consultation with their tutors, the clichés of world thought began to disappear in favor of analysis in depth of the multi-sided and complicated nature of the issues. One

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research paper on the Negro and James Baldwin by a European student, which began as an exposure of the evils of the American treatment of the Negro, developed, as the sessions went on, into a paper on social imagery, using the thesis of Baldwin's *Nobody Knows My Name* as a theme for illustrating the difficulty of accurate social perception of the reality of cultural differences. The fact that the writer was a Communist made the enlargement of understanding even more gratifying.

The implications of the experiment for future programs of world education and for eventual development of a world university or universities are striking. There was no doubt in the mind of anyone in the student body or faculty that something quite remarkable had happened during the short life of the college. Visible progress had been made in developing a new kind of curriculum in the arts and sciences. The individual research papers, which ranged from the analysis of the politics and ethics of nonalignment to the description and appraisal of three international universities (Tagore's Santiniketan, Moscow's Friendship University, and the Experimental College in Copenhagen) were in themselves a contribution to the content of a new curriculum. Each student learned to know and to understand in some measure the cultural values and individual virtues of societies other than his own. The hope of the faculty that students could be taught to look at the world from the perspective of world citizenship was in large part realized.

Were the East-West Center in Hawaii to be expanded conceptually to include students and scholars from everywhere in the West and East, Communist and non-Communist alike, and from all seven continents, rather than acting as an American link to Asia, it would approach the new concepts reached by the World College experiment. If Friendship University in Moscow were expanded in concept to include non-Communist Western and Eastern students, faculty, and curriculum, rather than serving as a training center for Soviet technology, it would become a world university.

In other words, we learned how it could be done and what it would mean if it were done. Aside from anything else, the experiment produced a wealth of ideas for developing within American institutions of higher education programs of study and research by foreign students that would not only enrich the American curriculum but would greatly increase the dimension of world understanding of both Americans and foreign students alike. To call upon the resources of students from abroad in constructing inner communities of world citizens within the larger framework of the American student body would provide a series of models not unlike the one we constructed on Long Island. It would also help to avoid that particular kind of dislocation which occurs when foreign students come to the United States and are educated into a trained incapacity to readapt to the conditions of their home country.

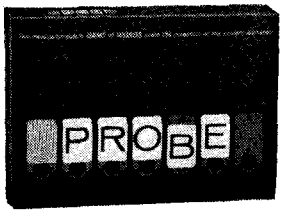
In summary, I think it is fair to say that the experiment demonstrated not only that a world college is possible, but that one direct way toward that possibility lies in building world communities within national boundaries as forerunners of the day when a world community can be developed on a world scale. The point received dramatic illustration on the last day of the college. As one can imagine, by the end of the session we had become a community of persons bound together by friendships, common interests, and a genuine sense of unity. Into that community, on the final day, came a group of ten young Negroes who were active as members of the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee in Georgia, Virginia, Alabama, and Mississippi; they were on a brief ten-day vacation from jails, beatings, and demonstrations.

After the visitors swam with the World College students (there were helter-skelter relay races organized between the Communists and the Western nations), the young Southerners joined us for the final seminar. Each of them spoke briefly, in a quiet way, describing his jail life, his experience with police brutality, and his reasons for joining the movement. Then their young leader described the philosophy of nonviolence. Immediately the World College students joined in discussion. Some of them had also been in jail, others had seen oppression by their governments. They spoke of the strategy of freedom, revolution, protest movements, and totalitarianism. Some attacked the philosophy of nonviolence and advocated stronger measures.

The American visitors then patiently explained why they loved their country, what democracy meant to them, and why they wished to find a way, through sacrifice, by which democracy could be made to work on a world scale.

At the close of the seminar, the young Negroes invited us to join them in singing "We Shall Overcome." As the wide circle of young people from everywhere in the world, white and black, Asian and African, Western and Eastern, stood side by side with their teachers and their new American friends, singing "We shall make a new world," in a world's variety of voices and accents, all trace of cynicism, skepticism, and even self-consciousness vanished. At that moment, each knew in his bones that to make a new world was possible.

F_SCI_A_I_G . . . . *Got the word?*



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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1597

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Reasons why.	3 80 199 169 178 16 86 97 133 125
B. Formerly, source of much brilliance at Versailles (2 wds.).	28 92 81 179 56 194 23 123 39 71
C. Framing of panes in a glazed opening (2 wds.).	77 100 22 20 48 157 57 5 175 103
D. Gala event; important celebration (2 wds.).	82 76 182 118 127 147 74 78 187 8
E. One essential cleansing implement in modern hygiene.	107 43 98 176 34 159 49 192 200 42
F. Followed by *November*, Guy Fawkes' Day (3 wds.).	99 146 171 188 111 141 149 52 2 4
G. Two actions, other than taking a step either of which the new toddler might take (3 wds.).	130 120 148 31 163 38 44 7 90 47
H. *Unfurling; uncurling*, etc.	14 66 138 115 50 181 195 164 10 137
I. The "only evidence of life", acc'g to Cardinal Newman in his *Apologia Pro Vita Sua* (2 wds.).	191 88 40 166 112 13 180 30 35 24
J. Praise ye the Lord!	139 197 19 55 174 105 190 102 63 72
K. Between flying craft, as communications (comp.).	25 83 145 140 183 167 54 96 117 58
L. Communicated by a certain *signal-telegraph*.	165 196 67 142 87 36 114 134 73 106
M. Begun but not completed; inceptive.	184 129 170 108 160 116 84 151 198 18
N. A Christian philosopher of the Middle Ages.	152 143 85 156 61 109 154 79 135 45
O. Offer to buy, frequently submitted to an auctioneer *before the sale is open* (2 wds.).	158 132 173 21 185 95 119 122 75 94
P. Below.	64 136 9 29 69 1 11 189 110 46
Q. Number of steps in a popular whodunit, articles of faith among Anglicans, the age of a famous comedian (comp.).	161 155 172 60 32 89 68 124 93 37
R. Material used to stuff or cover furniture.	70 51 150 128 26 121 65 168 6 62
S. Madly; frantically.	193 12 113 17 162 33 59 27 91 53
T. Advocate of the doctrine of nihilism.	15 104 144 177 153 101 186 131 126 41

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second and Third Editions.

				1 P	2 F	3 A		4 F	5 C	6 R		7 G	8 D	9 P		10 H	11 P
12 S	13 I		14 H	15 T		16 A	17 S	18 M	19 J	20 C		21 O	22 C	23 B		24 I	25 K
26 R	27 S		28 B	29 P		30 I	31 G	32 Q	33 S	34 E		35 I	36 L	37 Q		38 G	39 B
40 I	41 T	42 E		43 E	44 G		45 N	46 P	47 G	48 C	49 E	50 H	51 R	52 F	53 S	54 K	55 J
	56 B	57 C		58 K	59 S	60 Q	61 N	62 R		63 J	64 P	65 R	66 H	67 L	68 Q		69 P
70 R	71 B	72 J	73 L	74 D		75 O	76 D		77 C	78 D	79 N	80 A		81 B	82 D	83 K	84 M
85 N	86 A	87 L	88 I	89 Q	90 G	91 S		92 B	93 Q	94 O		95 O	96 K	97 A	98 E	99 F	100 C
101 T		102 J		103 C	104 T	105 J	106 L		107 E	108 M	109 N	110 P		111 F	112 I	113 S	114 L
115 H	116 M	117 K	118 D	119 O		120 G	121 R		122 O	123 B	124 Q	125 A	126 T		127 D	128 R	129 M
130 G	131 T	132 O	133 A	134 L	135 N	136 P	137 H		138 H	139 J	140 K		141 F	142 L	143 N	144 T	
145 K	146 F	147 D	148 G		149 F	150 R	151 M	152 N		153 T	154 N		155 Q	156 N	157 C		158 O
	159 E	160 M	161 Q	162 S	163 G	164 H	165 L	166 I		167 K	168 R	169 A	170 M	171 F	172 Q	173 O	174 J
175 C		176 E	177 T	178 A		179 B	180 I	181 H	182 D	183 K	184 M	185 O	186 T		187 D	188 F	
189 P	190 J	191 I	192 E	193 S	194 B		195 H	196 L	197 J	198 M	199 A	200 E					

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 16 of this issue.

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"Sad Day in Texas" and Other Folk Matter

By LAWRENCE COHN

A NUMBER of excellent blues anthologies have appeared lately, but none has quite the impact of *Can't Keep from Crying*, which is subtitled *Topical Blues on the Death of President Kennedy*. (Testament S-01, $3.98, available from Box 1813, Chicago, Illinois). It presents eleven songs concerned with the assassination of President John F. Kennedy. These tragic ballads may well be among the most important collections in a long-neglected area of folksong. Few artists devote themselves to the creating of *new* topical songs, and this collection is a reminder of the value inherent in such songs.

The songs evince poetry of varying degrees of quality and originality, and one of the very best offerings is by Muddy Waters's pianist, Otis Spann, called "Sad Day in Texas." It is a dark, introspective, brooding recital of the events of that tragic day:

> Only man I ever, I ever loved in my life,
> Was my President Kennedy and I also loved his wife.

Such deep, devotional references, directed from one male to another, are rare and unusual in recorded blues (save when they are pointed toward an abnormal relationship). Spann's sensitivity and sorrow are *totally* masculine and mournful. Big Joe Williams, always an exciting and forceful performer, sings "A Man Amongst Men" in much the same powerful manner as he did the President Roosevelt epic "His Spirit Lives On" some years ago. The attendant poetry is an amalguam of reshaped traditional items and original text:

> I went home and put on my television,
> looked at Washington-town,
> Saw six white horses carrying President Kennedy,
> to the burying ground.

James and Fannie Brewer, a husband-and-wife team, both of whom are blind, have absorbed the adjunct musical traditions of Negro country blues and white country music. On the track "I Want to Know Why," which features the rhythmic melding of their two guitars, they exercise the blues singers' prerogative of poetic license by restating, and recasting, the actual events of the assassination so that it relates:

> It was one cold, cloudy day,
> Our President went away.

Although the sun was shining brightly in Dallas on that eventful day, the Brewers employ the not uncommon imagery of equating death with darkness, cold, and a "cloudy day." The constantly sung lament "I Want To Know Why," is a suppliant query indicating the total futility and absolute lack of purpose to the tragic event of the assassination.

The Brewers also do, jointly, "When We Got the Message" in straight white country style. In their text they include omnibus references to President Kennedy's travels and to his wife and specific mention of his children.

The remaining performances also strike responsive notes and range from Mississippian Avery Brady's "Poor Kennedy," a darkly passionate offering in the Delta style, to the devotional country spiritual of Mary Ross, "President Kennedy Gave His Life," which draws the analogy:

> Jesus died on Calvary cross,
> President Kennedy died with a bullet in his head.

Most all of the selections contain inspired folk poetry of value, are topically creative, and are of more than routine interest. Peter Welding's accompanying notes are a knowledgeable and scholarly introduction to the vivid area of the topical song.

A number of other excellent blues anthologies have been released.

The Country Girls: 1921-1935, (Origin OJL-6, $4.98), consists of a group of some of the rarest recordings imaginable. It is almost a foregone fact that most collectors of some years' standing will never have heard a number of these records until they obtain this release. The quality is almost uniformly outstanding, with the rough-hewn singing of Nellie Florence, both the singing and guitar playing of Lottie Kimbrough, and two of the best sides recorded by Memphis Minnie setting the pace. *Blues 'n Trouble*, No. 2 (Arhoolie F 1012, $4.98), includes two giants of the blues in Lightnin' Hopkins and Big Joe Williams, but the real interest is in the zydeco track by Paul McZiel and Wallace Gernger. The LP is varied and includes, in addition to guitar performances, some good piano by the late Mercy Dee and Robert Shaw. Another item from Arhoolie is *Texas Blues* (R 2006, $4.98), which features post-World War II material by such artists as Hopkins, Thunder Smith, Lil' Son Jackson, and others. For anyone interested in the Texas tradition of the blues (post-World War II) this item is a must. They were all originally recorded by Bill Quinn in Houston for his Gold Star label, 1948-51, and stand as collectors' items even though they are of comparatively recent vintage. For the "mouldy-fig" *Blues Classics 2: The Jug, Jook and Washboard Bands* ($4.98) offers a group of, for the most part, collectors' items extending from country blues such as "Atlanta Town," by the Chassey Collins group, to the semisophisticated "Bucket's Got a Hole In It," by Washboard Sam and his band (which includes Big Bill Broonzy and some jumping piano by Black Bob). Of all the recent jug-band collections, this one has the widest representation of styles and is important both historically and stylistically. For a survey of recent faces performing in the Chicago area, *Chicago Blues* (Spivey 1003, $4.98) presents several of them, including Homesick James Williamson, John Henry Barbee, and Cocoa Taylor. The performances vary in quality.

The smaller companies have continued with their policy of reissuing major blues figures. One of the giants of Mississippi blues is Charlie Patton, and the Origin pressing OJL-7 ($4.98) is the second complete collection of rare, to say the least, Patton recordings. Charlie Patton, considered by many to be the best of all Delta blues men, is an exciting vocalist and his over-all sound is totally from "the roots" of the blues. Indispensable. *Blues Classics 1: Memphis Minnie* ($4.98) is the very first complete LP devoted to a rather well-known figure in the blues world. Although she is no longer active, her work spanned the better part of thirty years and she was easily the best of all woman blues guitarists. The songs here date from 1929, "When the Levee Breaks," to 1942, "I'm So Glad," with stops along the way for "Me and My Chauffeur Blues" and the great "Black Rat Swing," to cite only a few. Sleepy John Estes shows up on *1929-40* (RBF 8, $5.95), a collection of some of his outstanding efforts, many of them the reason he has been remem-

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bered down through the years; it is an essential item for all blues collections. Unique in his moaning vocal approach, he has had few, if any, imitators, and this is an opportunity to hear him at his very best.

In the contemporary recording field there are a number of unusually interesting items. Takoma has released *Mississippi Blues Vol. 1: Bukka White* (B 1001, $4.98). White, whose fascinating story is told in detail in the accompanying notes by Ed Denson, is well known almost solely because of the records he made for the ARC company in 1940, among them the famed *Fixin' to Die*. On this LP he continues to show his preoccupation with train-type pieces and also includes a talk about Charlie Patton. He has lost none of his biting, driving guitar and his voice shows little, if any, change. Of the many "rediscovered" blues artists, White is one of a handful who sounds as well today as they did on their original recordings years ago. Piedmont has issued two veritable gems: *Worried Blues-Mississippi John Hurt* (PLP 13161) and *Memphis Gospel Singer-Rev. Robert Wilkins* (PLP 13162, $4.98). This is the second Hurt release on Piedmont and, if anything, is better than the excellent initial offering. Recorded live, it presents the artist in a relaxed atmosphere whose intimacy has been transferred to the recordings. Robert Wilkins made a number of blues records in the period 1928-35, and this is his first session since then. Although he no longer sings blues (the words have been replaced by gospel messages), his guitar is no less exciting than in bygone days. Master of the bottleneck and Hawaiian styles of guitar playing, he is also an urgent, moving vocalist; his extended version of "The Prodigal Son" and "Do Lord Remember Me" are but two of the selections included. This is undoubtedly one of the finest and most important recordings to be released thus far this year. *Delta Blues* (Arhoolie F 1021, $4.98) is a complete collection of yet another great Mississippi bottleneck guitarist, Fred McDowell. His sound is typically that which is associated with blues from the Delta region, and he demonstrates the powerful emotional approach generally expected of the better artists from that area. No refinements here, just hard, tough, down-to-earth blues and plenty of excitement. *The Guitar and Banjo of Rev. Gary Davis* (Prestige/Folklore 14033, $4.98; stereo 14033, $4.98) consists of solo efforts by the well-known Reverend Davis. Although one misses his growling street shouting, it is a rare treat to hear him in the capacity of solo instrumentalist. "Maple Leaf Rag," a piano piece transferred to the guitar, is the high level of accomplishment, but his "Candy Man" and "United States March" are no less intricate and interesting. The blues-tinged "Mister Jim" and "Can't Be Satisfied" echo both early Davis and Blind Boy Fuller. Josh White in *In The Beginning* (Mercury MG 20724, $3.98; stereo SR 60724, $4.98) hasn't sounded as good in ages. In an all too short visit with some of his earlier material, he is spurred on by the pulsating mouth harp of Sonny Boy Williamson No. 2 (Rice Miller). The result is a solid performance in all respects.

Two piano recordings of interest are *Rough and Ready* (Testament 2202, $4.98), featuring hard-driving boogie-woogie by Jimmy Walker and Erwin Helfer (including both solo performances and duets), and *Hard Drivin' Blues* (Delmark 607, $4.98), which features fabled barrelhouse man Roosevelt Sykes. The former is invaluable for the excellent performances and, even more so, for the fact that it is one of the very few boogie-woogie LPs of any consequence currently available. The latter, just about the best available collection of Sykes-lore, includes a number of unusual items.

THERE are some fine performances coming from the younger crop of white singers who have chosen the blues as their medium of expression. Jesse Colin Young (*The Soul of a City Boy*, Capitol T 2070, $3.98) is one of those unexpected pleasures that happen along too rarely. He is a twenty-three-year-old with unusual sensitivity, a formidable blues approach both vocally and instrumentally, and obvious creative potential, and his first three tracks, "Four in the Morning," the Lightnin' Hopkins-influenced "You Gotta Fix It," and the unusual treatment of "Rye Whiskey," set the mood for this most convincing and successful initial effort. *Eric Von Schmidt* (Prestige/Folklore FL 14005, $4.98) is an exemplary effort by one of the better young blues artists. A delicate guitarist, he also excels on mandolin and mouth harp while his singing shows rare sensitivity and understanding. Jug band devotees will surely appreciate *Jolly Joe and his Jug Band* (Piedmont PLP 13160, $4.98), for it is easily one of the very best "revival" jug groups to have recorded thus far. These four Marylanders romp through twelve skiffle arrangements, all of them either traditional blues or directly derivative therefrom. *Lots More Blues, Rags and Hollers* (Elektra M EKL 267, $4.98; stereo EKS 7267, $5.98) involves John Koerner, Dave Ray, and Tony Glover, a young threesome who have absorbed more of the tradition of country blues than seems humanly possible. The boys are creators, too, not just parrot-type imitators. Ray is a masterful twelve-string guitarist with a deep, driving voice, Koerner an exciting singer and a "thumping" guitarist, and Glover an unusually fine mouth harpist. *The Blues Project* (Elektra EKL 264, $4.98; stereo EKS 7264, $5.98) is subtitled "a compendium of the very best on the urban blues scene" and comes close to being just that. An anthology of some of the best young white blues artists, the collection is also well documented by Paul Nelson. Featured are Mark Spoelstra, Eric Von Schmidt, Dave Van Ronk, the aforementioned Koerner, Ray, and Glover, and others.

RCA Victor's seventh reissue album of Jimmie Rodgers songs appears with the set entitled *My Time Ain't Long* (LPM 2865, $3.98). These sixteen tracks by the most influential, but not necessarily the best, of all country singers includes two rather pale items made with the famed Carter Family. These are little more than exercises in country chatter, but the two tracks that he shares with Sara Carter are among the best things he ever did.

Addenda: Special mention must be made of the Folk-Legacy label (Huntington, Vermont) a concern devoted to the preservation and recording of traditional material. They have slowly built up an outstanding catalogue that includes: Frank Proffitt, (FSA 1; all records are $4.98), the North Carolinian who is without a doubt one of the truly great traditional performers of this country; Hank Ferguson, whose *Behind These Walls* (FSA 13) is a look into the much-neglected tradition of the white prison inmate; Hobart Smith (FSA 17), another legendary figure whose traditional repertoire and instrumental capabilities is seemingly endless; and Lawrence Older, an unusually fine artist (FSA 15, *Adirondak Songs, Ballads and Fiddle Tunes*). Max Hunter, a rich baritone, sings *Ozark Folksongs and Ballads* (FSA 11), while Howie Mitchell, a most sensitive singer and dulcimer player (who also plays guitar, five-string banjo, and autoharp) appears on FSI 5. There are a number of other releases of interest equal to those already described, and all records are completely and expertly annotated with source material identified and texts included.

—LAWRENCE COHN.

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RECORDINGS REPORTS: Jazz LPs

TITLE, PERSONNEL, DATA	REPORT
Hank Crawford: *True Blue*. Crawford, alto saxophone and piano; with sextets and septet. Atlantic 1423, $4.98; stereo, $5.98.	Crawford's *forte* is the blues, but what makes his records interesting is the way he uses the limited instrumentation for big-band effects. The performances are more than the customary sequences of desperate, overlong solos; the unpretentious ensembles and backgrounds give them agreeable contrasts in texture and emphasis. Crawford's saxophone playing is not impressively original, but it has a forlorn, lamenting quality which suits these contexts well. He plays piano ably on two tracks and there are attractive trumpet solos by Phil Guilbeau and John Hunt, the latter's muted choruses on the excellent "Shooby" being particularly fanciful.
Duke Ellington: *Plays with the Original Score from "Mary Poppins."* Ellington, piano; and fourteen-piece orchestra. Reprise R-6141, $3.98; stereo, $4.98.	As on the album of popular hits (R-6122) reviewed last month, Ellington and his orchestra again triumph over unlikely material, and so brilliantly that anyone intending to see the movie should see it first to avoid the risk of anticlimax. Except for "The Perfect Nanny" and "Step in Time," all the numbers are transmuted into jazz of an exciting kind, the process being wrought with the utmost in surprise and variety on "Chim Chim Cher-ee," "Jolly Holiday," "Sister Sufragette," and "The Life I Lead." On the last, Buster Cooper and Cootie Williams are uncredited soloists. Williams's plunger-muted trumpet makes a great contribution throughout, and there are solo statements of the expected elegance and distinction from Harry Carney, Johnny Hodges, Paul Gonsalves, Russell Procope, and Jimmy Hamilton, who together form what is surely the finest saxophone section of all time. The album also marks the recorded debut of a very talented bassist, John Lamb.
Terry Gibbs: *Take It from Me*. Gibbs, vibraphone; Kenny Burrell, guitar; Sam Jones, bass; Louis Hayes, drums. Impulse 58, $4.98; stereo, $5.98.	Anyone with a penchant for the vibraphone sound will find this a crisp, pleasant, and well-recorded set. Gibbs plays with conspicuous facility, though sometimes too busily, so that his work then seems to have more flash than significance. Hayes and Jones worked together in Cannonball Adderley's group and, with Burrell, form a very stimulating rhythm team. The guitarist is constantly constructive in accompaniment and his solos are relaxed and graceful. "Take It from Me" and "Honeysuckle Rose," both at good medium tempos, are the most satisfying performances.
Benny Goodman: *Hello, Benny!* Goodman, clarinet; and thirteen-piece orchestra. Capitol T-2157, $3.98; stereo, $4.98.	Goodman leads a capable band of West Coast musicians through arrangements by Tommy Newsom, Bill Holman, Joe Lippman, and Gerald Wilson, but the major interest attaches to three by the late Fletcher Henderson that were never before recorded—"Great Day," "The Lamp Is Low," and "Them There Eyes." After any prolonged interval, Henderson's methods and voicings are wonderfully refreshing. The feathery sound of the four saxophones (no baritone) and the lift and lilt of his backgrounds have the simplicity of genius. In fact, it is easy to understand from this new evidence what trombonist Dicky Wells meant when he said that Henderson's arrangements "used to make musicians feel bright inside."
Coleman Hawkins: *Tenor Hierarchy*. Nine performances featuring tenor saxophonists Hawkins, Ben Webster, Don Byas, Chu Berry, Frank Wess, Flip Phillips. Mainstream 6019, $3.98; stereo, $4.98. Roy Eldridge: *Era of the Swing Trumpet*. Ten performances featuring the trumpets of Eldridge, Jonah Jones, Bobby Hackett, Hot Lips Page, Cootie Williams, Sidney De Paris. Mainstream 6017, $3.98; stereo, $4.98.	Most of the recordings in these two collections from the Commodore catalogue are distinctly rewarding. The emphasis is on the tenor saxophone in the first and on the trumpet in the second, but several of the same groups appear on both. The tenors are dominated by Coleman Hawkins, who plays "Dedication" with accompaniment by piano, bass, and drums only, the pianist on "I Surrender, Dear" being Benny Carter. Though not given solo space equal to the horns, the pianists—Marlowe Morris, Teddy Wilson, Art Tatum, Dave Riviera (with Jonah Jones), and Clyde Hart (on five tracks)—are scarcely less deserving of attention. In the second set, Jonah Jones and Coleman Hawkins swing with overwhelming vitality on "Hubba Hubba Hub" (1945) and "Esquire Bounce" (1943), respectively.
Woody Herman: *Golden Favorites*. Herman, clarinet and vocal; with fourteen-piece orchestra and trio. Decca 4484, $3.98; stereo, $4.98.	The twelve performances here derive from 1938-44 and include such successes as "Woodchopper's Ball' and "Blue Flame," not to mention "Who Dat Up Dere?" featuring Ben Webster on tenor saxophone. The Herman groups of this period hadn't the drive and personality of the 1945 Herd, but they showed an understanding awareness of the achievements of the great Negro bands. Herman, who plays two numbers with the rhythm section only and is the album's principal soloist, always manages to imply that a good time is the main objective.
Stanley Turrentine: *A Chip Off the Old Block*. Turrentine, tenor saxophone; Blue Mitchell, trumpet; Shirley Scott, organ; Earl May, bass; Al Harewood, drums. Blue Note 4150, $4.98; stereo, $5.98. Jimmy Smith and Stanley Turrentine: *Prayer Meetin'*. Smith, organ; Turrentine, tenor saxophone; Quentin Warren, guitar; Donald Bailey, drums. Blue Note 4164, $4.98; stereo, $5.98.	These two sets seem to stretch Stanley Turrentine's imagination almost to the breaking point. The long performances often reveal a fight for ideas and continuity that makes uncomfortable listening. Unless in inspired form, such small groups require sketches of some substance to enframe the improvisations. Frank Foster's "Blues in Hoss' Flat" and Neil Hefti's "Cherry Point" are notably helpful in this respect on the first record, but the paraphrase of the Basie arrangement of "One O'Clock Jump" is not very successful. Turrentine is generally superior on the set with his wife (Shirley Scott), but Smith's organ-playing gives the other the edge in terms of energy and urgency.
Ben Webster: *Soulmates*. Webster, tenor saxophone; Thad Jones, cornet; Joe Zawinul, piano; Sam Jones or Richard Davis, bass; Philly Joe Jones, drums. Riverside 476, $4.98; stereo, $5.98.	Kansas City and Vienna, in the persons of Ben Webster and Joe Zawinul, get along together very satisfactorily in this album, one well worth searching for now that Riverside is *hors de combat*. Webster plays the ballads with melodic sensitivity and a feeling of personal involvement that give them a warmth quite foreign to most of the prevalent, many-noted exercises on chord sequences. Thad Jones joins him for four medium-tempo swingers, and Philly Joe Jones underlines the proceedings imaginatively. The notes include a strong commentary by Bill Evans, who claims that freedom of expression "is the natural outcome of disciplined work" and cites the musicians engaged here as having "drawn their craft alike from the same basic traditions."
Jimmy Witherspoon: *Blues Around the Clock*. Witherspoon, vocal; Paul Griffin, organ; Lord Westbrook, guitar; Leonard Gaskin, bass; Herbie Lovelle, drums. Prestige 7314, mono and stereo, $4.98.	At his best, Witherspoon resembles Joe Turner, but his artistry is more transparent and he is prone to an overly dramatic display of emotion. At his worst (as on "He Gave Me Everything" and "You Made Me Love You"), he descends to maudlin depths as Ray Charles does. Yet, like Turner again, he bridges the gap between the country blues singer and that *rara avis*, the jazz singer, and when tempo and lyrics are right he can be very convincing. The accompaniment here is effective: Westbrook and Lovelle distinguish themselves and the organist translates traditional phrases that would be no less—and no more—appropriate on harmonica. —STANLEY DANCE.

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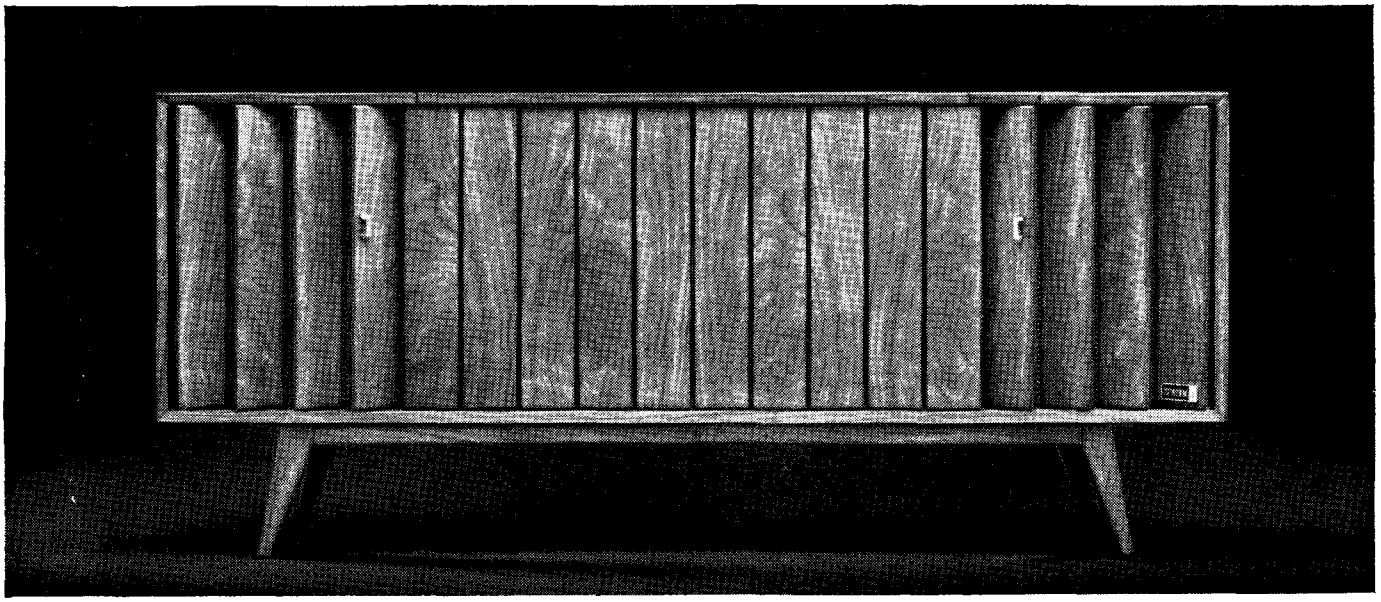

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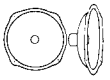
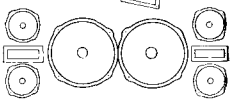
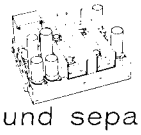
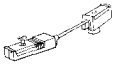
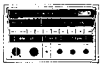
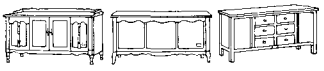
Zenith takes two giant Woofers  adds the brilliance of Zenith Exponential Horns and a precision quartet of Zenith Mid-Range Speakers Eight Speakers in all  Now, whether you like your music HIGH AND MIGHTY or SWEET AND LOW, Zenith's 240 watt (120 watts E.I.A.) Solid State Amplifier  gives you the finest sound reproduction in home console stereo. For the finest sound separation, Zenith adds the Stereo Professional Record Changer with the famous Zenith Micro-Touch® 2G Tone Arm  that makes it impossible to accidentally ruin your fine stereo records. Next Zenith builds in a quality radio tuner  that lets you enjoy brilliant AM, crystal-clear FM, and exciting Stereo FM Radio. And then Zenith wraps it all up in a fine-furniture stereo cabinet to bring you the world's finest home stereo instrument. See and hear all the new 1965 Zenith quality stereos...in a wide variety of fine-furniture consoles  one priced just right for you...now at your Zenith dealer's. Pictured at the top, Zenith Romberg, Model MM2670W.

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The Thirty-two by Kempff

WILHELM KEMPFF'S performance of Beethoven's thirty-two sonatas is a study in contrasts. On the one hand there is the pianist's ability to identify with a piece of music; on the other, there is his total lack of sympathy with certain works. The result is a unpredictable essay on how Beethoven should and should not be played.

All of this is amply apparent on ten Deutsche Grammophon discs that were originally released some ten years ago and have now been remastered and generally improved, though they appear in monaural only and are not, understandably, the equal of present-day recordings (KL-42-51, $59.80). This in itself is nothing to be said against the set—they are not so lackluster in sound that it is a penance to hear them. But what is vexing is Kempff's failure to establish a ubiquitous point of view, one that embraces all that is strongest and most viable in the composer's work. He is, as a matter of fact, rather casual and cavalier about fully half of the thirty-two, and even when a number clearly galvanizes his interests, his process of communication is not always in focus.

What is most strange about all this is that it is not confined to any single style characteristic of Beethoven, but ranges throughout the entire flood of his works. It has happened, and we can all cite examples, that a pianist is graceless in dealing with the composer's early sonatas, only to turn vigorous and brave in the handling of Beethoven's middle period and monumental in his approach to the last epoch of the composer's creativity. Or else he may sweep blithely through the pieces of Beethoven's youth and stumble treacherously when confronted with his maturity. Not so Kempff. His erraticism is centered on no one aspect of the varying Beethoven styles. Instead it can be encountered from work to work, with a lovely performance of, say, the Sonata No. 4, Op. 7, followed by a rumpled rendition of the Sonata No. 8, Op. 13. It is impossible to know in advance what to expect from a Kempff interpretation. Works bearing the same afflatus of inspiration, deriving from the same era of Beethoven's productivity, are dealt with in profoundly different ways. There is, indeed, no common denominator to his playing, no over-all policy, if you will, to guide his achievements.

This, in all honesty, is never the way with great Beethoven specialists, among whom Artur Schnabel stands as the ultimate. With Schnabel every sonata, from the first to the last, aroused his curiosity and he refused to play in public any piece that had not been filtered through his own incredible artistic personality. His version of the Thirty-two,

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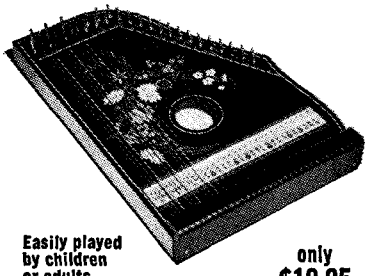

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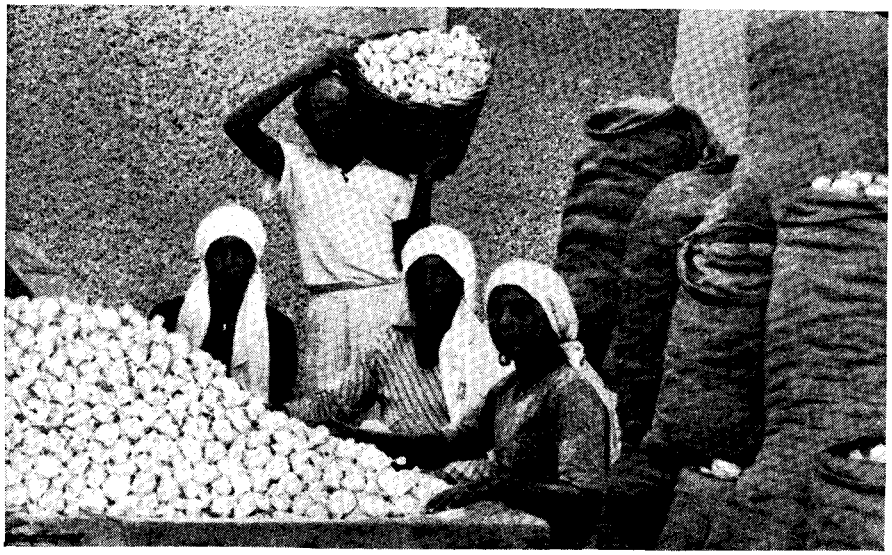
on Angel, is a historic document attesting to a lifetime of traffic in the divers Beethoven styles, and while his printed edition of the sonatas does not invariably correspond to his actual playing of them, he managed in some extraordinary way to find exactly the right expressive gestures to give Beethoven scope and meaning. He was never guilty, as Kempff is, of allowing his interest (and ours) to sag; his convictions—and they are granitic—have a way of rubbing off on the listener, of becoming an unforgettable part of his total experience.

This you will not find in the playing of Wilhelm Kempff, for he does not appear to feel strongly about the meat and manner of the Beethoven sonata literature. Even in the Opp. 109, 110, and 111 there is more a suggestion of what the composer had in mind than a realization of it. These works, with their subterranean power, their richness of mood, their overwhelming intensity, need urgency of interpretation if they are to lash out at the hearer. They are not, certainly, just a collection of notes to be struck and left, though you would never know it from Kempff's renditions. Strangely, quite the opposite is true of the *Hammerklavier* Sonata, which bursts with energy and lights up the room with its brilliance. Every phrase is molded plastically, every rhythm snaps with precision, every harmonic nuance glows hotly. There is in this reading a depth of passion not often encountered either on records or the concert stage; it is masterful playing of a sort that remains long in the ear.

Much the same might be said of Kempff's versions of the *Les Adieux* and *Appassionata* Sonatas and, for that matter, many of the middle-period works. At his best the pianist can divine Beethoven's intentions and turn them to his advantage. When this happens it is not difficult to understand the reasons underlying Kempff's reputation, since at his peak he makes music in the grand tradition. Still, there is no denying his unevenness, his fluctuating and desultory attempts at grasping the whole of Beethoven. And there is no overlooking what is basically an unreliable piano technique. The Thirty-two are crowded with errors, many more of them than are found in the Schnabel performances which legend has it—and legend is wrong—were insecure where finger dexterity is concerned. Tonally, Kempff substitutes a certain unrelieved grayness for the piano's brighter, lighter shades.

So there you have it—Beethoven's Thirty-two played by a famed pianist in a highly unpredictable way. Some of it, as has been indicated, is to the king's taste, while the rest no menial could approve. —Jay S. Harrison.



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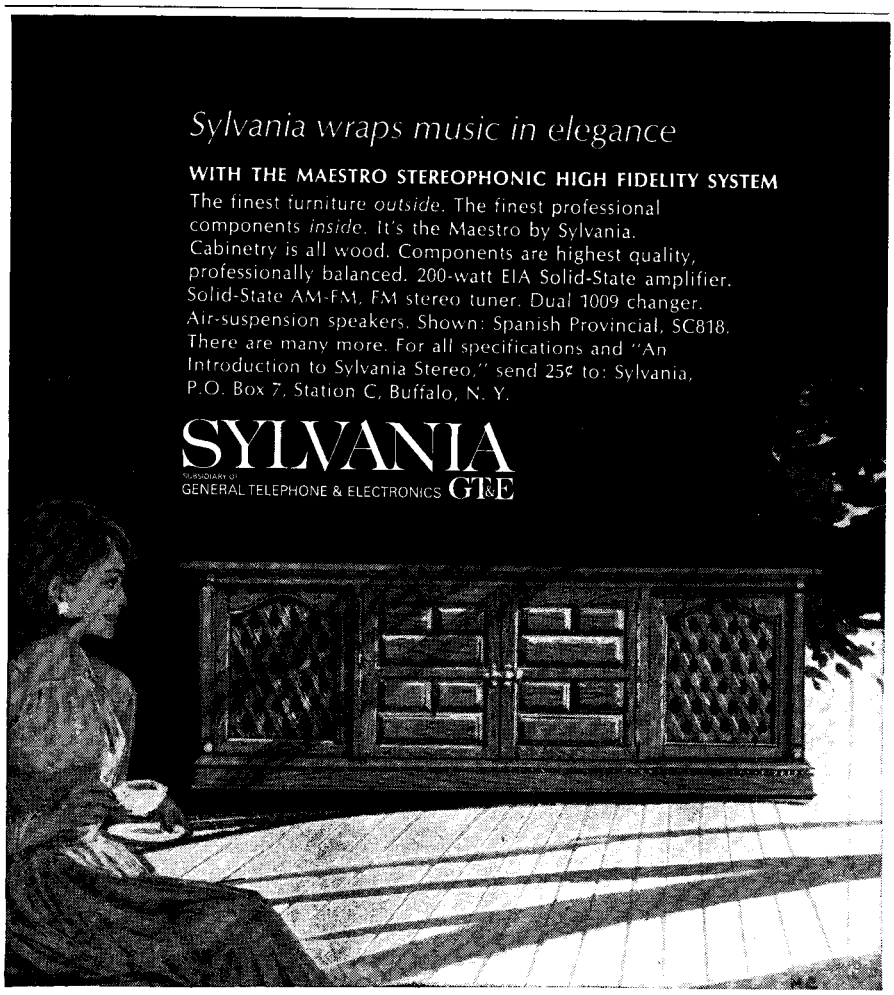
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RECORDINGS REPORTS: Stage and Screen

TITLES, PERSONNEL, DATA	REPORT
Oklahoma!: by Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II. John Raitt, Florence Henderson, Phyllis Newman, Ara Berberian, Irene Carroll, Jack Elliott, and Leonard Stokes, with Franz Allers conducting. Columbia OL 8010, $4.98; stereo OS 2610, $5.98.	Abetted by Philip Lang's sprightly new orchestrations and the firm directorial hand of Franz Allers, an attractive cast provides a reminder of just how jaunty and fresh *Oklahoma!* still is, some twenty-one years later. John Raitt, who played Curly in the first road company of the show, repeats the role, and his *élan*. Vocally in fine fettle, he also brings warmth and sentiment to his portrayal, attributes that are duplicated in the captivating performance of Florence Henderson.
The King and I: music by Richard Rodgers, lyrics by Oscar Hammerstein II. Members of the revival cast of the Lincoln Center Production, including Risë Stevens, Darren McGavin, Michael Kermoyan, Lee Venora, Frank Poretta, Patricia Neway, and Eric Brotherson; with Franz Allers conducting. Victor LOC 1092, $4.98; stereo LSO 1092, $5.98.	This recording of *The King and I* features the revival cast of the production that inaugurated the Music Theater of Lincoln Center last July, which is to say that Risë Stevens is Anna, with Darren McGavin as the aristocratic King of Siam. Both artists offer valid characterizations without, however, seeming to be entirely comfortable in their roles. There is a certain lack of humor, an affectedness that dims, if only partially, the elegance of the songs they sing. The rest of the cast, on the other hand, cannot be faulted: Lee Venora is charming as Tuptim, Frank Poretta is fine as her lover, Lun Tha, and Patricia Neway is deeply impressive in her one, all too short appearance as Lady Thiang.
The King and I: music by Richard Rodgers, lyrics by Oscar Hammerstein II. Barbara Cook, Theodore Bikel, Jeanette Scovotti, Daniel Ferro, and Anita Darian; with Lehman Engel conducting. Columbia OL 8040, $4.98; stereo OS 2640, $5.98.	Another sumptuous recording of *The King and I* offers Barbara Cook and Theodore Bikel in the lead roles. Miss Cook brings an altogether captivating piquancy to the part of Anna, and happily she finds a perfect foil in Bikel, with his indomitable energy, sturdy voice, and impetuous humor. Unfortunately, the other members of the cast do not quite measure up to their counterparts on the above-mentioned Victor album.
Werner Müller on Broadway: Werner Müller and his Orchestra play "She Loves Me," "Mack the Knife," "Seventy-Six Trombones," and nine other Broadway songs. London Stereo SP 44047, $5.98 (not available in mono).	A dozen top-drawer show tunes have been regimented into march tempo and fitted out with tinseled, gaudy orchestrations, not to mention a few whistling choruses. The result is a glittering, fast-paced visit to the Great White Way, but the endlessly brassy swagger of the performances pales after a while, and one looks in vain for the individuality that made the songs great in the first place.
Mary Poppins: music and lyrics by Richard M. and Robert B. Sherman. An original cast soundtrack recording, with Julie Andrews, Dick Van Dyke, Glynis Johns, Ed Wynn, many others; Irwin Kostal conducting. Buena Vista BV 4026, $4.98; stereo BVS 4026, $4.98.	Richard M. and Robert B. Sherman, house composers for the Walt Disney studios, have produced a minor masterpiece in their score for the current film *Mary Poppins*. Naturally, many of their tunes were written specifically for a young audience, but they have a graceful elegance that recalls the scores for *Pinocchio* and *Dumbo*. And if the flavor here is strongly similar to *My Fair Lady* (the setting is again Edwardian London), the songs are nonetheless full of wit and warmth. Julie Andrews is positively radiant in this, her first screen role; Dick Van Dyke is a bundle of fun as her irrepressible Cockney friend, and the other cast members contribute fetching performances one and all.
The Night of the Iguana: Music from the original soundtrack of the film, composed and conducted by Benjamin Frankel; also five Mexican songs by Los Tres Guaramex, "inspired by the motion picture." MGM E 4247, $4.98; stereo SE 4247, $5.98.	The mental torment that besets the main characters in *The Night of the Iguana* finds a ready echo in the brooding background music provided by Benjamin Frankel. There is a quiet effectiveness to some of the scenes, but elsewhere the music's convolutions have little meaning divorced from the visual elements they were designed to accompany. Interspersed among the sound-track extracts (and actually outnumbering them, seventeen minutes to fourteen) are several Mexican folk tunes that have nothing whatsoever to do with the film or its music.
Becket: Music from the original film sound track, composed by Laurence Rosenthal, conducted by Muir Mathieson. Decca DL 9117 $4.98; stereo DL 79117, $5.98. *Becket:* Dialogue highlights from the original film soundtrack, starring Peter O'Toole and Richard Burton, with John Gielgud; narration written and spoken by Peter Glenville; music composed and conducted by Laurence Rosenthal. RCA Victor LOC 1091, $4.98; stereo LSO 1091, $5.98.	The current film adaptation of Jean Anouilh's play *Becket* has produced two fascinating recordings: the Decca release of the sound-track music (integrating ecclesiastic, folk, and original themes) and an RCA album of the spoken matter. Laurence Rosenthal has completely revised the score he first wrote for the Broadway production of *Becket,* thickening its texture and vastly expanding its scope. Austere Gregorian chants (and composed melodies in Gregorian style) portray the imposing rites at Canterbury, while the personal conflicts are reflected in impressive orchestral passages of sturdy, robust power. In RCA Victor's album are some fifty minutes of dialogue scenes from the film, woven together by Peter Glenville's lucid narration. Peter O'Toole and Richard Burton are superb protagonists as the King and his Archbishop, and John Gielgud is outstanding in one short scene as Louis VII of France. Laurence Rosenthal reorchestrated and rerecorded sections of his background score for this disc, but here the music is clearly subservient to the spoken word.
Garbo! Greta Garbo in dialogue scenes from *Camille, Mata Hari, Anna Karenina,* and other films, with the Messrs. John Gilbert, Frederick March, Melvyn Douglas, Robert Taylor, *et al.;* foreword spoken by Walter Pidgeon. MGM E 4201, $4.98 (mono only).	Movie buffs could ask no greater boon than what is forthcoming in this unique album: dialogue scenes from nine of Greta Garbo's MGM films, starting with her first talking picture, *Anna Christie,* and extending through *Ninotchka* in 1939. The roster of artists sharing the spotlight could hardly be more impressive (John Barrymore in *Grand Hotel,* Charles Boyer in *Conquest,* Clark Gable in *Susan Lenox,* etc.) but the focus remains squarely on Garbo.
Film Spectacular, Vol. II: Stanley Black conducts the London Festival Orchestra in music from *My Fair Lady, Lawrence of Arabia, Cleopatra, Summer Place, Magnificent Seven, Gone with the Wind,* and *Spellbound*. London stereo SP 44031, $5.98 (not available in mono).	A symphonic suite extracted from Leonard Bernstein's music for *On the Waterfront* takes first honors in this appealing assortment of film scores old and new. On the rest of the disc the musical atmosphere is decidedly less dynamic, with Stanley Black leading his symphonic forces through performances of such cinematic staples as *Spellbound* and *Gone with the Wind*. Also included is an extended medley of tunes from *My Fair Lady*.
Nothing But the Best: Music from the original film soundtrack, composed and conducted by Ron Grainer; title song performed by Millicent Martin. Colpix CP 477, $3.98; stereo SCP 477, $4.98.	Ron Grainer's music for the satiric British film comedy *Nothing But the Best* has a certain mocking humor of its own. Bits and pieces of familiar tunes pop up every so often (from "Gaudeamus Igitur" to "God Save the Queen"), the instrumentation is full of ingenious surprises, and the music itself veers cheerily back and forth between perky, rhythmic passages, mildly jazzy segments, and spoofish outbursts of rowdy rock-'n'-roll. Nothing of any great profundity here, but an inventive score nonetheless. —Robert Sherman.

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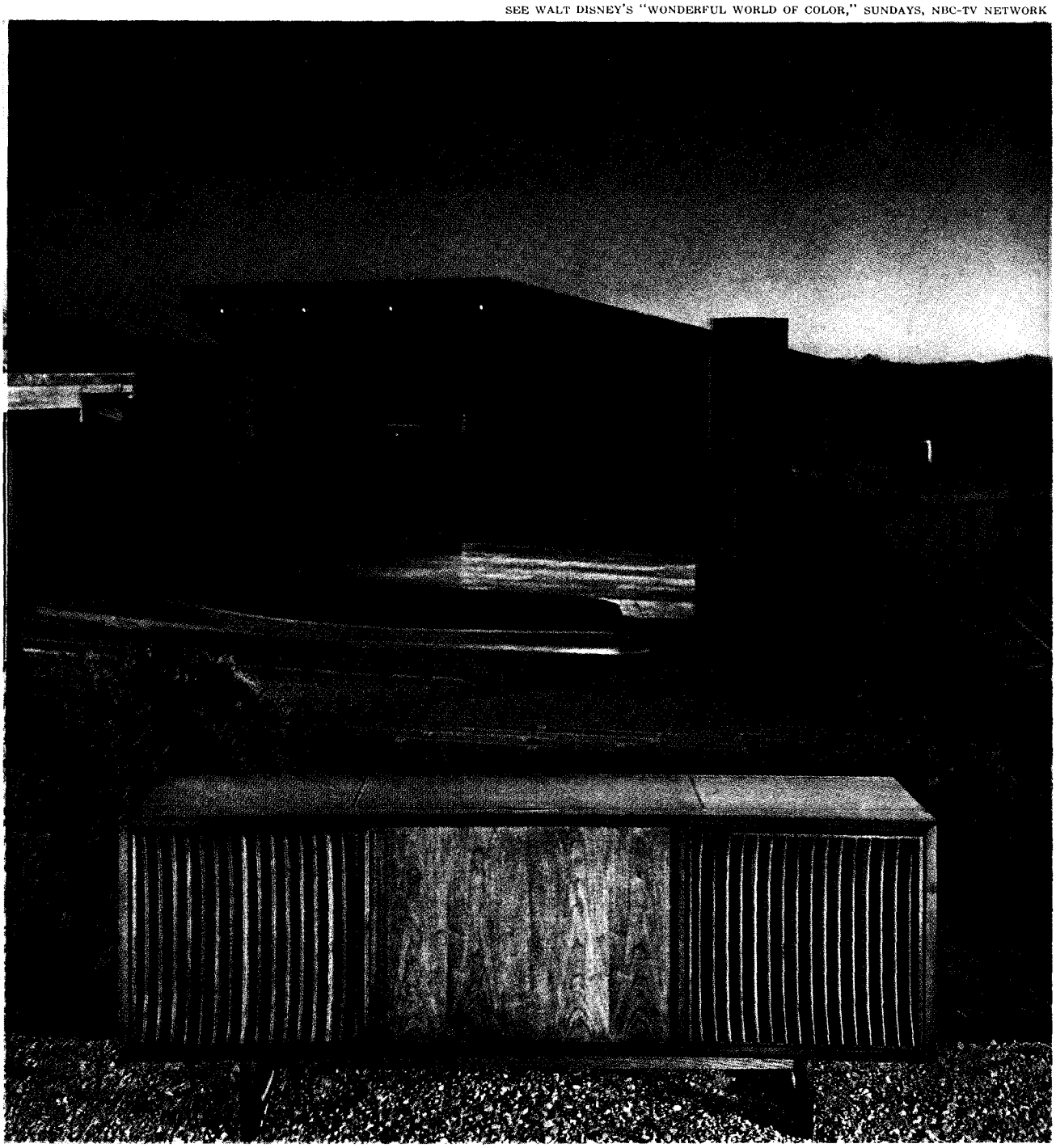

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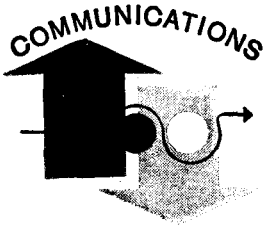
COMMUNICATIONS

Communications Editor: RICHARD L. TOBIN



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The Audit Bureau of Circulations at Fifty

HALF A century ago, the true circulation of most U.S. newspapers and magazines was a dark secret hidden in an unlighted cavern of claims and counterclaims, an inextricable tangle of fantasy and fact. No one really knew whether any given circulation came close to approximating the truth and, indeed, many American publishers before 1914 padded their readership or claimed circulation figures far in excess of reality. That year, not without opposition and with considerable smarting, the Audit Bureau of Circulations was founded to give printed journalism a standard and some sort of circulation respectability.

Objectives of the Audit Bureau were in 1914 and still are 1) to issue standardized statements of the circulation of published members; 2) to verify the figures shown in these statements by auditors' examination of any and all records considered by ABC to be necessary; and 3) to disseminate circulation data only—that is, facts without opinion. In the words of Kenneth Laird, Chairman of the Board of the Audit Bureau of Circulations, this outstanding example of industry self-regulation brought "clean daylight into the dim grotto of print circulations" and, for fifty years, has defined and enforced high standards and adapted to an ever-changing publishing environment.

For half a century, then, the ABC has been a shining example of self-regulation in the publishing and advertising businesses. At its recent golden anniversary convention at the Waldorf, its financial soundness, record membership, and dedicated purpose in the print media field were all perfectly apparent. Also apparent was the fact that the ABC enters its second half-century with a big question mark. The question is whether the Audit Bureau of Circulations should widen its functions to take in other types and areas of auditing, such as trade-show traffic and, more pertinent to agency and advertiser, broadcast rating figures. A green light has been given a study of the possibility of going into these areas, foreign until now to a cooperative association of nearly 4,000 advertisers, advertising agencies, and publishers of daily and weekly newspapers, business and farm publications, and magazines in North America.

What the ABC has done for the print media is, quite simply, to establish a common language by which media buyers can know exactly what they are investing in and publishers can receive honest credit for their circulation product. Approximately three-fourths of all print media circulation available to advertisers in North America today is verified circulation, meticulously and dispassionately reported in accordance with the standards of ABC, a nonprofit cooperative. If some such accurate and dependable measurement could be adapted to the sprawling broadcasting business, the media buyer would not be buying a pig in a poke, as is so often the case nowadays, and networks and stations, on the other hand, would be getting full and accurate credit in a highly competitive field.

Several broadcasting systems ratings are used at present, locally and nationally, but there is no commonly accepted and provable ABC of broadcasting. There is, oddly enough, some magazine opposition to the branching

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out by the Audit Bureau of Circulations into the broadcast rating field, on grounds that heavy additional duties might dilute the ABC's strong factual base and, of course, that magazines and newspapers might lose one of their foremost arguments in the promotion of their own products. For, should the Audit Bureau of Circulations find a way of bringing broadcast rating figures, trade show traffic, and other competitive circulations into a sharper and more factually provable focus, the print media could no longer say, as they now claim with considerable truth, that an ABC-audited circulation is one thing but the guessed-at size of a gigantic and variable television audience is something else again.

Both magazines and newspapers ought to realize, however, that the fact of the nonexistence of an ABC in the broadcasting business is a two-edged sword. The electronic media can make all sorts of audience claims and these claims cannot be disproved any more than they can be proved in the highly competitive national advertising arena. Whether the broadcasting industry develops its own self-regulation or comes eventually under the umbrella of the Audit Bureau of Circulations is irrelevant. What the advertiser and the advertising agency need are facts, not fantasies. Claims and counterclaims can only breed distrust, waste, and confusion. As Chuck Bennett of the ABC pointed out privately during the convention, this isn't going to happen overnight; but he would not be willing to give odds over some such extension of the ABC's jurisdiction by the mid-1970s. We feel that print media should welcome such forward thinking as enlightened self-interest. Certainly the advertiser, the agency, and a bewildered public will. —R.L.T.

The New Republic at Fifty

Speaking of golden anniversaries, our esteemed friend, *The New Republic*, celebrates its fiftieth birthday this week, having grown from an initial print order of 875 copies to 130,000 paid subscribers, plus 6,000 copies sold per week on the newsstands. As recently as the beginning of the Kennedy Administration *The New Republic* had a circulation of only 40,000, but in the last two and a half years it has shown a stunning growth pattern. Robert Luce, its publisher, writes: "*The New Republic*, alas, has never been in the black, but the hope is that the break-even point can be reached fairly soon now—my private guess is in approximately thirty months." We hope it's a lot sooner. —R.L.T.

Letters to the Communications Editor

Communications on the Right

As an eighteen-year-old member of the John Birch Society, I would like to point out a couple of errors in Richard L. Tobin's editorial "Fall Reading on the Right" [*SR*, Oct. 10]. First of all, you stated that the John Birch Society asked its members to write letters to the Xerox Corporation. That part is true. But then you go on to say the "man of industrial substance and community stature" will write Xerox and suggest that he will boycott Xerox's products. This part is untrue. Mr. Welch, in his monthly bulletin, told us that we were *not* to write Xerox and tell them we would boycott their products, but we were just to tell Xerox that we disapprove of their spending $4,000,000 to advertise the United Nations. Also, we were asked not to write form letters; each letter was supposed to be different.

George H. Diamond Jr.

Rockford, Ill.

R.L.T.'s editorial on the Overstreet book made me want to read it at once. If this book is to answer or balance right-wing and other extremism, it should be a paperback like the books the extremists publish. What went wrong, that one side has no comparatively priced source of information and comment?

D. Kamen-Kaye.

New York, N.Y.

Please forward this letter to the Xerox Corporation. Praise, first, should be given to Xerox for underwriting the U.N. TV specials (and other exceptionally fine programs in the past). Secondly, and perhaps more far-reaching, this corporation can provide the tremendous service of a "barometer" for public support of the United Nations. And thank you, Mr. Tobin, for a long-awaited summary of the hate campaign. It has been greatly needed and will be well circulated.

Mrs. Robert D. Craig.

Olney, Tex.

With reference to R.L.T.'s editorial, the Hunts and the Smoots and the McIntires have been spewing their poison upon the deserts of the Southwest for all of the nine years I have lived here. The Overstreets are too late by at least two years. President Kennedy has been dead for one of those years.

Sylva Gilmore.

Tucson, Ariz.

Communicologists and Classrooms

The article by John Tebbel, "What's Happening to Journalism Education?" [*SR*, Oct. 10], is the best statement I've seen to put the communicologists in their place. To a professional journalist, whether he operates in a classroom or a newsroom, a communicologist is only a cut above a government bureaucrat—and maybe more subversive. There's no doubt that the research nuts have their place, but let's keep them there: in the psychology or sociology departments, not in journalism schools.

Getting a Ph.D. would hike my salary and probably draw a measure of approval from some of the campus traditionalists—but I'll never make the effort. Oh, I'll take some graduate courses, but they'll be ones that *I* choose, not those imposed by some damfool committee of Ph.D.s whose combined tenure in newsrooms probably wouldn't exceed eight months.

College students gripe about the "busy work" that some professors require—work that keeps them occupied but does nothing to improve them. Many Ph.D. programs in journalism nowadays are composed mostly of busy work, with all the dangers and weaknesses Mr. Tebbel points out.

It's too bad that reprints of Mr. Tebbel's article can't be sent to all the country's college presidents and deans of liberal arts colleges. But congratulations for printing it once, anyway.

William Metz,
Assistant Professor of Journalism,
Bradley University.

Peoria, Ill.

Mr. Tebbel's latest remarks on the plight of journalism education [*SR*, Oct. 10] show that he feels himself to be a voice crying in the wilderness. Undoubtedly he is. He should be encouraged, however, by the fact that the wilderness usually is where the truth-sayers are consigned.

As the Sage of Baltimore said many years ago: "No normal human being wants to hear the truth. It is the passion of a small and aberrant minority of men, most of them pathological. They are hated for telling it while they live, and when they die they are swiftly forgotten. What remains to the world, in the field of wisdom, is a series of long tested and solidly agreeable lies."

Robert L. Phelps,
Assistant Professor,
Stout State University.

Menomonie, Wis.

John Tebbel's superficial report on "What's Happening to Journalism Education?" seems unfortunately to be only another nonconstructive attempt to split further the so-called trade professionals from the communications researchers. The new breed of communications researcher and social scientist that Mr. Tebbel criticizes may at times be guilty of academic snobbery. But fortunately Mr. Tebbel's article reflects a weakness on his trade school side—a defensive approach apparently stemming from a mild inferiority complex.

As one of the social science-oriented graduate students, I applaud journalism's new emphasis because: 1) the first responsibili-

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ties of a mass communciations (journalism) program should be to society and the university and not to the publisher or station owner; and 2) The student can be helped to *think* instead of just mostly to write for his first six months on the job.

It is enlightening but unfortunate that a few of the "old school" journalism teachers resist new approaches involving journalism and much of higher education. Apparently this resistant group believes that journalism education shouldn't change with the changing mass media and changing needs in society. Apparently this group believes that there shouldn't be room for both good sociology-psychology and trade-oriented programs.

Instead of bickering, shouldn't journalism educators try to put their efforts constructively into improving the several types of programs? Shouldn't the focus be on a variety of programs so that the individual student can be guided into the specific approach best suited for his interests and real needs?

DAVID L. GREY.

Minneapolis, Minn.

MORE THAN fifty years ago, I became the first woman graduate of the first school of journalism in the world, the University of Missouri. From there I went on to be the first woman reporter in Kansas City. Eighteen years later, for various reasons, I took a master's degree in journalism in order to teach it. My training served me well, and I would have been lost on a newspaper without it. This September my granddaughter entered the University of Missouri as a freshman in prejournalism. She will have a wider academic background than I had, and her technical training will be better. She will have more choice of jobs than I had (I took one gratefully at $8 a week after graduation), for journalism schools have long been accepted by editors, and the graduates are competed for today almost as ardently as engineering graduates. Undoubtedly there is room for journalism research. But for newspaper work the school of journalism, with the valuable addition of photojournalism, is doing highly satisfactory work. A Ph.D. in journalism prepares for teaching and more research. Indeed, the gobbledegook of most graduate schools might well unfit anyone for the practice of journalism. Ask any of the prominent editors today if he has a Ph.D. in journalism. He will laugh.

MARY PAXTON KEELEY.

Columbia, Mo.

Mr. Dabney Clarifies Some Points

CERTAIN POINTS need to be made in reply to Mr. Luna and Mr. Bardeen, spokesmen for cotton fiber paper manufacturers, who have commented [*SR*, Sept. 12] an my article "New Ways to Permanent Files" [*SR*, May 9] urging publishers of important books and magazines to use the "permanent-durable" papers that are now available at reasonable cost.

In the first place, Mr. W. J. Barrow, whose remarkable researches into the durability of paper were dealt with at some length in my article—and also in that of former Dean Virginia Gildersleeve [*SR*, May 14, 1960]—does not question the durable qualities of rag paper, when it is largely acid-free. In his just-published seventy-nine page booklet "Permanence/Durability of the Book—II: Test Data of Naturally Aged Papers," he points out that papers made of long, strong, well-purified fibers (cotton and linen are the strongest) have great longevity when they contain little or no acidity.

The chief problem with respect to rag papers (now made from textile clippings rather than actual rags) is their much higher cost and the fact that some of the manufacturers have failed to meet Mr. Barrow's requirement of non-acidity. There are numerous examples of all-rag acid papers manufactured between 1800 and the early years of this century that show extremely poor lasting qualities.

Next in durability and permanence to the best modern rag papers and much lower in price are the various types of papers made of strong, well-purified chemical wood fibers. These papers were the principal subject of my article, and it was pointed out there that Mr. Barrow has made a rough calculation that the best of them will last up to 2,000 years. I noted that "there is an admittedly substantial margin of error in calculating the lasting qualities of these papers," but added the incontrovertible fact that "they are vastly superior to those that begin deteriorating badly in fifty years or less."

Mr. Barrow, who readily concedes that these estimates depend on data based on laboratory and naturally aged papers, has been engaged for the past third of a century in the United States, Europe, and South America, on the invitation of leading libraries, in restoring deteriorating documents, ranging in age from the twelfth century to the twentieth. His activities in many parts of the world give him rare insight into the problems involved in the deterioration of paper found in libraries and archives.

Both Mr. Luna and Mr. Bardeen contend that the lasting qualities of the recently produced strong, well-purified, chemical wood fiber book papers recommended by Mr. Barrow have not been established by the "test of time." But this is equally true of cotton linters—not those made from rag fibers, but the short small ones obtained from cotton seed—often found in papers marked "100% cotton." However, both exhibit good stability under laboratory methods of evaluation.

Mr. Barrow had difficulty, at first, obtaining acceptance in some quarters for the correctness of his theory that acidity in paper is one of the greatest causes of deterioration. It is noteworthy that the Crane Company, one of the principal rag paper manufacturers, has just begun making an all-rag, acid-free paper. It was brought into production partly at the instigation of Clifford K. Shipton, director of the American Antiquarian Society, and Douglas Bryant, Harvard University librarian. It will be used by Harvard and can be obtained by others.

Persons wishing to inquire further into the lasting qualities of naturally aged papers, with and without acidity and made of rag or chemical wood fiber, may obtain without cost Mr. Barrow's above-mentioned publication, "Permanence/Durability of the Book—II," by writing W. J. Barrow Research Laboratory, Virginia Historical Society Building, Box 7311, Richmond, Va.

VIRGINIUS DABNEY,
Editor, Richmond *Times-Dispatch*,
and Chairman, Publications Committee,
Virginia Historical Society.

Richmond, Va.

Attention Kaselow and Lazarus

I SHOULD LIKE to correct a quotation attributed to me by Mr. Joseph Kaselow in his article entitled "Madison Avenue—A Necessity in Politics" [*SR*, Oct. 10]. Mr. Kaselow quotes a statement from the *News Workshop*, a publication of the New York University Department of Journalism. The remarks ascribed to me were the transcription by a journalism student of an oral interview on the subject of advertising techniques in politics. The specific sentence that is inaccurate is: "Voters aren't influenced by them" (advertising techniques). Of course, this is an absurdity on its face. What I did say is that in the voter behavior studies that have been published to date, candidate orientation (or the response of voters to a political image) has been a much less significant factor than party affiliation. I did not state nor did I imply that advertising techniques of "selling candidates" had no influence on voter behavior. Since I did not see the original article, I cannot say that Mr. Kaselow has misquoted it. However, there has been a misquotation somewhere along the line, and I take this opportunity to correct it.

RITA W. COOLEY,
Professor of Government,
New York University.

New York, N.Y.

GEORGE LAZARUS appears to be a man with meager knowledge of market research [*SR*, Sept. 12]. To imply that this has come of age only five or ten years ago is misleading. After I had practiced in the field for years, my book, the first ever written, was published by McGraw-Hill in 1922. But long before me came R. O. Eastman, who had run a research business for years. (Eastman at one time was an officer of the Nielsen Company). Mr. Lazarus makes no mention of the Market Research Council, founded in 1927. It is still the leading research group. If Mr. Lazarus were himself familiar with research, he would get his facts together before running off at the pen.

PERCIVAL WHITE.

Pound Ridge, N.Y.

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WHEN MOVIES JOINED THE JET SET

By JOHN TEBBEL

ONE OF THE MOST startling cultural developments of the past two decades has been the emergence of motion pictures as an art form to rival the other lively arts in importance, and, in the opinion of its more zealous devotees, to surpass them in significance. Where once cinema meant Hollywood and little else to everyone except a handful of experimenters, today it has become almost a religion, with its own high priests, a band of contentious critic-disciples, and a steadily growing number of adherents.

It is a young audience primarily, and its growth has taken place while the movie-palace crowds, as well as the palaces themselves, have continued to decline. The serious young men and women who pack the "art" theaters and the film festivals regard motion pictures with the rapt fascination other generations gave to the theater. Some of them become film-makers on their own account, projecting themselves into a world of imaginative experimenters (and a few charlatans) who are busy exploring the possibilities of the moving image. Cinema, in brief, appears to be the authentic voice of the present generation.

Considered as an industry, film-making is a nearly $5 billion enterprise in this country. Most of its returns come from theatrical film, the standard fare (although not quite as standard now as it used to be) shown in theaters across the nation. Including box-office income, this kind of motion picture accounts for $1.5 billion of the celluloid pie. Television film, a new and constantly expanding industry, adds about $400 million. Amateur film-making, most of it in the 8mm. field, is a $200 million hobby.

Ranking next to theater business itself, however, is a kind of cinema that is not well known to the general public but nevertheless has an importance considerably out of proportion even to the respectable $600 million annually that it represents. These pictures are the nontheatrical films, of which 10,000 are produced in the United States every year. The organizations that make these films wish their art had a distinctive and non-negative name, like television, but the scope of nontheatrical film is so broad that it is difficult if not impossible to find a single word to describe it. These films serve industry, religion, unions, education, medicine, science, sports, agriculture, and the wide, wide world of the television documentary, to name only the most important of their many uses.

For years the nontheatrical film was an unorganized affair, thriving and healthy but chaotic in its submission of film for international events. Then, seven years ago, sixteen organizations in the field attempted to impose order. They sent delegates to a conference in Washington, and out of that meeting came the clearinghouse known as CINE, derived from the collective name of the delegation, the Committee on International Nontheatrical Events. "Committee" was changed to "Council" in November 1963, when the organization was incorporated. By that time it had become a moving force not only in bringing order to that particular corner of the film industry, but in deploying the forces of nontheatrical cinema along the world propaganda front.

It was this front that inspired the original meeting. The State Department and other government agencies had been well aware in 1957 of the propaganda significance of international film festivals, of which there were nearly thirty in 1957. (There were more than seventy-five this year.) The public, reading about these festivals, might think them little more than parade grounds for stars and directors. Producers and exhibitors appeared to regard them solely as places for doing a brisk competitive business in promising new properties.

But there was something else afoot. Nontheatrical films were also being shown at the festivals, and these feature and documentary productions were admirable showcases for telling the story of their individual countries, in a propaganda sense, to an international audience. Those that won prizes in the competition benefited from exceptional publicity, which created a demand for prints and consequently benefited their producers.

In this scramble for cinematic status, it appeared to the State Department in 1957 that the United States was getting nowhere, primarily because there was no orderly procedure of selection from the increasing number of films being turned out in America. Submitting American entries in the festivals had been a haphazard affair, entirely dependent on the initiative of individual producers. No agency existed to survey the best films available and see that they were entered in the international events. Other countries were far more enterprising. Indeed some were producing films specifically for certain festivals, where they would have the most propaganda value.

Our government representatives had no intention of selecting private films for international events; it wanted the film industry to do its own choosing. Since no such agency existed, CINE was created, with the announced intention of encouraging communication between countries, as well as generating understanding and good will for the United States by selecting and entering American nontheatrical and short-subject motion pictures at the international festivals.

THE new organization has proved eminently successful. Last year CINE selected, from 254 entries, eighty films for showing abroad. Seventy-two of them won prizes at the Cannes, Berlin, Venice, and Edinburgh festivals. One, *Music, the Expressive Language,* produced by Sutherland Films, Inc., of Los Angeles, won awards at Edinburgh, Venice, and Vicenza.

One of this year's 119 selections, *Help! My Snowman Is Burning Down,* produced by Carson Davidson of New York, was awarded the diploma of merit at Edinburgh. (It had previously won the special jury prize at Cannes.) These pictures came from organizations, from individuals, and from sources as widely diverse as New York University's Television, Motion Picture, and Radio Department and the American Racing Pigeon Union. They represented idea pictures made on the most modest of university and individual budgets, and documentaries drawing upon the almost unlimited resources of the Ford Motor Company and NBC's Special Projects division.

CINE chooses its pictures for the festivals through twenty-three regional screening juries in ten cities. The juries examine films in nineteen categories, including agriculture, business and industry, community agencies, education, experimental, Jewish, labor, medical, dentistry, public health, Protestant, Roman Catholic, science, short subjects, sports, TV documentary, university, amateur, and youth.

The juries, after viewing the films, decide on those they believe will best represent the United States in international film events. They send their

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choices to Washington, where the pictures go through a semifinal and a final judging. The judging mechanism is similar to that which selects the Pulitzer prizes, so that films are not chosen simply on their mass-popularity merits.

That this year's choices were good ones is evident from the success of these films everywhere. Besides *Snowman's* triumphs at Cannes and Edinburgh, a Crescendo film called *Sunday Lark* won the Silver Bear Award (equal to second prize) at Berlin; a Douglas Aircraft film was awarded the Golden Missile award for best film in the Space Category at Rome during the Eleventh International Congress of Nuclear Electronics; at Locarno, *Hangman,* made by Melrose Productions, won the Silver Sail award; and in Venice, at the Children's Exhibition, a Silver Medal was awarded to *Discovering Line,* produced by Film Associates. Results of other festivals, when they become known, are expected to add to these major awards.

As is customary, each of the films that are sent abroad will receive a Golden Eagle award at an annual ceremony in Washington. (The current ceremony will take place this week.)

A new category was added to CINE's awards in 1964, a CINE Eagle for teenage and adult amateur moviemakers. Nine teen-agers won this year's Eagles.

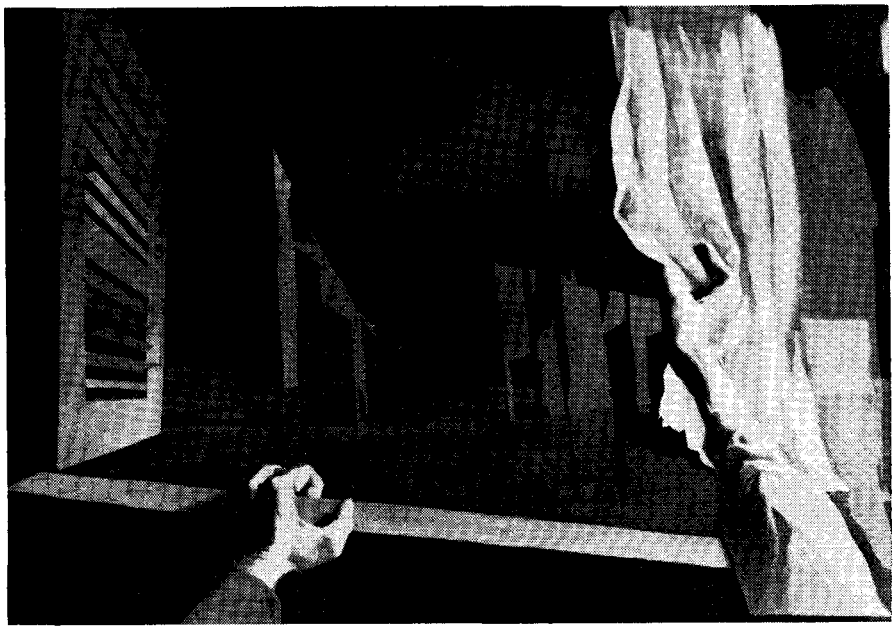
Eager new film-makers often ask CINE what kind of pictures it is looking for. They also want to know what kind are most likely to win at the festivals. There is no quick answer to the second query, since there is so much variation in the festivals that one could almost say there is a festival for every film. But it is possible to suggest what kind of people make the kind of pictures that CINE (and everyone else) is looking for. John Chittock, industrial film correspondent for the London *Financial Times,* defined them in that paper last April when he wrote: "The good producers of film are not photographers, or even professionals or amateurs. They are film-makers—a race apart, who think and conceive in terms of vision and time, point and counterpoint. You can recognize them because they will be interested in you and the world at large—and are not bogged down in a morass of science or phony artiness."

Not all the people who produced last year's 10,000 nontheatrical motion pictures fitted that definition; not all, indeed, were making the kind of pictures that could be shown at festivals. Half of the American output are business and industrial films, many of which are not suitable for this purpose, though some serve their own extremely well. Nor do all classroom educational films qualify. But the others, if they display a strong visual approach, employ a new filming technique, or exhibit imaginative cinematography, have a good chance for selection by CINE to be shown at the festivals. CINE's juries are also watchful to make as certain as possible that a film is truthful in content and treatment, that it does not offend nationalities, races, or creeds, and that it presents a fair picture of the United States. Since CINE has been in operation, America has scored most of its successes abroad with scientific films.

From *Sunday Lark*—For CINE, truth in content and treatment.

Although CINE was formed as the result of governmental inspiration and cooperates closely with Washington officials, it is an independent organization. As a nonprofit corporation, it has officers. Willis H. Pratt, Jr., film manager for American Telephone and Telegraph Company, was recently elected president, succeeding John Flory, of Eastman Kodak. There are also four vice presidents, as well as the customary secretary and treasurer.

CINE is still a struggling organization, operating with a bare minimum of resources, but in its brief career it has made sense of the unorganized output of nontheatrical films in America, and it has become one of our country's most effective cultural ambassadors.



From *Hangman*—"Cinema . . . has become almost a religion."

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Chips Off the New Herblock

IN WASHINGTON, D.C., where Herblock's cartoons have been appearing in the *Post* since 1946, many Republicans and Democrats in high places turn to Herblock before they reach for their first cup of coffee—even though they realize they may then be unable to drink said coffee.

The man who signs himself "Herblock" and is responsible for daily explosions (either of anger or mirth) among readers of more than 200 newspapers around the world is Herbert L. Block, a native of Chicago, where his first cartoons appeared in the *Daily News* in 1929. Since then he has won just about every award around, including two Pulitzer prizes.

The cartoons on these two pages are taken from his fourth book, *Straight Herblock* (Simon and Schuster, 224 pp., $5.95). In addition to 456 cartoons from his work of the past six years, it contains a hitherto unpublished 37,000-word commentary that proves Herblock as perceptive and incisive a writer as he is a cartoonist. Even the chapter titles tend to stimulate the smile muscles. These cartoons, for instance, were taken from those called: "Self-Government for Americans!" "Readin' and Riotin'. . .", "Goldwaterland," "Frontier Town," "Rich Man, Poor Man. . . ," and "Economics and All That Stuff."

—HELEN NELSON.

"As I was saying, a test-ban agreement might have resulted in a fatal gap."

The Good Earth

Animal Farm.

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"We can't burden our children with deficit spending."

"It's all right to seat them. They're not Americans."

AMA
SOCIAL SECURITY HEALTH PLAN
"WE HAVE TO FIGHT WITH EVERY RESOURCE, RIGHT DOWN THE LINE" - American Medical Association policy.
M.D.
HERBLOCK

"Now has everyone got one of these little figures and a set of pins?"

"Careful you don't set the whole dormitory on fire."

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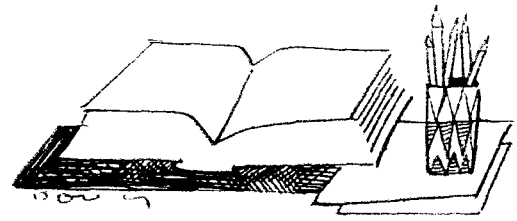
A LOSS FOR WORDS



By MARIO PEI

TWO VOICES are raised throughout the land with the same frequency and insistence as that of the Turtle. One is the voice of the Advocates of Usage, the other that of the Custodians of the Language.

The first, be their name Philip Gove, Bergen Evans, or any of a dozen others, tell us that language is what people speak, not what someone thinks they ought to speak. They are willing to distinguish between what they call "standard" and "substandard" usage, but with the corollary that at any time, and under almost any set of circumstances, the substandard may turn into the standard. Without actually saying so in so many words, they hold that language should be subjected to a sort of "democratic" process similar to the one that prevails in our political life. If enough people say a certain thing a certain way, that is the way to say it (not, however, the "right" way, because "right" and "wrong" do not apply to language). Language is forever changing, and who are we to hold it back?

The Custodians of the Language range all the way from grammarians like the Fowlers to educators like Jacques Barzun and writers like Dwight Macdonald. They hold that there is a right and a wrong way of expressing yourself, and that the right way should be prescribed by works of a certain description, chief among them the dictionaries of the language.

The most recent clash between the two tendencies came with the appearance of Merriam-Webster's Third International Dictionary in 1961. This new edition, in many ways admirably complete and up to date, had been compiled by workers of the Advocates of Usage school.

The new version of the book that many Americans revere as the language's Bible differed from earlier versions in many particulars. It did not merely list, with what seemed at first glance remarkable completeness, all of the language's neologisms, colloquialisms, vulgarisms, and substandard forms, illustrating their use with quotes from speakers and writers as often living as dead, and from all walks of life. It also removed from most of these entries such telltale descriptions as "slang," "vulgarism," "colloquialism," even the new and euphemistic "substandard." Many words that had appeared in earlier dictionaries, but always with a warning, were now dispensed to the seeker after linguistic knowledge as coin of the realm on a par with words and expressions sanctified by the literary and spoken usage of the more educated classes.

This constituted the main bone of contention and the chief source of criticism in a controversy that raged for months in newspapers, magazines, book review sections, and even on radio and television stations across the country. It was not that the critics objected to the inclusion of the incriminated words. They could hardly have done so, in view of the dictionary's accepted function as a record of the living language. What they expected, and missed, were the customary condemnatory labels, the descriptions of certain words or expressions as lower-class slang, or rank vulgarisms, or even mild colloquialisms. How would a schoolboy, they argued, be able to tell whether a certain word he was in the habit of using on the sports field or in the locker room was fit to include in his English composition? How would the writer, in doubt about the correctness of a certain spelling, be able to decide, if that spelling, though born of etymological ignorance or even of semi-literacy, were given as a legitimate variant of another, more legitimate form?

THERE was far more to the controversy than met the eye, for the battle was not merely over language. It was over a whole philosophy of life. Should there be a directing class, qualified as such by reason of intellect, education, and general culture, or should there be unbridled democracy, with a nose-counting process to determine what was good and what was bad?

It was argued that no matter how big a majority says that two and two make five, the undying truth is still that two and two make four. It was replied that language is not mathematics, a statement of principles that lie outside of and beyond man, but an instrument fashioned by mankind itself for mankind's own use, and subject to whatever changes its makers and users wish to make, even to the point of degradation rather than enhancement. It was also pointed out that whereas an error in a field like mathematics, medicine, or engineering might lead to such dire consequences as the destruction of a multimillion-dollar rocket, the death of the patient, or the fall of a railroad bridge, no such drastic outcomes could attend "errors" in speech or writing. At the worst, you might not be invited to tea again. But the opposition was equally prompt to point to historical incidents in which ignorance, misuse, or incomprehension of language had led to rather serious results, though

HALF OF THE TOP California incoming college freshmen flunk an English composition test, forcing the University of California to give "bonehead English" to almost 5,000 students each year.

In revealing the startling figures yesterday, Dr. Edward W. Strong, Chancellor of the University of California at Berkeley, said: "These kids have been through elementary and high school. Presumably they should have command of their mother tongue—but they don't. I'll bet that you find the problem on every campus in the country, and it goes right on into graduate school."

The University of California, with its 72,500 students spread across the state on seven campuses, admitted 9,000 freshmen this year. The state university takes only the top one-eighth of the state's high school graduates, and requires that all students pass the three-hour English test before graduation except for a few who are exempt.

The test consists of a two-hour essay, with a choice of ten subjects, plus one hour of multiple-choice questions.

In an interview with visiting education writers, Dr. Strong said the composition flunking figure has not changed over the years "despite the revolution in the classroom. Students are better prepared in science and mathematics—but not in English. We have some students coming here who have had calculus and other advanced mathematics. But they can't write."

—TERRY FERRER, Education Editor, New York *Herald Tribune*.

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not perhaps with the same clockwork regularity as in the physical sciences.

On a totally different plane, it was demonstrated (the history of the language being fairly well known, particularly in its more recent stages) that many of our language conventions in pronunciation, spelling, and grammar are of artificial and illogical origin and that the anonymous users of the language have frequently gone to work and repaired the errors of their supposed betters. Such expressions as "like a cigarette should," "It's me," and "Who did you see?" were traced back to writers of unquestioned skill.

It is hardly worthwhile to add fuel to the flames at this point, save for two perhaps secondary considerations. The first is that a dictionary of usage, if it aims to be that, should be utterly and relentlessly complete. It should not omit certain words on the ground that school children would look them up and gloat over them. The omitted words are in such widespread use that all people, including school children, have seen and heard them dozens of times.

But the omission of a few four-letter words constitutes only a minor part of the criticism. Far more important is the fact that other common forms of aberrant usage are similarly omitted, without apparent rhyme or reason. At what point does a vulgarism, or "error," or misspelling, or misuse become too vulgar or erroneous for inclusion? As we shall soon see, some of the omissions are very widespread. Failure to report these "wrong" forms would seem to imply strong condemnation on the part of the compilers, translated into unwillingness to give them greater currency than they already have by calling attention to them.

Secondly, it is not a value judgment to describe certain forms as substandard, or not used in more educated circles. It is merely stating a fact and offering a point of valuable information. Labeling a form "substandard" does not mean that you may not use it under penalty of the law, or that you may not use it with tongue in cheek, or to produce a certain effect. The educated speaker may want to know what his less fortunate fellow citizens are saying, even without being tempted to imitate them.

Lastly, we cannot altogether go along with the proposition that because language has been allowed to do what it chose in the past it must continue to be allowed to do so in the future. In our twentieth century, we try to control everything, from floods and epidemics to crops and currency and race relations. Why not control language, which plays such an important role in our daily lives? Why must it be allowed to lead a life of no restraints, when nobody and nothing else does? If we can intelligently channel it into directions where it will be more expressive, precise, efficient, comprehensible—in short, a better tool of mass communications—why must we assume a passive attitude?

"Usage" sounds good, but whose is the usage? That of those who know how to use usage, or that of those who don't? For language, too, is a skill. We don't allow reckless driving. Why must we allow reckless language?

It may be splitting hairs, in this day and age, to insist upon too fine a distinction between "shall" and "will" (even Fowler assures us that only a few Englishmen really know how to use those two auxiliaries, and in general speech, after pronouns, both are replaced by "'ll" anyway). But is it really immaterial to merge "uninterested" and "disinterested," in view of their different semantics?

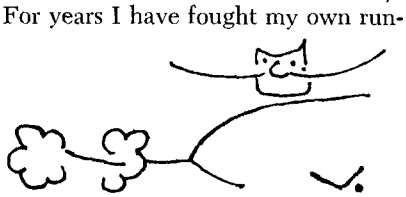
"It's me" (or "it's him," for that matter), "Who did you see?" and "like a cigarette should" leave the message perfectly clear. Can the same be said of failing to distinguish between "between" and "among," when a court decision hangs on the precise interpretation of an estate to be equally divided "between" two heirs and their issue?

Perhaps I am too visually minded, but there are pronunciations that set my teeth on edge. No matter what the pull of analogy may be, or how exalted the station of the speaker, I cannot bring myself to accept "nucular" for "nuclear" (even Webster's labels it "substandard," thereby attesting its retention of certain standards, as well as its absolute impartiality in the political field).

I find it difficult to swallow "Febuary" for "February" in the otherwise faultless diction of one of our most popular and cultivated TV newscasters. That I am far from alone in my reaction is evidenced by his own admission of protests that have poured in to him. Yet Webster III gives "Febuary" as legitimate.

Out of the abdication of Webster as the Voice of Authority one good result stands out, however. Editors and publishers who have based their styling, spelling, and punctuation on the usage prescribed by former editions will now have to go easy on the individual preferences of their authors. I have never been able to see, for instance, why a comma or period should be enclosed within a quotation when it logically belongs outside, or why I should not exercise my own discretion as to the use of hyphens, or running words into each other ("mainstream" or "main stream"? "nonconformist" or "non-conformist"?).

For years I have fought my own running battle against American misspellings and mispronunciations of words and names borrowed from other languages, no matter how much sanctioned by Webster's. In the case of family names, if their owners wish to distort them for the sake of making them more accessible to Anglo-Saxon speakers, that is their own affair. This has happened with such names as *Es-PO-si-to*, *PE-co-ra*, *Ji-ME-nez*, commonly mispronounced, even by their possessors, as *Es-po-SI-to*, *Pe-CO-ra*, *JI-me-nez*. It has happened with Chef Bo-yar-*DEE*, which is obviously *Bo-IAR-di*, and with Don Ameche (Amici), who had the surprise of hearing his name pronounced *a-MAY-ke*, after its new spelling, when he went to Italy. Buitoni is not *byu-TO-ni*, but *booy-TO-ni* (here, perhaps, the desirable connotation of "beauty" was instrumental in bringing about the change).



BUT I cannot accede to the misspelling of a first name *Giuseppe* as *Guiseppe* (how would one pronounce the name as misspelled, anyway?), or to the pronunciations *cris-to-FO-ro* for *cris-TO-fo-ro*, or *ZEE-za-nee* for *zizanie*. Regardless of what any edition of Webster may say, the word is still *salame*, not *salami* (the latter is a plural form, and means "several sticks of salame"). "Sienna red" is dead wrong, and there are no two ways about it, *à Webster ne déplaise*. Why does Webster tolerate *spaghettis* as the plural of *spaghetti*, which is already plural, but not *raviolis* as the plural of *ravioli*, which I have seen so often?

Bergen Evans, Apostle of Usage, deplores what he calls "Intimidated English," the sort of "mistake" (I hesitate to use the word in the same breath with Bergen Evans) that people make because they are afraid of falling into the opposite error. Linguists call this "overcorrection," and some among them resort to a German term, *Umgekehrte Schreibung*, or "reverse writing," to denote its written manifestation. Thus "Whom shall I say is calling?" overcorrects "Who did you see?" Such forms crop up where you least expect them. Senator Goldwater, if correctly quoted in the *New York Times*, pledged support to the party's nominee, "whomever it might be." For this he has Webster backing, though the phrase is not quite the same.

But there are other constructions, favored by all political parties, which are becoming more and more widespread and are still unreported by Webster. Once upon a time we said, "So far as . . . is concerned." The present tendency is to be elliptical and omit the concern. Again, if correctly quoted, J. F. Kennedy once came out with "So far as the next program, it will be developed later."

Usage and Webster both sanction the

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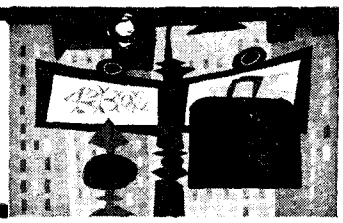
use of such adjectives and participles as "best," "great," "married" in a noun function with an *-s* plural ("the screen bests of 1963"—Crowther; "the greats of the musical world"; "a couple of young marrieds"). Somehow, these make my hackles rise. So does "teen-aged" for "teen-age" as an adjective, sanctioned by Webster III.

Webster III does recognize the widespread interchange of the suffixes *-able* and *-ible* ("admissable," "permissable," even "feasable," for "admissible," "permissible," "feasible"). This type of "error" does not occur with high-frequency words, like "possible" and "likable," which no one dreams of misspelling. Recognition is given to "torturous" for "tortuous," with a sample from Ralph Ellison; but even if the two words come from the same Latin stem, the semantic difference between "winding" and "torture-giving" should be obvious.

In view of the fact that a *c* before *e* and an *s* normally represent the same spoken sound, one should find it easy to forgive "supercede" and "intersede." Webster III permits the first but not the second. Here we have only etymology to help us. The *-cede* element comes from a Latin verb meaning "to step," while *-sede means* "to sit"; literally, "supersede" is "to sit above," "intercede" is "to step between"; but "to step above" and "to sit between" sound just as logical for two literary verbs one of which means "to replace," the other "to plead for."

The foregoing examples could be multiplied, but they would only amount to more of the same thing. The interpretation may be left to the individual reader. A narrow conclusion would be to the effect that a dictionary that claims to reflect usage should be more extensive, and cover all widespread deviations from the norm, not merely some; secondarily, that nothing would be lost, and much might be gained, if the dictionary, in listing all forms of usage that are truly usage, and not the expressions of an individual's personal whim, ignorance, or mental confusion, were to offer a limited value judgment on the desirability of using each form listed, basing itself not so much on personal preference or emotion as on three factors that can to a large degree be objectively determined: a) the use of such forms by writers and speakers generally recognized to be the best in the field of writing and speaking rather than in such unrelated activities as politics or sports; b) the etymological and historical form and meaning of the word; c) most important of all, the "functional yield" of the word or form in establishing necessary or desirable distinctions of meaning that will make the language more precise and less haphazard. Surely these are goals that are not merely sociologically and economically but even scientifically worthwhile.

Madison Avenue



Wall Street Looks at Its Image

THE LOVE AFFAIR between Madison Avenue and Wall Street has long been apparent. But advertising's courtship habits are only now becoming creative.

Until two years ago, the advertising agency—the enterprise most commonly identified with Madison Avenue—remained the last stronghold of privately owned firms. The overwhelming majority of agencies still have their financial books closed to the public. But three agencies with substantial billings—Papert, Koenig, Lois; Foote, Cone & Belding; and Doyle Dane Bernbach—have recently offered stock to the public. By the end of 1965, as many as six other agencies may go public.

Wall Street's brokerage firms, for their part, are taking a long, hard look at Madison Avenue, seeking to adopt better and more creative advertising efforts and new merchandising ideas. For too long, much advertising by brokerage firms was what the trade described as "tombstone advertising" or display-type promotions.

In essence, this was no-sell advertising compared with the hard-sell or soft-sell promotions Madison Avenue usually produces. Faced with increasing competition for the investor's dollar, some of Wall Street's most famous names are awakening to the opportunity to cash in on an inviting and ever-growing market.

The latest census, compiled in early 1962, revealed that there are 17,000,000 stockholders of publicly owned companies. The next official count, in the spring of 1965, should show a figure of about 20,000,000. "We believe there's been a net gain of at least a million new customers every year," said Ruddick C. Lawrence, vice president of the New York Stock Exchange. "Very few businesses can show that number of new customers on an annual basis."

Just twelve years ago there were only 6,500,000 stockholders. A market of 25,000,000 shareholders is in prospect by 1970, though there are some optimists in the financial district who foresee as many as 30,000,000. There is every expectation, with the present rate of growth, that 35,000,000 Americans will be stockholders by 1980.

The character of brokerage firm advertising has undergone a definite if not remarkable change in the last ten years. This change has been twofold: in content and in expenditures. The old days of display-card advertising are a thing of the past.

The NYSE, through its agency, Compton Advertising (the only big agency of the major shops with a client on Wall Street), is spending $1,200,000 a year for advertising in commissionable media. In recent years, the NYSE has spent slightly more than this sum. The current NYSE campaign, stressing right versus wrong ways to invest, has as its primary target the 35,000,000 people who are considering or are investing.

To woo this market, brokerage firms have sharply increased their promotional dollars. A decade ago Wall Street as a whole spent an unimpressive total of $2,500,000 for advertising. The sum today is about $17,000,000, a more realistic allocation in view of the times but still nothing sensational.

DESPITE the improvements in Wall Street's advertising picture, there is an unmistakable restlessness among some of the professionals.

Brokerage advertising is still pretty much virginal in creativity. Advertisements by members of the NYSE have to be cleared by the exchange. Stock brokerage firms also have to contend with the regulations of the American Stock Exchange, the National Association of Security Dealers, and the Securities and Exchange Commission. It is debatable, therefore, whether the dull advertising is caused by industry restrictions or by the fact that Wall Street has lagged behind the times.

Henry Gellermann, the partner in charge of advertising at Bache & Company and one of Wall Street's most outspoken but most respected advertising professionals, argues: "The 'Street' has not adopted modern advertising and merchandising techniques." Gellermann insists that most financial advertising lacks imagination. "This," he said, "can best be seen in the financial pages of newspapers. You can't tell one advertisement from another—there's no identity." His other complaint: Wall Street has been too conservative and not spent enough for advertising.

"Never," he added, "has there been

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more interest in investing, as indicated by the large numbers of people attending lectures and courses on the subject." Emphasizing the conservative approach, Gellermann jabbed: "Do you know of any other business which puts nothing in its windows but venetian blinds?"

On a yearly basis, Bache's advertising investment ranges between $750,000 and $1,000,000, an amount exceeded only by Merrill Lynch, Pierce, Fenner & Smith. Bache, one of the three largest brokerage firms, has been an industry innovator. The firm was first on the airwaves with a radio promotion; sponsorship of its present program, "Today's Business," was started with WOR in New York in 1948.

Gellermann, however, goes along with others who place Wall Street advertising in believing that: "Newspapers still do the best job for us and we spend most of our advertising dollars with them."

Some brokerage firms have schedules with magazines, but so far there has been only spotty use of television. Yet TV could be a breakthrough for the industry once budgets have been increased enough to make use of it.

An official of Thomson & McKinnon, a brokerage firm that earlier this year made a shift in its agency alignment, also voiced some strong feelings on the subject of financial advertising. "There's an awful lot of room for creativity in financial advertising," said George Bartlett, the firm's partner in charge of advertising. But, he quickly added, "nobody has found the answers yet." Evidently in a search for some of the answers, the account of Thomson & McKinnon was transferred from John O. Powers Company, where it was lodged for twenty-one years, to Albert Frank-Guenther Law.

It's not uncommon for an agency like AF-GL or Doremus & Company, its big rival in financial advertising circles, to have several brokerage firms as clients. One of AF-GL's clients is Merrill Lynch, Pierce, Fenner & Smith. Merrill Lynch is the biggest firm in the industry and has had the biggest advertising budget for years. As the firm opened more offices it increased its annual allotment for advertising. It passed the $1,000,000 mark five years ago. Today it spends $3,000,000. Of this, 40 per cent is used to educate the public on the advantages of investing in the stock market. The balance is targeted to promotion of investing through Merrill Lynch.

There's a reason why the advertising agency doesn't object when the firm channels a substantial share of its advertising outlay into education. "It's our philosophy," said Jack Adams, AF-GL vice president (and supervisor on the account for seventeen years), "that if you increase the size of the pie, our piece will be bigger." Adams, however, con-

ON THE DOORSTEP

It Is More Than a Crime Report

IN THE great monumental mass of the Warren report on the assassination of President Kennedy, it is important that Americans perceive two stories, and not simply one.

The first is the official account of a crime that has changed history, an account that tells us with clarity, detail and assurance who did the killing, how it was done and how it might have been prevented.

This account establishes beyond question what most reasonable men have accepted since last November—that Lee Harvey Oswald was the killer, that he acted alone, that the motivation arose from his own twisted personality and that the crime might possibly have been prevented if there had been more thoroughness and coordination among several security agencies involved.

JOHN F. KENNEDY — one of the brightest, most successful and most favored men in our history — was killed by one of the most rejected and most futile citizens this nation has ever produced.

He was successful at almost everything he undertook—an honor student at school, a hero in war, a winner in elections to the House, the Senate and the presidency.

It is significant that this favored man on the inside of our society should be struck down by a man on the outside, a man who lived in our society most of his life but was never a part of it.

Oswald failed at almost everything he undertook. He was in trouble with the Marines, he was fired from jobs, he was at odds with almost everyone he met.

He was no more at home in the Soviet Union than he was in his own country.

Last Nov. 22, on a street in Dallas, the price of Oswald's alienation proved to be the death of President Kennedy.

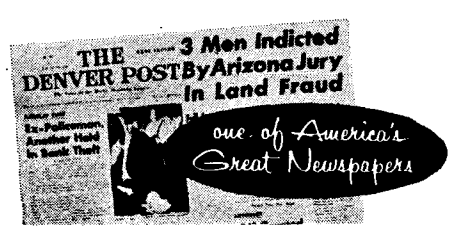
THE story of Oswald may be, among other things, a warning that those of us who are at home in our society, no matter how fortunate, can never be entirely safe until we have coped with the problems of those who are alienated from it.

From the Warren report, we hope there will stem a whole series of new Secret Service and FBI measures to protect our presidents more effectively. This is the obvious first point to be made.

But we hope also that there will arise a new awareness of the danger to us all from the alienated and the desperate, hating from the outside a society that they are not quite able to become a part of.

Reprinted from The Denver Post

Palmer Hoyt,
Editor and Publisher



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cedes that "not enough members in the industry are doing enough advertising."

Adams does have some strong views on financial advertising. "The single most important ingredient is believability. Everything you say must convince the reader that you're 100 per cent honest and have nothing to hide. Any tricks, gimmicks, or Madison Avenuese and the ad loses conviction. Essentially, brokerage advertising is a copy job. It takes words to explain the business. It takes words to convince the new investor that he should take the plunge. The written word carries more quiet conviction than the spoken commercial."

While detailed copy may be Merrill Lynch's approach to advertising, there has been a noticeable trend among some of its competitors to shorter copy and bigger illustrations in a bid to establish an identity and personality. Shearson, Hammill & Company for example, reportedly hiked its budget 40 per cent this year. Its new campaign, prepared by Bruce Friedlich & Company, includes the provocative headlines: "How to turn $20,000 into a pittance in your spare time."

Dean Witter Company whose home offices are in San Francisco, launched a new promotion at mid-year stressing research and service. Each advertisement incorporates a gold spade in an outsized illustration and a new slogan, "We dig deeper to help your money work harder." J. Walter Thompson Co. is Witter's agency.

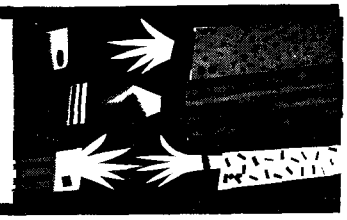
Francis I. du Pont & Company, the second largest brokerage firm, also has been active in seeking a new identity. A campaign, prepared by Reach, McClinton & Company, was started in early 1964 and built around cartoon characters and Aesop-like tales. A few months ago, too, du Pont unveiled a trade-mark—the first such symbol ever for the broker—as a means of developing better identification.

Harris, Upham & Company is another brokerage firm with a new look in its advertising—a bigger budget and more illustrative copy in its advertisements. "We think the visual impact will help us do a better selling job," said Theodore S. Titolo, advertising manager. "Competition has become fierce among brokerage firms and to gain and hold business you've got to promote." While Harris, Upham aims its advertising effort at the consumer market, the brokerage firm also runs an extensive campaign for military investors through publications of the Armed Forces. "We feel," said Titolo, "there is an excellent opportunity to help a man build an estate when he's on a fixed salary."

Wall Street and Ad Row, it would appear, may someday ride the latest-model cars rather than the model T.

—GEORGE LAZARUS.

Public Relations



How to Pick a PR Firm

TAKE the glibness of some practitioners, add the lack of sophistication of some corporate managers—and it's small wonder that the public relations contract often comes to an unhappy ending. In too many cases the clients feel they have been cheated. Sad to say, they are often right. They have been taken to the cleaners.

But how is the client able, in a field where it is difficult to measure results exactly, to protect himself from the faker and the charlatan? How can the honest, hard-working agency people, who compose the majority in their field, protect their own reputations by guarding the potential client from the assurances of black magic that issue forth from the mouths of the hard-selling agency heads?

The proliferation of public relations agencies and counselors does not make it any easier, as is shown by a study of the yellow pages of the telephone books in New York, Chicago, and Los Angeles since the late Twenties.

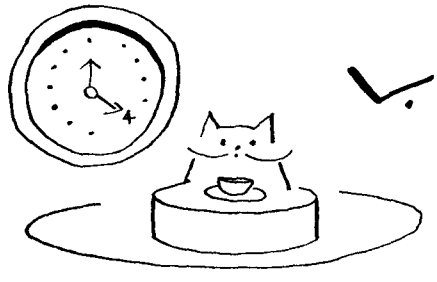
Let's consider New York first. The 1928 yellow pages listed ninety-two public relations services of one kind or another. In 1950 there were 368 public relations counselors. Today there are 753.

In Chicago, six public relations counselors were listed in 1928. By 1950 there were 115. Today there are 291.

In Los Angeles there were twenty-six publicity agents listed in 1928. In 1950 there were 116 firms under "Public Relations Service." Today there are 304.

How is the corporate head to choose among them? The only answer is careful investigation.

First the businessman must know what his own basic problem is. Is he or his industry about to be investigated by a Congressional committee? Does he want his firm to be better known to the financial community, or better known generally? Is his firm launching a new product? Does he have employee relations trouble or has he suddenly become aware of the importance of public opinion as a whole to the successful conduct of his own business?



Then, too, he should consider whether he needs the large public relations firm or the smaller one. Bigness does not necessarily mean goodness for his purpose. If his own business is small, then a second line of firms might be the one from which to make his selection.

After he has made these decisions, it is time for the businessman to study how long the agencies have been in business, the kind of clients they have, how long they keep clients, what their present clients think of them, and—above all—the competence and judgment in crises of the person who will head his account.

There is a sound rule for the would-be client to work by, and that is that no matter how attractive the sales pitch or brochure may be, there is nothing that takes the place of the good judgment that comes from long experience.

Mistakes in judgment can be costly, as many corporate presidents have found, not only in money ill spent but in terms of the trouble the company can get into by following bad advice.

Fees are important. If one firm asks, say, $50,000, for a national product publicity campaign and another offers to do the same job for half the price, then a good rule of thumb for the businessman is to turn down the cut-rate agency. Personnel cost money and no one has yet found a way of giving $50,000 worth of service for half the amount. Generally the businessman will get what he pays for in public relations as in any other field.

There are some other sure signs that warn him not to hire an agency. When he is told that public opinion can be changed overnight by the wave of a wand; that difficult problems are easy to solve; that he can be guaranteed maximum results at the drop of a fat check—then he had better save his stockholders' money and leave the slick operator's office before he loses his own wallet.

Public relations practice is a difficult business. There are no pat answers to hard questions. When the businessman learns that simple fact he will not only be protecting himself but also helping the honest practitioner drive out the sleazy operator. —L. L. L. GOLDEN.

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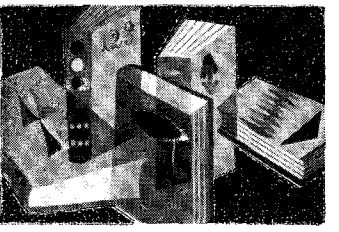
Books in Communications



Underdog's Champion

ONE MORNING about two years ago readers of the customarily gray and sober *New York Times* found themselves blinking in disbelief at the mysterious appearance of a new editorial-page department under the noncommittal title "Observer." The column was so wry, pungent, and irreverent that by *Times* standards it amounted to no less than heresy, and there must have been those who wondered if the sanctum of Reston and Krock had been unaccountably besieged by some undercover agent from *The New Yorker*. As it turned out, the column's proprietor was one Russell Baker, a *Times* staffer who left the paper's Washington bureau in order to enjoy the privilege of taking thrice-weekly potshots at the frustrations and vagaries of American life.

Baker's aim, as any regular reader knows, is remarkably accurate, his touch beguilingly sure. That impression is now reinforced by *No Cause for Panic* (Lippincott, $4.95), a collection of his *Times* pieces that ranges from the cosmic to the comic. He is still prone to make occasional forays into national and international affairs but is almost invariably at his best as champion of the underdog, the ordinary man beset by all the ills that twentieth-century flesh is heir to. He can, for example, be almost lyrical in discussing the rites of getting up in the morning: "The alarm-clock people should . . . concentrate on producing the irresistible alarm clock. It should flood the room with sunshine collected from a childhood morning in June and give off the scent of wild roses. In a no-nonsense feminine voice, it should evoke a zest to grab life by a leg and pish-tush to all those gloomy suspicions that a foot put out of bed is merely a foot on a treadmill." Or he can show the weary resignation of everyman in the face of yet another modern marvel: "The worst thing about the miracle of modern communications is the Pavlovian pressure it places upon everyone to communicate whenever a bell rings. When the telephone rings it must be answered, no matter who or what it interrupts . . . The time may be near when refusal to answer the phone is no longer a legitimate exercise of freedom from communication, but a punishable misdemeanor, like disturbing the peace. It is already hard for many people to remember a time when they were not constantly accessible."

Regular readers should perhaps be warned that because Baker's prose is so memorable they may find *No Cause for Panic* familiar stuff. But those outside his usual range have an urbane and cheering treat awaiting them.

Looking Backward: No chairman of the Federal Communications Commission has had more influence or stirred more controversy than Newton N. Minow, the young Chicago lawyer who came to Washington in the early days of the New Frontier. The Minow philosophy of broadcasting has now been compiled in *Equal Time* (Atheneum, $5.95), a collection of his speeches and a few pages of additional material edited by Lawrence Laurent of the Washington *Post*. It is not only a valuable guidebook for anyone interested in the changing ways of mass communications, but it might also serve as a refresher course for broadcasters. The trouble is, of course, that few of them are likely to read it without a shudder of anguished recollection. After all, it's not every day someone looks broadcasters straight in the eye and says, as Minow did: "I have confidence in your health. But not in your product."

Inside View: A description and analysis of the Communist press, that dull potpourri of government handouts, production goals, and news no Western journalist would even bother with, is offered in Anthony Buzek's *How the Communist Press Works* (Praeger, $7.50). Buzek, a correspondent for the Czechoslovak News Agency until his decision in 1961 to live in London, traces the philosophy and practice of newspapers in the Soviet Union and the satellite countries, where the press is considered "the sharpest weapon of the party in the battle for the minds of the people." Although the book itself is frequently as lifeless as any news release, it does help to explain how, for example, Khrushchev could so suddenly vanish from the pages of the Communist press. The reason, of course, arises from the startlingly simple Communist concept of what makes news: News is what the government says it is.

—James F. Fixx.

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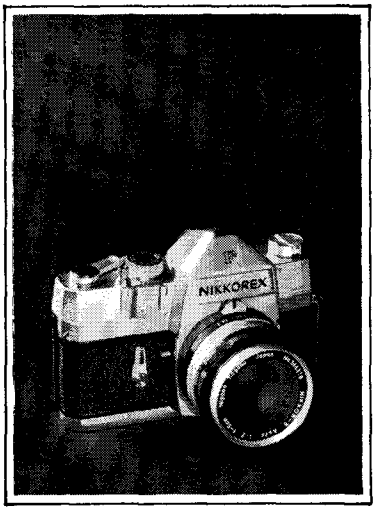

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(Continued from page 89)

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